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ARTISTS



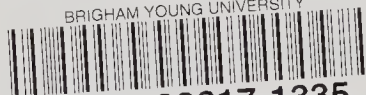
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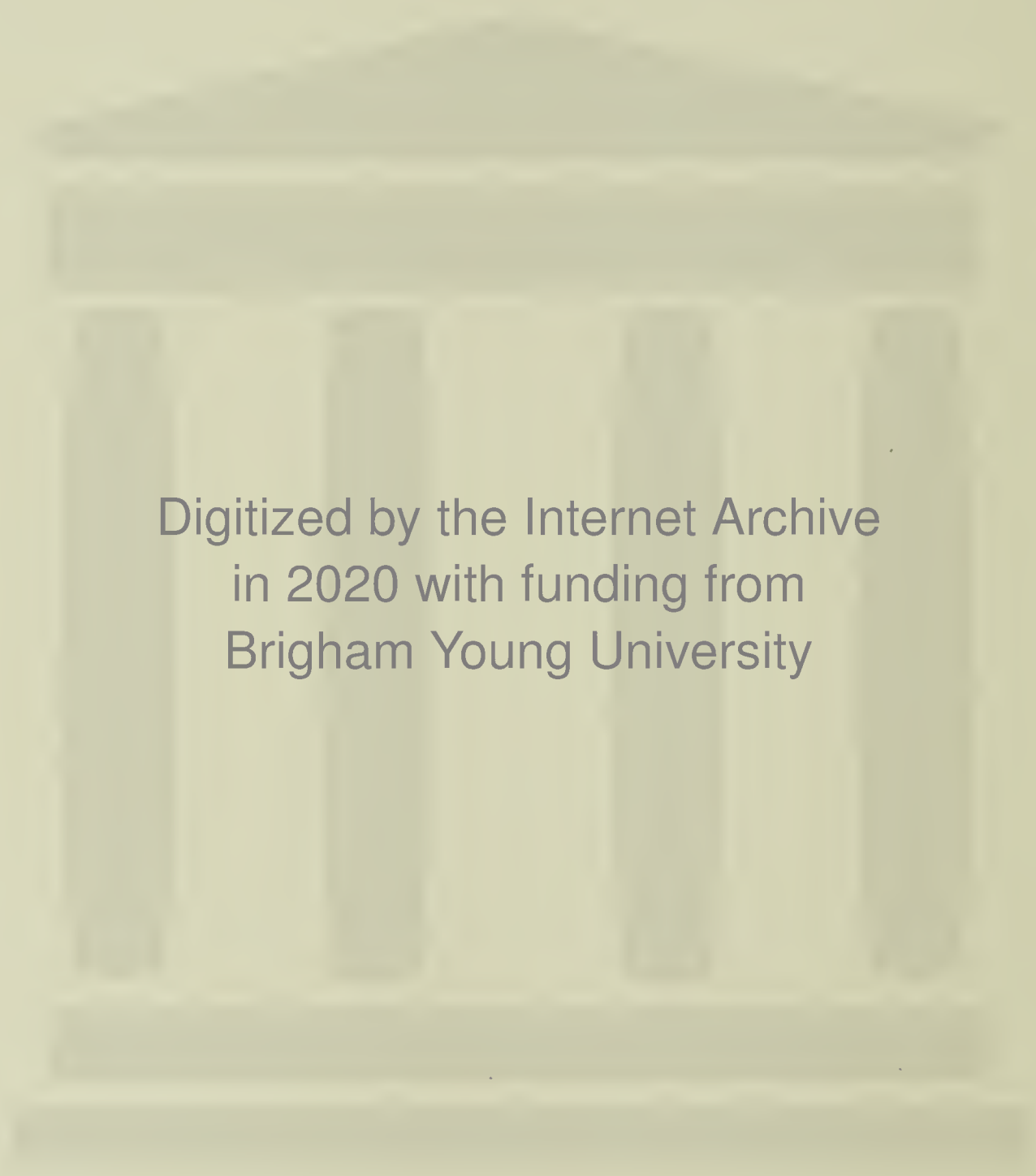
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To George^{and} Lovenia
From Grant^{and} Maggie
Christmas 1900

MODERN ART AND ARTISTS.



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Frank Dicksee, A.R.A.

THE SYMBOL.

"Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?" Lam. 1.12.

MODERN ART AND ARTISTS.

EDITED BY

WILFRID MEYNELL.

Illustrated.



CASSELL & COMPANY, LIMITED.

LONDON, PARIS, NEW YORK & MELBOURNE.

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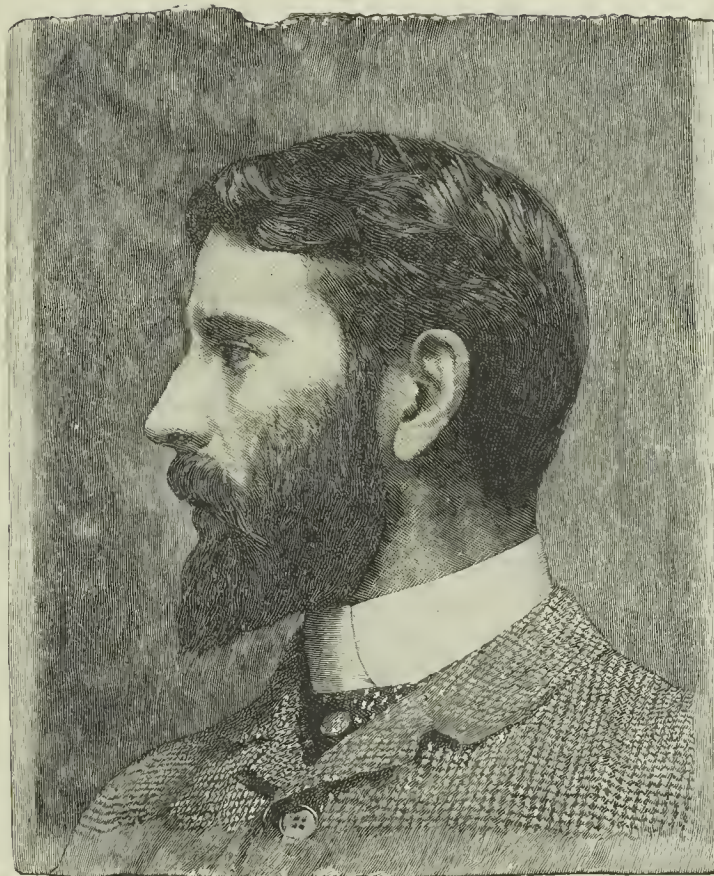
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THE
MODERN SCHOOL OF ART.



FRANK DICKSEE, A.R.A.

“**W**HAT does Frank Dicksee exhibit this year?” is a question so frequently asked after the opening of each recurring exhibition at Burlington House, that this fact alone is a sufficient testimony to the prominent position attained, at a comparatively early age, by the young Associate member of the Royal Academy. Mr. Dicksee, like Sir Frederick Leighton and a few others who might be named, is a direct illustration of “the sudden making of splendid names.” The exhibition of his famous picture, “Harmony,” at once made him prominent among living artists, and, in spite of early success—so fatal to many—he still maintains his position as one of the most painstaking and conscientious painters of the day.

Frank Dicksee was born on November 27th, 1853, in Russell Place, Fitzroy Square. He may be said to have been nurtured in an atmosphere of art. The locality in which he was born has long been associated with some of the foremost names in the art of the present century. His father, Mr. T. F. Dicksee, has been a prominent exhibitor at the Royal Academy for many years; his uncle, Mr. John Dicksee, is also well known in the profession; and his sister has more than once obtained a conspicuous position on the line at the Academy. It is seldom, indeed, that so many members of the same family display such marked talent in the same walk of art.

Mr. Frank Dicksee received his first lessons in art from his father. To use



"NOW RECOMMENDED THE REIGN OF REST AND AFFECTION AND STILLNESS."

(From "*Evangeline*.")

his own phrase, he cannot remember when he did not draw. His love for art grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength. At the age of sixteen he left the school in Bloomsbury where he had been educated—an establishment kept by the Rev. G. Henslow, now Professor Henslow—and worked at home for a year to prepare himself for entering the schools of the Royal Academy, which he succeeded in doing before he was seventeen.

In 1872 he was fortunate enough to obtain the silver medal for a drawing from the antique, and in 1875 the gold medal for his picture of "Elijah Confronting Ahab and Jezebel in Naboth's Vineyard." This picture was the first he exhibited at the Royal Academy,* and was hung near the line, in what was then called the Lecture Room. It is a fact worthy of note, that Mr. Hamo Thornycroft obtained the gold medal for sculpture the same year, and was, by a curious coincidence,

* His first exhibited picture was hung at Suffolk Street, and purchased by the late General Pomeroy Colley.

elected an Associate of the Academy at the same time as Frank Dicksee. At this period a great deal of Mr. Dicksee's time was devoted to illustrative work for various magazines, including the *Cornhill*, *Cassell's*, and the *Graphic*. He also worked for a considerable time with Mr. Holiday, making cartoons for church windows, and decorative work generally. This varied experience, no doubt, did much to foster that good drawing and careful finish of details for which his work is distinguished.

His early and careful training was soon destined to bring about notable



"CLOSE AT HER FATHER'S SIDE WAS THE GENTLE EVANGELINE SEATED.

(From "*Evangeline*.")

results. In 1877 the well-remembered picture, "*Harmony*," was exhibited, and it is not too much to say that it took the world of London by storm. What the Academicians themselves thought of it was indicated by the position in which it was placed—that is, as a centre in the first room, and it was at once purchased by the Council under the terms of the Chantrey bequest. This beautiful work, so original both in subject and treatment, so instinct with true poetic feeling, must be still vividly remembered by all who saw it on the Academy walls. The girl seated at the organ, the lover listening in rapt attention, the glory of the evening light through the stained-glass window forming an aureole round the girl's glistening hair, the subdued but beautiful colour, the carefully finished yet not too prominent

detail, all formed a veritable poem on canvas, bringing indefinite association with Adelaide Procter's "Lost Chord" and

"A twilight song; while the shadows sleep
Dusk and deep."

and, indeed, with all beautiful abstractions, whether of music, poetry, or painting.

Mr. Agnew purchased the copyright of this picture, and published an etching of it by Waltner, of which many thousand copies were sold. The painter's fame was now assured, and the artistic world looked eagerly for the next production of his pencil, but greatly to the regret of many of his friends Frank Dicksee did not ex-

hibit the following year. He was much occupied in various ways, among other things on the illustrations for Cassell's *édition de luxe* of "Evangeline." From this series we reproduce three drawings, in which is apparent the grace and attention with which the scenes so simply but carefully described in the poet's hexameters have been realised by the artist. First comes a beautiful landscape study in illustration of Longfellow's lines on the autumn evenings in Acadie:—



THE EMBARKATION.

"Now recommenced the reign of rest and affection and stillness.
Day with its burden and heat had departed, and twilight descending
Brought back the evening star to the sky, and the herds to the homestead.
Pawing the ground they came, and resting their necks on each other,
And with their nostrils distended inhaling the freshness of evening.
Foremost, bearing the bell, Evangeline's beautiful heifer,
Proud of her snow-white hide, and the riband that waved from her collar,
Quietly paced and slow, as if conscious of human affection.
Then came the shepherd back with his bleating flocks from the sea-side
Where was their favourite pasture. Behind them followed the watch-dog,
Patient, full of importance, and grand in the pride of his instinct,
Walking from side to side with a lordly air, and superbly
Waving his bushy tail, and urging forward the stragglers."

Next is the drawing of the interior of the home in Acadie where dwelt Evangeline with her father before the catastrophe of loss and separation. It is winter, and the farmer must needs leave his fields to the phases of the season, while in the shelter of his cottage he awaits the return of the activities of seed-time:—

“Indoors, warm by the wide-mouthed fireplace idly the farmer
 Sat in his elbow-chair, and watched how the flames and the smoke-wreaths
 Struggled together, like foes in a burning city. Behind him,
 Nodding and mocking along the wall, with gestures fantastic,
 Darted his own huge shadow, and vanished away into darkness.
 Faces, clumsily carved in oak, on the back of his arm-chair,
 Laughed in the flickering light; and the pewter plates on the dresser
 Caught and reflected the flame, as shields of armies the sunshine.

* * * * *

Close at her father's side was the gentle Evangeline seated,
 Spinning flax for the loom that stood in the corner behind her.”

Mr. Dicksee's work on “Evangeline” suggested the subject for his next picture. And doubtless illustrative art can hardly do better than give its attention to the poem of which America has so long been proud. One of the best of Longfellow's faculties was his pleasant pictorial power and his ease in narrative. His weakness never appeared except when he attempted some strenuous kind of thought and mental motion, as in two poems which we will not name, in face of their still enormous popularity. The paintableness of “Evangeline” is part of its greatest charm, and it is not to be wondered at that having as it were lived for a time with the poem, Mr. Dicksee was not willing to leave it. In 1879 his picture of the “Embarkation” was exhibited, and if not quite equal to “Harmony” in its abstract subjective character, it was a work on a far more ambitious scale, and, at the same time, interpreted in every line and tone the true feeling of the poet himself. The artist left nothing to chance in this picture. Apart from the careful studies of figures, he visited Lynmouth in search of effects of evening light; and not in vain, as is evidenced by the beautiful after-glow in the evening sky and on the surface of the glassy sea. The grouping of the numerous figures, the subdued tone, and the fine head of Benedict Bellefontaine, were all admirably conceived, and rendered the picture one of the most striking in the exhibition. As an instance of the extreme pains bestowed on it, it may be mentioned that even when it was approaching completion the painter still left nothing to chance. Being in want of some details for the beach, he went down to Herne Bay and brought up some wreckage and seaweed, in order that the minutest detail should be true to Nature. The subject is from that passage of the poem in which the Acadian farmers, their wives and little ones, are sent adrift to the chances of their sad sea-voyage :

“There on the sea-beach
 Piled in confusion lay the household goods of the peasants.
 All day long between the shore and the ships did the boats ply.

* * * * *

So with songs on their lips the Acadian peasants descended
 Down from the church to the shore, amid their wives and their daughters.
 Foremost the young men came; and raising together their voices,
 Sang they with tremulous lips a chant of the Catholic Missions:—



"FAREWELL, FAREWELL! ONE KISS AND I'LL DESCEND."

(From the Original Drawing for "Romeo and Juliet.")



"EYES, LOOK YOUR LAST! ARMS, TAKE YOUR LAST EMBRACE!"

(From Cassell's "Romeo and Juliet.")

'Sacred Heart of the Saviour! O inexhaustible fountain!
Fill our hearts this day with strength and submission and patience!'

* * * * *

But on the shores meanwhile the evening fires had been kindled,
Built of the drift-wood thrown on the sands from wrecks in the tempest.
Round them shapes of gloom and sorrowful faces were gathered,
Voices of women were heard, and of men, and the crying of children.
Onward from fire to fire, as from hearth to hearth in his parish,
Wandered the faithful priest, consoling and blessing and cheering,
Like unto shipwrecked Paul on Melita's desolate sea-shore.
Thus he approached the place where Evangeline sat with her father,
And in the flickering light beheld the face of the old man,
Haggard and hollow and wan, and without either thought or emotion,
E'en as the face of a clock from which the hands have been taken.
Vainly Evangeline strove with words and caresses to cheer him,
Vainly offered him food; yet he moved not, he looked not, he spake not,
But, with a vacant stare, ever gazed at the flickering firelight."

This picture was purchased by the Fine Art Society, and is now in the possession of Mr. W. B. Greenfield, of Gloucester Square.

In 1877 Frank Dicksee was introduced to Sir W. Welby-Gregory, whose wife, the Hon. Lucy Welby-Gregory, is well known as the founder of the School of Art Needlework. At this period the baronet was rebuilding the family mansion at Denton, and as he was anxious to have the fact recorded on canvas, Frank Dicksee was commissioned to paint the well-known portrait group of Sir William and his wife, which was exhibited in 1880. In this picture a model of the new mansion was introduced, together with a beautiful specimen of embroidery—a product of the School of Art. This group contains all the technical skill and fine colour for which the painter was already distinguished, and though it made no appeal to popularity by subject, it is undoubtedly one of the best, if not the very best, of the artist's works. It led to many commissions for portraits, almost all of which the painter declined, as he believed that his right path lay in another direction. In this year Mr. Dicksee also exhibited a charming head of a girl at the Academy under the title of "Benedicta." This picture was also bought by the Fine Art Society and engraved by Cousins.

In January, 1881, at the age of twenty-seven, Mr. Dicksee was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy, being the youngest of the members. His election was followed by the exhibition the same year of his picture called "The Symbol." It represents a group of revellers in the gayest costumes coming through an archway in some old-world Italian town. The girls, beautiful in form and face, are disporting themselves in true Bacchanalian fashion, but the attention of the leader of the troupe, a gaily-dressed gallant, is suddenly arrested by an old man with a basket of relics by the wayside, who holds up a crucifix for sale. The moral of this story is conveyed by the motto attached to the title, "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?" A writer on art took the late William Eastlake to see this picture when it was in the artist's studio. Eastlake—a nephew of Sir Charles—was one of the keenest critics of the day. Though not resident in London, he was acquainted with most of the leading artists, and never missed an opportunity of going the round of the studios before the sending-in day. On coming away from Mr. Dicksee's, after seeing this picture, he said, "I have seen nothing to approach that in colour and power in any of the studios I have visited. It reminds me of the work of the old Venetians." It is a curious fact, however, that Frank Dicksee did not visit Italy until after the production of this picture. He went there in the following winter in company with his friend, Mr. Andrew Gow, A.R.A.

The succeeding year Mr. Dicksee exhibited what is perhaps the most purely poetical of all his works, "A Love Story," with the motto attached:

"In whispers like the whispers of the leaves
That tremble round the nightingale."

This picture is so well known, by means of the engraving published by Agnew, that it hardly needs description, except to say that in beauty of conception and skilful work, especially in the tender rendering of moonlight, it fully maintained the



CHIVALRY.

reputation of the painter. This was followed in 1883 by the largest work Mr. Dicksee had yet produced, namely, "Too Late," an illustration of the Parable of the Ten Virgins. The figures were life-size, and the feeling throughout—to say nothing of the fine execution—was of high character. The picture was purchased by Mr. Agnew.

Mr. Dicksee appeared to have descended into a more conventional groove, when



FROM THE "GRAPHIC" GALLERY OF BEAUTY.

(By Permission of the Proprietors of "The Graphic.")

he produced two pictures from a subject which has been a favourite one with all painters since the English school was founded, namely, "Romeo and Juliet." The suggestion for the subject arose from the fact that Messrs. Cassell and Co. commissioned the artist to illustrate this play in their "International Shakespeare." His design for the scene in the vault has grace; but for the well-thought-out composition and the charms of young beauty and expression the canvas in which Mr.

Dicksee treated the Balcony Scene, with its slender impassioned figures and pure light of daybreak, is most memorable. The moment chosen is that of the supreme parting:

"My lord, my love, my friend!
I must hear from thee every day and hour,
For in a minute there are many days:
O! by this count I shall be much in years
Ere I again behold my Romeo.
* * * * *
O! think'st thou we shall ever meet again?"

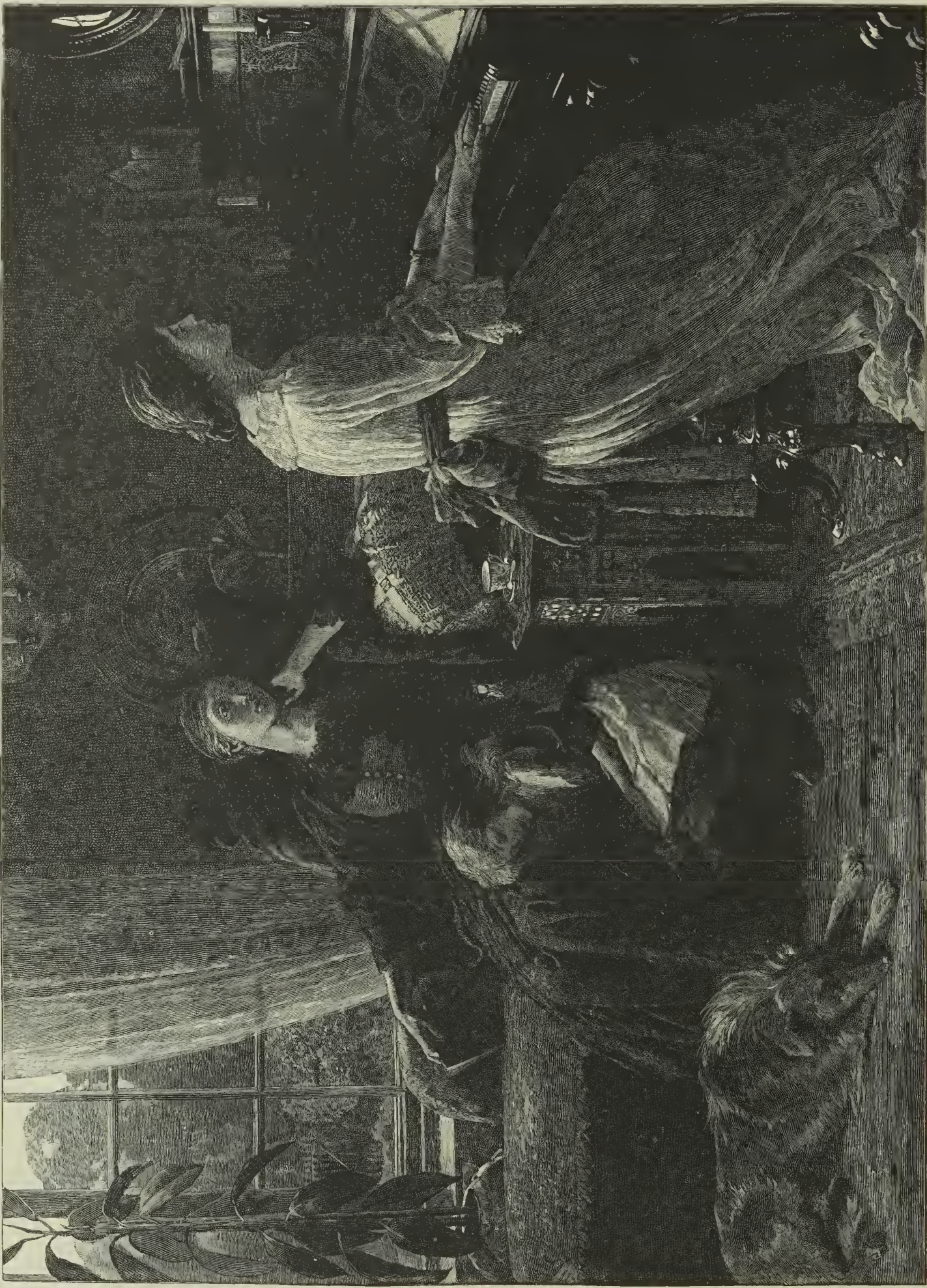
The picture was bought by Mr. Tooth, and is now in the possession of Mr. Churchill, of Weybridge. An excellent etching of it by Waltner has recently been published.

A commission from J. Aird, Esq., of Hyde Park Terrace, resulted in the picture of "Chivalry," exhibited in 1885. In this picture—though here again the subject was somewhat conventional—there was a return to the rich, harmonious colouring of the artist's earlier work. The effect of the knight in complete armour, in strong relief against the warm glow of the evening sky, was very striking, and the whole picture seemed instinct with the feeling of the Venetians.

"Memories" appeared at the Royal Academy in 1886. This picture contains a deeper pathos than any previous work from the same hand, with the exception perhaps of "Evangeline." True feeling is expressed in the face of the young widow as, with the child at her knee, she sits listening to the girl at the piano, and yearns

"For the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still."

The effect of this picture, which is very deep and rich in tone, was damaged at the Academy by the proximity of some intensely light canvases. It was seen to better advantage in the Manchester Exhibition, where it was afterwards exhibited. It is now the property of Mr. William Carver, of Broughton. The Academy picture of 1887 was "Hesperia," a single figure of a lady in red Venetian dress with garden surroundings. One of Mr. Dicksee's slighter works was his "ideal" beauty contributed to the gallery of beauties got together by the *Graphic*. The idea of such a gallery was pat to the time. It was the height of the beauty mania in London, when nothing was so interesting as the comparison of the points of the conspicuous ladies of society. It says much for the perdurable power of female loveliness that there was not a violent reaction immediately afterwards, and that plainness in woman did not receive a short but overwhelming worship. For all the other London manias have been followed by a corresponding *phobia*. They are enthusiasms too fiery to last—whether the noble rage of the season be for spelling-bees or for the æsthetic reform of life. Many a painter, for instance, whose career was decided upon in the golden days of the end of the "seventies," and who has since seen the canvases accumulating unsold with their unframed faces to his studio wall, has had reason to meditate on the "violent ends" of "violent delights."

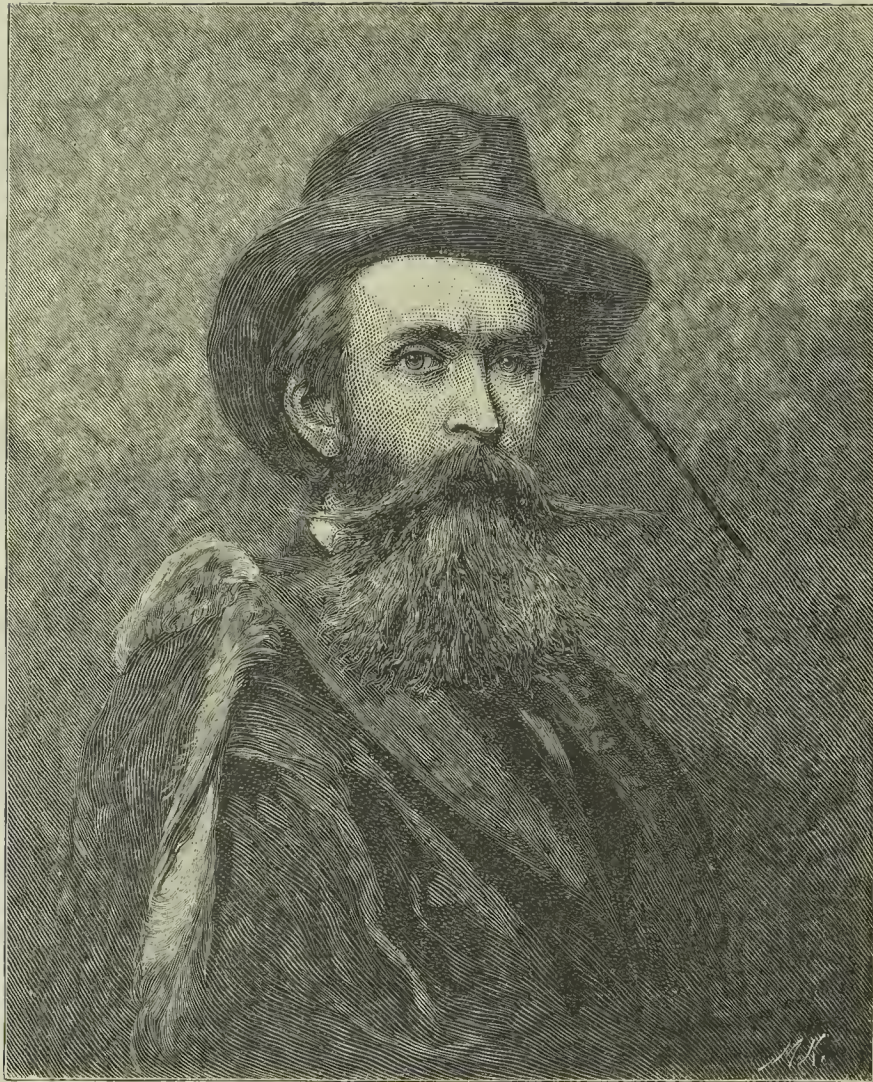


MEMORIES.

In the case of the beauties, their reign of course could not come to an end of this kind, but it became a silent triumph when the time of the mania had passed away for ever. While it lasted it produced amongst other things the graceful *Graphic* gallery of ideals. Mr. Dicksee's contribution was one of the prettiest of the series—showing a clear-outlined and firmly moulded face, with large eyelids and full, well-finished mouth. The trifling of the time had a charming outcome.

Frank Dicksee should have a great future before him. With his intense devotion to his art, with his conquest over technical difficulties, with his fine poetic feeling, and his actual shrinking from anything at all approaching the vulgar or commonplace, we may look with confidence to the production of a long list of good works. Judging by what he has done, it is safe to assert that there is no painter living who has a more refined feeling for art. Indeed, he is one of the few exponents we have of poetic art, which does not take its subjects from common life, nor from the books which have been so continually drawn upon, nor from the classics, nor (except in the case of "Too Late") from the higher inspiration of the Scriptures. He works up to an ideal evolved from his own inner consciousness. An idea strikes his mind; it grows, it is embodied on canvas, it assumes definite shape, but is still more or less an abstract ideality; for, in many cases, when his picture is nearly finished, he has not even given it a name. "Harmony" and "The Symbol" were amplifications of Langham sketches which, according to the rules of the club, expressed ideas that crossed his mind on the spur of the moment.

It is somewhat difficult to define Mr. Dicksee's position with regard to contemporary art. His sources of inspiration do not appear to be drawn from any particular school or painter. His method is peculiarly his own. His texture is exceedingly rich—the result of much previous loading. His colour, as before remarked, is suggestive of the Venetians, only we know that the feeling for colour is intuitive, as he had no close acquaintance with the wonderful colourists of that school. If asked whence he drew his inspirations, he will tell you that he has always been surrounded by an atmosphere of art, but that he cannot recall any special circumstances beyond his daily surroundings that influenced his style or fostered his love for painting. It is probable that, had his early studies been pursued in the foreign galleries, or the studios of Paris or Brussels, his work would not have been distinguished by such marked individuality. His conceptions are born of a poetic mind, his skill results from careful training and intense and continuous application.



Moran.

(From the Painting by Hamilton Hamilton.)

THOMAS MORAN.

AMERICAN art has until recently been most distinguished, both at home and abroad for its success in the department of landscape. Up to this time the thought uppermost among Americans has been to explore the vast territory which Providence has entrusted to their care, to discover its hidden resources, and bring them into practical use in strengthening and welding together the multitudes who are flocking to the Western Continent from all parts of the earth. The landscape-painters of America have contributed to further this grand result; and never before has there been a nobler opportunity afforded the artist to aid in the growth of his native land, and to feel that, while ministering to his own love of the sublime and the beautiful, he

was at the same time a teacher and a co-worker with the pioneer, the man of science, and the soldier, who cleared, surveyed, and held this mighty continent, and brought it under the mild sway of civilisation. The people aspired to learn not only statistical facts regarding their heritage, but also its scenic attractions. Nothing was amiss which could add to the sum of their knowledge of the subject. And thus the artist had a mission marked out for him magnificent in the possibilities it offered.

When landscape-painting first began to find expression in America with Doughty, Cole, and Durand, it was naturally faltering, and felt its way slowly. The means for traversing the great spaces of the country were limited and tedious; but as steamboats began to navigate the rivers, and railways covered the land with a network of steel, the landscape-painters kept pace with the march of improvement. At that time the great modern school of European landscape-painting, headed by such men as Turner, David Cox, Constable, Dupré, Corot, Daubigny, and Rousseau, had not made its influence felt in America. The American artists were acquainted only with such landscape art as that of Salvator, Claude, or Ruysdael. We see suggestions of them all in the works of Cole, who, however, made a number of successful efforts at an original style. But Durand from the first abandoned the conventional style of such painters, and expressed a sturdy realism, softened by a rugged poetic sentiment. He loved the woods and waters of his own country sincerely, and he clearly saw that the art of America was struggling for expression under new conditions. His numerous successors have recognised the same fact, and in representing the varied scenery of America have adapted their style to what they saw before them. When one considers that the great majority have had the most meagre opportunities of art-education, compared with those enjoyed by the students of Paris and London, who have been nurtured in the very atmosphere of art, the wonder is, not that they sometimes exhibit technical weakness, but that they have so often produced works creditable to the artist and the country alike.

One of the most distinguished of those painters who have demonstrated the quality of American art and the grandeur of American scenery is Thomas Moran. He was born in Bolton, Lancashire, in 1837. His father was of Irish extraction, and his mother was an Englishwoman. She must have been a woman of remarkable force and character, when we consider the talent her sons have inherited from their mother. One of them is a great landscape-painter, another has distinguished himself as an animal-painter, while yet another has won reputation in marine-painting. Her grandchildren are likewise rapidly winning position in *genre*. It is noteworthy that the brothers are married to ladies who are well known as painters and etchers. The family, therefore, already includes nine living artists of more than average ability.

When Thomas Moran was seven years of age his parents crossed the Atlantic and settled in Philadelphia. He received a fair education at school, and was then placed with a wood-engraver, with whom he remained two years, and acquired a

good knowledge of the art. This has undoubtedly been of the greatest service to him, for it gave him firmness and steadiness of touch, together with accuracy and persistent effort. It may be said to constitute all the direct art-education Mr. Moran has ever received.

But, while he never took lessons in a studio, he was quick at observing, and was happily so situated as to be brought into contact with a number of able artists, at a time when Philadelphia was scarcely behind New York in richness of art influences and facilities. Chief among the artists with whom young Moran associated was James Hamilton, the marine-painter, who was one of the most imaginative artists of this century. Hamilton lived next door to the Morans, and took a great interest in the early efforts of Thomas Moran. Not only did he aid him with wholesome advice, but out of his scanty purse he sometimes purchased some of the young artist's water-colours; for after leaving the engraver's, Mr. Moran had devoted himself to water-colour painting, and with such success that he was soon able to find a rapid sale for his sketches.

At the age of twenty-three Mr. Moran took up oil-colours, and painted a scene from Shelley's "Alastor." The subject was highly characteristic of his mental cast, for imagination is perhaps his master quality. He sailed for England in 1862, thirsting for larger opportunities of self-improvement. While in London he made a special study of Turner's works in the National Gallery, several of which he carefully copied. On his return to America, Mr. Moran's remarkable fertility of fancy, aided by his great technical skill and rapidity of execution, brought numerous demands on his pencil, and he soon acquired repute as an illustrator of books and magazines. It was this which eventually led him to settle in New York; *Scribner's Monthly* gave him so many commissions that in order to be near the publishers he removed to that city. As a proof of his readiness and popularity, it may be stated that during some eight years, in addition to the large number of paintings and etchings he produced, he designed over 2,000 illustrations.

Mr. Moran re-visited Europe in 1866, and made a careful study of the works of the masters in France, Italy, and Germany. On his return in 1871 an opportunity was offered him of accompanying the United States' exploring expedition, conducted by Professor Hayden, to the Yellowstone River in Wyoming territory. This river courses through a most extraordinary region. It is of sulphureous formation. Hot springs and geysers abound, and the sulphur rocks and cliffs assume the most fantastic shapes, and are tinted with vivid blue, red, and especially yellow colours. Sometimes one can, without any stretch of fancy, imagine himself in some deserted city of the orient, whose highly-coloured walls, battlements, palaces, minarets, and towers yet remain, while all the inhabitants are gone except the vulture and the kite and the lizard. Through a narrow tortuous seam in this singular country winds the Yellowstone River; the gorge is often 1,000 feet deep. Mr. Moran took many careful sketches, chiefly in water-colours, of these impressive scenes, some of which, we believe, are now owned at Salisbury, England. On his



THE MOUNTAIN OF THE HOLY CROSS, COLORADO.

return to New York he resumed his impressions upon a canvas 12 feet long and 7 feet broad. It was called "The Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone." The extraordinary forms and colours it contained were a revelation to the public. No such scenery had ever been discovered or imagined before. The terrible desolation, the appalling magnificence and grandeur of these castellated cliffs, draped with the hues of the rainbow, were bewilderingly fascinating. The representative character of the work, as well as its artistic merit, gave it a national importance. It was purchased by Congress for 10,000 dollars, and hung in the Capitol at Washington.

The following year Mr. Moran went to the famous valley of the Yosemite in California, whence he returned with interesting studies. In 1873 he accompanied the expedition conducted by Major Powell under the auspices of the Government, to explore the little known country through which rolls the Colorado River. The tremendous character of this part of America may be gathered from the fact that for 200 miles the level of the stream is lowered at the rate of 200 to 500 feet a mile through a chasm averaging less than 300 feet in width. The walls of this awful gorge are 7,000 feet in depth, the cliffs seeming to close in overhead, and to leave only a faint crack through which the sky dimly appears.

The descent of this terrible river, to which the Acheron of the ancients in Acarnania is a mere summer rivulet, has only twice been made. The first time it was accomplished by James White, in 1867. He had several companions who were traversing the west with him. Being pursued by the Indians, their only hope of escape was to betake themselves to the waters of this unknown river, of whose appalling character they had only the faintest idea. Hastily constructing a frail raft, and trusting themselves to Providence, they launched on the turbulent tide. The provisions and all on board the raft were washed off in descending one of the rapids, excepting White alone. For ten days after that he drifted with the river, through that subterranean chasm, in a solitude such as no human being has probably ever experienced before, and with scarce any expectation of ever re-visiting the glimpses of the moon. But destiny was in his favour—the world needed to know of this wonderful river. Almost dead with hunger and terror, he at last arrived at the settlement of Colville, after a voyage that eclipses the exploits of Sinbad the Sailor.

It is one of the most picturesque and least forbidding aspects of this river that appears in the painting made by Mr. Moran on his return from this expedition. It is of the same size as his Yellowstone picture; and he calls it the "Grand Chasm of the Colorado." This also was purchased by Congress for 10,000 dollars.

Mr. Moran's zest of travel and exploration, his enthusiasm for the grander aspects of Nature, had been, not satisfied, but stimulated by what he had already seen, and urged him to further adventure. Therefore he turned his face westward again in the following year. This time it was to the Rocky Mountains that he directed his attention. The result was, if less startling, perhaps more pleasing than that of his previous expeditions. He brought home with him studies which

matured into a painting of marked originality and power. It was called "The Mountain of the Holy Cross," and represents one of the most remarkable peaks of the great range which forms the watershed of North America.

This mountain lies about 150 miles west of Denver. Its name is due to the early Spanish missionaries, and was suggested by a curious phenomenon at the summit. Two rifts or clefts in the rock several hundred feet in length bisect each other in such wise as to form a cross. In these clefts the snow lies eternal; when it melts and flows from the great mountain in summer, it remains in that vast sculptured cross, a white mark visible from a long distance.

Nor has Mr. Moran's genius confined itself to the delineation of the sublime scenery of the great west. He has also visited the south and revelled in its gorgeous colours and its affluence of tropic vegetation. The music of the palm has touched his soul, and the tender azure of the skies which overarch Mexico's Gulf has kindled his fancy. Among the number of admirable paintings suggested by such scenes may be mentioned his "Ponce de Leon in Florida." This is a large canvas, and represents a clearing, or rather an opening, in a dense, luxuriant grove of palms and oaks, draped with the long festoons of Spanish moss. A little on one side of this clearing De Leon and his companions are seen coming to a halt. His versatility appears again in the representation of quiet woodland scenes about home, or oozy flats near Brooklyn, above which loom, half hidden in mist, the warehouses and wharves of a great city on a sullen, melancholy day in October. Few artists, again, have undertaken to paint so many varieties of cloud-scenery. Indeed, there is scarcely an effect of Nature which Mr. Moran has not represented, and generally with excellent success. He makes a frank statement of what he sees or desires to express. The imagination of the beholder is in no sense overtaxed before his paintings. This, perhaps, is the true way when one is giving a representation of an actual scene with strongly-marked features of its own; and it must be admitted that such a method is far more likely to win popular interest than one that is more subtle and refined.

Another of his paintings shows a sublime, isolated peak, cloven in the centre, that soars like a Titanic feudal tower above the banks of the Green River, a tributary of the Colorado. The colours of this natural fortress are vivid copper, streaked with vermilion, and merging into leaden-grey. It is painted sun-smitten against the foreboding gloom of a coming storm. The broad river flows grandly at its base through an endless plain that fades off like the ocean into the infinite. In the foreground a troop of Indian warriors, in the gay accoutrements of battle, are guiding their spirited ponies through long sere herbage to the river's brink.

Among some of his more important works may also be mentioned "The Pictured Rocks of Lake Superior," "The Track of the Storm," "The Flight into Egypt," and "The Children of the Mountain." The highly-imaginative series of drawings illustrating "Hiawatha" are also finely designed, and are in every way

worthy of the famous legend. One of the series, here engraved, illustrates the following episode in Longfellow's poem:—

“Soon he reached the fiery serpents,
The Kenabeek, the great serpents,
Lying huge upon the water,
Sparkling, rippling in the water,
Lying coiled across the passage,
With their blazing crests uplifted,



THE HAUNT OF THE KENABEEK.

Breathing fiery fogs and vapours,
So that none could pass beyond them.

But the fearless Hiawatha
Cried aloud, and spake in this wise:
‘Let me pass my way, Kenabeek,
Let me go upon my journey!’
And they answered, hissing fiercely,
With their fiery breath made answer:
‘Back, go back, O Shaugodaya!
Back to old Nokomis, Faint-heart!’

Then the angry Hiawatha
Raised his mighty bow of ash-tree,
Seized his arrows, jasper-headed,
Shot them fast among the serpents;

Every twanging of the bow-string
Was a war-cry and a death-cry,
Every whizzing of an arrow
Was a death-song of Kenabeek."

In considering the variety and excellence of Mr. Moran's attainments in art, it is impossible to assign him any other than very great ability. If he has not achieved the highest flights of art, he has yet exhibited extraordinary versatility in doing many things and doing them well, together with a very unusual exuberance of imagination. Furthermore, the public owe him a debt of gratitude for the enterprise and ability which have done so much to entertain and instruct.





PORTRAIT OF MRS. WHISTLER.

JAMES McNEILL WHISTLER.

MR. WHISTLER is a notable artist and a notable personality in art, and for both forms of conspicuousness he is indebted in part to the good fortune of his talent. "It is not enough to be a great man," said a keen Frenchman; "one must come at the right time." To which we may add that it is not enough to be a clever man; one must come at the right time to the right place. The right time and the right place for the conspicuousness of an Impressionist was undoubtedly England at the time when Mr. Whistler rose up and astonished her. In Paris he was one of many; here he was one indeed—a genius in himself. And the fact that he has fixed himself in a country so dead to art as he considers England to be, and that for the sake of living here he endures the exasperating remarks of his critics when he might be at peace in the more intelligent atmosphere of France, is sufficient proof that he appreciates the fitness—the fitness of contrast—which

is in his surroundings. For though he would be at peace in France, that peace would be not unattended with a certain comparative obscurity. A clever American describes Byron's rides on the Lido as being taken in a "conspicuous solitude." Inconspicuous solitude, we may believe, would not have had the same charms for him; nor, perhaps, would unexciting peace for this clever member of a clever school. Here he had, and in a measure still keeps, a place, not as member, but as master.

Mr. Whistler was born of an American family of the South, which, as a sketch of the life of his father tells us, "is of English origin, and is found towards the end of the fifteenth century in Oxfordshire, at Goring and Whitechurch, on the Thames. One branch of the family settled in Sussex, at Hastings and Battle, being connected by marriage with the Websters of Battle Abbey, in which neighbourhood some of the family still live. Another lived in Essex, from which came Dr. Daniel Whistler, President of the College of Physicians in London in the time of Charles II., a quaint gentleman of 'rare humour,' frequently mentioned in 'Pepys's Diary.' From the Oxfordshire branch came Ralph, son of Hugh Whistler of Goring, who went to Ireland, and there founded the Irish branch of the family. From this branch of the family came Major John Whistler, father of the distinguished engineer, and the first representative of the family in America." The artist's father was the consulting engineer for the St. Petersburg and Moscow Railway, an office which he held at the request of the Czar Nicholas. Hence came his early sojourn in Russia, but his education was at the military school at West Point. His training there, however, did not produce a military vocation. His fathers had been soldiers by a kind of tradition, but he early decided for the career of his own talent—that of the art of painting. As a matter of course, being an American, he went to Paris for the new studies which had then become necessary, entering himself as a pupil of Gleyre. He early found his chief friends among Impressionists, Degas being of the number. Here he began etching as well as painting. His first notable picture was "The Little White Girl," to which Mr. Swinburne, then also on his promotion to fame, wrote the sweetly musical lines which bear the same title—lovely lines, like a tale told by a poet of that now vanished school, full of sound and sweetness signifying little.

"White rose in red rose-garden
Is not so white;
Snowdrops that plead for pardon
And pine for fright
Because the hard East blows
Over their marble rows
Grow not as this face grows from pale to bright.

"Come snow, come wind or thunder
High up in air,
I watch my face and wonder
At my bright hair;

Nought else exalts or grieves
The rose at heart that heaves
With love of her own leaves and lips that pair.

“I cannot see what pleasures
Or what pains were;
What pale new loves and treasures
New years will bear;
What beam will fall, what shower,
What grief or joy for dower,
But one thing knows the flower; the flower is fair.”

And so on. The white girl was standing at the side of a mirror, where the laws of incidence and refraction would unfortunately not permit her to see her own beauty, on which Mr. Swinburne imagines her to be gazing. But no matter; it was a very simple and very tastefully-arranged selection of the materials of the scene. The painter showed already the sensitiveness with which he can exercise the painter's prerogative of rejection. The figure and face were ugly—nor has Mr. Whistler ever done anything to prove that he has any feeling for human beauty—but the whole picture had a certain charm, and in the dawn of Impressionism the manner was very new. The Salon rejected the “White Girl,” but it attracted attention at the Salon des Refusés, whither its painter had the good sense and courage to send it. In 1865 it was at the Royal Academy—the picture of that year about which everybody asked, “What do you think of it?” and of which the late Tom Taylor—in after years vigorously assaulted by Mr. Whistler in print—declared in the *Times*, if we remember right, that it was a poem on canvas. At about the same time the artist exhibited other sketches (we ask indulgence for the word) of a like character—notes of impressions of white dresses, furniture, balconies, and incidental faces and figures. These earlier works were generally brighter in colour and lighter in tone than the dark canvases that succeeded them later. It was soon after this that the remarkable and admirable portrait of Mrs. Whistler, the painter's mother, was stupidly hung over a door at the Royal Academy. Nor did it obtain even this place without a hard struggle, the majority of the Selecting Committee having rejected it, and being brought to reason by the threats and persuasions of the late Sir William Boxall. Mr. Whistler not unnaturally sent nothing more to the Academy, and, though he began to exhibit regularly at the Salon, he was to be seen in London at the minor exhibitions and dealers' galleries only, until the happy year 1877.

For then the unappreciated, the misunderstood, the superior, and the neglected, came forward in the crimson rooms of the Grosvenor Gallery—always with the exception of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, who had a genuine distaste for the whole system of public exhibitions, whether the show were set forth in Piccadilly or in Bond Street. But for Mr. Burne-Jones and for Mr. Whistler the opening of Sir Coutts Lindsay's gallery was a kind of resurrection. They were the two topics of two or three seasons; and perhaps the loudest talkers were the people who had



THOMAS CARLYLE.

(By Permission of Messrs. Henry Graves and Co.)

lived in so curious an ignorance of the art-work of their time as to be ready to hail both painters as new men. Mr. Whistler contributed to the Grosvenor for seven years, his principal pictures there being the portraits of Carlyle, of Mr. Irving as Philip II., of Miss Alexander, of Miss Corder, and of Lady Archibald Campbell, with a large number of little night-scenes and fog-scenes, and bits of river and bridge. Then came a succession of "single-artist" exhibitions in Bond Street, where Mr. Whistler decorated his room according to the manner of his pictures; and then again this wandering spirit seemed to have found a resting-place in the most unlikely of places—the Gallery of British Artists, Suffolk Street. For many long years the home of the most complete and contented Philistinism, Suffolk Street had gradually begun to admit a leaven of art, and its walls presented a queer mixture of insular with liberal practice and traditions. But the contrasts became more striking than ever when Mr. Whistler was elected a member in 1884. In the year following, his excellent portrait of Señor Pablo Sarasate was the lion of the Exhibition; and in 1886 he was chosen President of the Society. Thenceforth, of course, the place ceased to present contrasts; it was re-created by the new spirit, the disciples of the President forming his Selecting Committee.

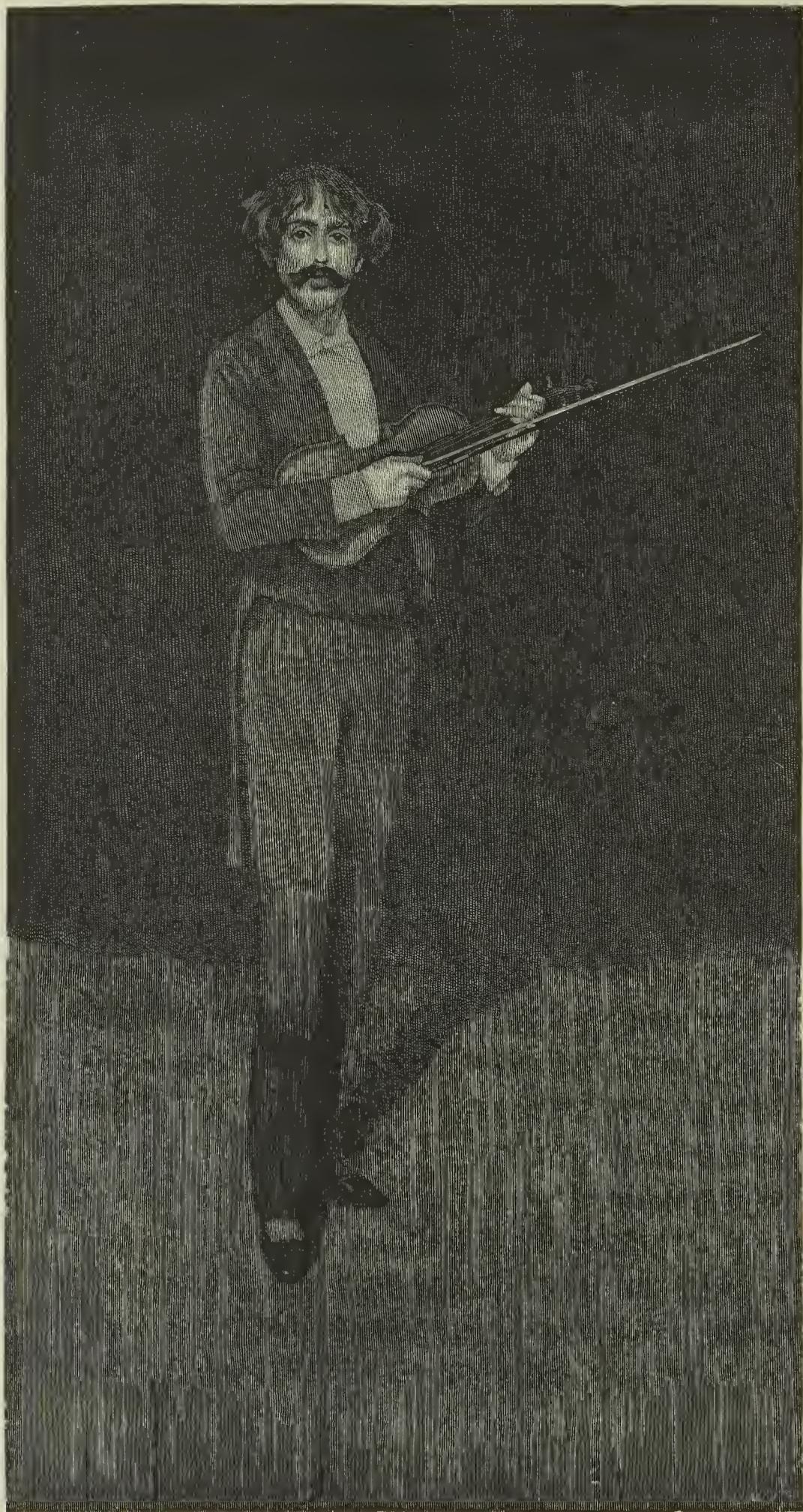
It was in the first days of the Grosvenor Gallery that Mr. Whistler came into litigious collision with Mr. Ruskin, then Slade Professor at the University of Oxford. That if they ever met sparks and fire would be struck out was obvious. Mr. Ruskin's whole body of doctrine, from the very young days in which he took the duty of a teacher, on to his old age, was contradicted by Mr. Whistler's pictures. With Ruskin, painting was a kind of glorified handicraft, rather than what a man of the younger school would understand by the word art; it was to be elaborated by the addition of fact to fact; the artist was bound in the most literal sense to hold a mirror up to Nature. Selecting from the materials of Nature was, according to him, a presumption; rejecting any from among them, a sacrilege. As regards subject in painting, Mr. Ruskin enforced lofty ideals and the didactic mission of Art. And into this programme of faithful handiwork and high thoughts entered also a love of all intense and positive colour—the pleasure of a child in scarlet and purple. Mr. Whistler, on the other hand, holds that Art and Nature are two quite distinct things; that Art has to arrange, select, and refuse among the material of Nature, touching a note here and there to make a melody, rather than banging down all the keys together. He preaches to Englishmen, with all the zeal of a discoverer, the idea—at least fifty years old in France—that Art has no didactic apostolate, and no mission except to the eyes; he holds that the adding of fact to fact brings us no nearer to artistic truth, but rather that a picture must be true from the beginning according to the artistic code of truth. Finally, he paints in soot-colours and mud-colours, and far from enjoying primary hues, has little or no perception of the loveliness of secondary or tertiary colour. Hence the Whistler-Ruskin trial. The two ways of Art are, and will always be, incompatible; and their several followers will say hard things of one another. It is only candid for the commen-

tator to note, however, that Mr. Ruskin was too incensed by the artist's offences to make the smallest effort to understand him or his aims. The difference between a picture by Whistler and Nature as it appeared to his own eyes, seemed to him to give to Whistler's work all the proportions and character of a downright lie. The absence of any attempt at the kind of "finish" which can be attained by adding fact to fact, had for Ruskin all the appearance of the incapacity of an untaught impostor; and he said so; only he used the dogmatic phrases to which his pen is accustomed. To him the whole thing looked—as far as he would consent to glance at it—like the rankest coxcombry and imposture. The offence took almost a moral character; and when the jury found that he had libelled his adversary (though but to the extent of a farthing'sworth of amends) he took the matter so gravely to heart that he resigned the Slade Professorship.

But, indeed, the whole trial might almost have shaken the jury system to its fall. The absurdity of asking twelve untaught men to decide on the most difficult and delicate problems of Art, under the guidance of counsel who knew, if possible, a little less than themselves, produced a very rank kind of comedy. In the end the critic was insulted by the adverse verdict, and the artist by the farthing damages. It would have been better for every one, except the eminent lawyers employed, if the Whistler-Ruskin trial had never come off. Perhaps those who suffered from it most keenly were the artists who were called as witnesses, dragged to the box under a subpoena, and forced to give reluctant testimony as to the amount of "finish" which Mr. Whistler had succeeded in putting into his work—this precise quality, as understood by those who used the word in court, being one which this painter never made any attempt to obtain.

Whether his work would not be the better for more of the other kind of finish—the fundamental rightness of values and relations—which is proper to the school of which Mr. Whistler is an eminent member, perhaps a master, may be a question. He has no atmosphere, no light. Instead of air he studies various kinds of fog—and studies them most delicately; and his "values" are the relative powers of darkness, not of light. He never paints a sky. He has placed one of his cleverest portraits on an asphalte floor and against a coal-black background, the whole apparently representing a dressy woman in an *inferno* of the worldly. Now the best achievement of the Impressionist school, to which Mr. Whistler belongs, is the rendering of air—not air made palpable and comparatively easy to feel, by fog—but atmosphere which is the medium of light.

A painter whom—to speak frankly—we would not take as an authority on art, chanced to say a very just thing of Mr. Whistler's "arrangements" and "nocturnes"—that they are less pictures than fine decorative *plaques*. Such in fact they are, by reason of the painter's feeling for *tone* as distinct from *values*. "Tone" we take to be the relative depth and lightness of any colour; "values" to represent the amount of light upon an object, and especially the relative emphasis which that light seems to take from the nearness or distance of the things which it



PABLO SARASATE.

illuminates. With such "values" Mr. Whistler declines to concern himself, but his sense of decorative tone is exquisite. Had he lived before the evil days which saw the separation of art and handicraft, he would have been a fine decorator; and even as it is, he achieved some of his best results in the "Peacock" room, in the designing of frames, the arrangement of rooms, and in other work of the kind. In frames he introduced the beautiful green gold which has so happy an effect. To his feeling for tone he adds a rare sense of the right placing of objects, a sense almost as fine as that of the Japanese—as fine, perhaps, as an Occidental artist can possibly attain to. This is, we believe, the most distinguishing note of his talent. In fact, we may take him as a teacher of the Oriental art of *separate* decoration—the art which comes none too soon to save us from the utter weariness of *decoration by series*, derived from Greece. Decoration by series and repetition, with the poor relief of interchange, has become a dead dullness to us; Japan and Mr. Whistler offer us the life and interest of accident and incident, exquisitely managed. Now it is worthy of note that series, repetition, and interchange, constitute the one way of ornament explicitly recognised by Mr. Ruskin; of the Oriental way he has apparently no idea—another reason for the Whistler-Ruskin controversy. Not in painting only but in decoration the two men are utterly at odds.

Mr. Whistler has far too perfect a sense of the dignity of decoration to quarrel with us for considering him primarily a decorator. But we shall only too probably touch him to the quick by calling him a literary man, and a singularly able one. Perhaps, however, he will forgive us if we emphatically declare him innocent of putting any of his literature into his painting. He is witty in his ideas, clever in his choice of words, brief and full of "touch"—in a word, a model journalist of the new school. He must have some sense—though a reluctant sense—of this truth, for he has written much. We do not refer to his rather wearisome repetition in print of the statement that he has slain and crushed his critics—a reiteration by which he soothes his own soreness under much ignorant newspaper comment; we are alluding rather to the moments in which he has seriously set forth his aims and principles—seriously, that is, for him, and according to his own way, which is not the way of other men.

As an etcher Mr. Whistler has been proportionally more readily believed in than as a painter. But then etching has a smaller constituency to begin with. His manner of etching is in the most stenographic French manner, and his wildest line is full of intention. But in this art too he grievously lacks beauty.



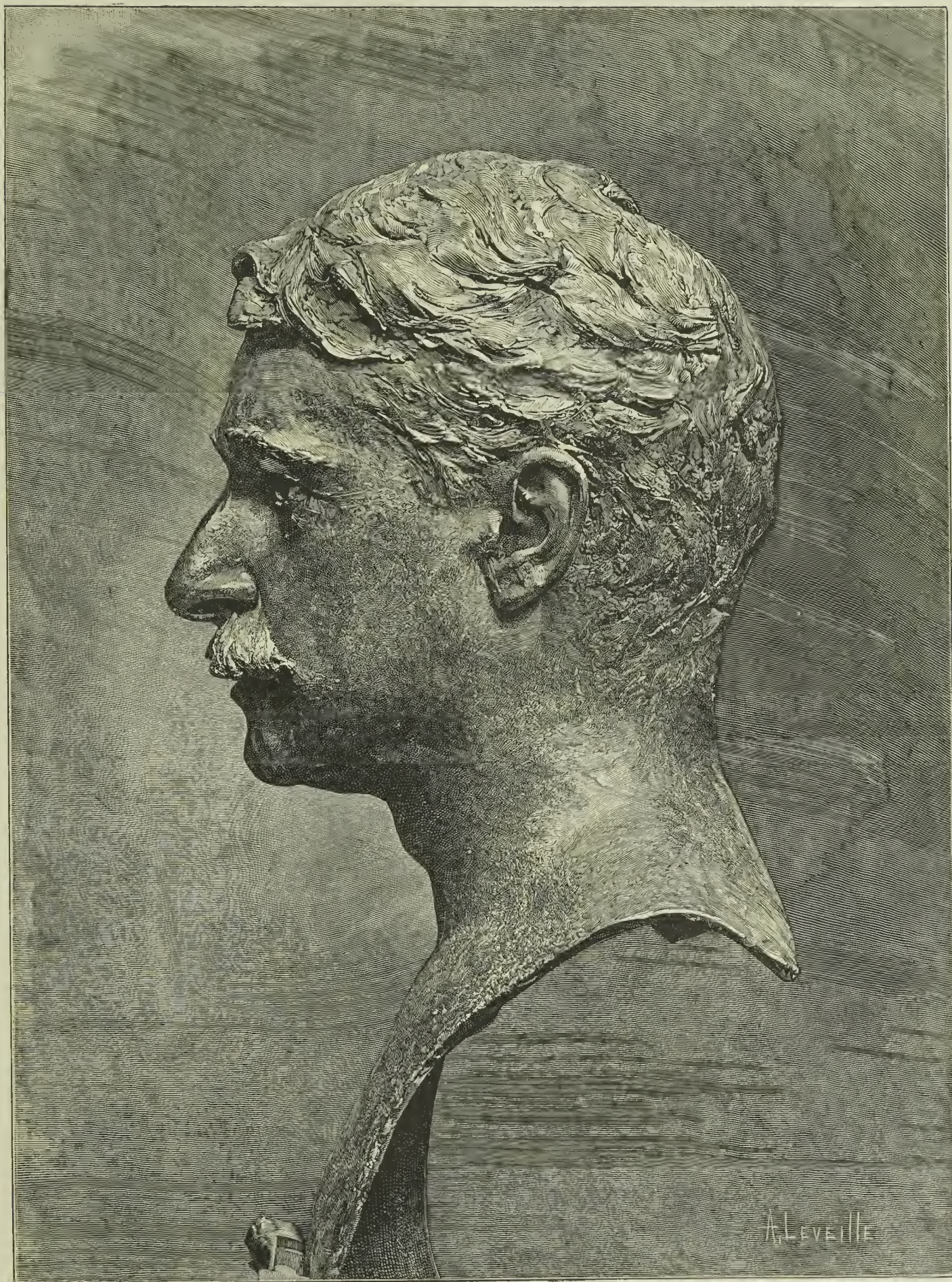
A DECORATIVE PANEL.

(By Permission of Messrs. Braun and Co., Paris.)

PAUL BAUDRY.

FRANCE justly mourns the death of Paul Baudry, one of the most gifted of her sons. Painted decoration conceived on a grand scale, and taking its proper place as one of the highest branches of art, is as important in the days of the Republic as it was under the Royalist or Imperial régime. Whereas formerly its province was to enrich the palace of a king, the nest of a royal favourite, or, later on, to adorn the grandiose constructions which rose during the First and Second Empires, now it is deemed equally indispensable for the completion of a reconstructed Hôtel de Ville, for the ornamentation of the endless Mairies of the French capital, and above all for the embellishment of the Panthéon, which, now once more a paganised temple, bids fair to become a very museum of modern decorative art both sacred and secular.

Baudry had not the Tintoretto-like audacity of Delacroix, nor had he the monumental grandeur of M. Puvis de Chavannes, the austere charm and calming



PAUL BAUDRY.

(From the Lust by Paul Dubois.)

influence of whose art make him the incomparably fit decorator of the church, or the public edifice of the severer type: but the deceased painter had a more evenly-sustained skill, a brighter and more joy-inspiring, if not a more serene and harmonious, scheme of colour, than that of the last-named great artist. His disappearance is doubly to be regretted, because in his peculiar branch he leaves no successor of sufficient influence to counteract the strenuous endeavour which is being made by a number of artists of great merit and sincerity to prove, on the one hand, that the blue-grey envelope, which is all they succeed in imitating in M. Puvis de Chavannes' subtle schemes of mitigated colour, is the true, the only harmony for decoration on a large scale; on the other, that typical representations of the scenes of the modern city and the country-side are henceforth to take the place of those idealised types and personifications of things human and divine, those conceptions of widest scope and most soaring phantasy, which are surely entitled to maintain their supremacy among the subjects applied to decoration, even though they have been irresistibly driven from other places by art of a tendency in closer accord with the passions and aspirations of the day.

Paul Baudry was a Vendean, and was born at La Roche-sur-Yon, on the 7th of November, 1828. His family were workers of the humblest class; his father being busied all day in the forest as a "sabotier," and knowing but one relief from toil—that of playing on an old violin which he possessed. This talent Baudry inherited in a much higher degree, and it was the cause that a long struggle established itself between him and his parents, whose ambition it was that he should become a violinist, while he felt himself irresistibly attracted towards the vocation of painter. The talent he revealed, after some very rudimentary instruction in painting, induced the municipality of his native town—in this displaying a rare sagacity—to send him in the year 1844 to Paris, where in 1847 he obtained the second *prix de Rome*, and in 1850 carried off the first prize with his "Zenobia Found on the Banks of the Araxes." The four years passed in Rome at the Villa Medici were spent in a searching and enthusiastic study of the great masters of the Revival—chiefly those whose works formed the climax and close of that great period: Michelangelo, Raphael, the Venetians, and Correggio. The first work sent by the painter from the Eternal City was the well-known "La Fortune et l'Enfant," the *morbidezza* and mannered grace of which are clearly derived from Correggio, while its scheme of colour approximates to that of Titian and his school, the individuality of the modern painter nevertheless asserting itself, and thus redeeming the work from condemnation as an absolute *pasticcio*. The admirable copy of Raphael's "Jurisprudence" dates from the same period. The last picture executed by Baudry at Rome, during his first sojourn there, was the "Supplice d'une Vestale" (1857), a huge composition, confused, and overloaded with personages, with much detriment to its general effect, though some of the figures are in themselves admirable. This, the painter's only essay in historical composition on the vast scale so often perforce adopted by French artists, proves that, admirably as he understood how to impart

symmetry, rhythm, and movement, to decorative and symbolical compositions, the calmer ponderation, the more soberly - ordered harmony which belong to the treatment of historical subjects proper, was not equally within his grasp.

As a painter, Baudry was perhaps never at a higher technical level than in the "Saint Jean-Baptiste" of the Luxembourg (1857), in which the boy-saint is shown tenderly caressing a lamb. Neither here, however, nor in any other among the very few works dealing with sacred or mystical scenes which the painter attempted, do we find him in real touch with his subject, or approaching it either with that simplicity of naïve awe and reverence which is under the conditions of modern life hardly attainable, or with that ardent human sympathy which alone can worthily replace it. It is well, perhaps, for his reputation, that the great dream of his life was not realised; that the important series of scenes from the life of Jeanne d'Arc with which the State bade him cover a portion of the wall-space of the Panthéon remained unexecuted. Admirable as these would have been in many respects, we cannot imagine that he would have succeeded in imparting to France's heroine the spiritual aspect, the inner flame of consuming, mystic passion, and with this the simplicity, which should be the chief element of such a conception. High technical qualities allied to a peculiar grace were shown also in the "Léda" (1857); in the "Petit Saint Jean" (1860), a delightful study of a modern Parisian child masquerading with the inappropriate attributes of the Precursor; and in the delicious "La Perle et la Vague" (1862). Another excursion into the domains of history—the last, indeed, if we have regard only to the completed work of the painter—was the "Charlotte Corday" of 1861.

In or about 1854 arrived the critical moment of the artist's life, for, in virtue of his annual successes at the Salon, he was chosen to carry out the pictorial decoration of the great *foyer* of the new Grand Opéra. Never did great painter show a more ardent devotion to art, a truer humility of spirit, than Baudry then displayed. Conscious of the magnitude of his undertaking, distrustful, not of his powers, but of his want of experience in this branch, he, no longer a struggling youth, but a master of high rank and reputation, returned to Rome as a pupil, devoted himself absolutely to the study of the Sistine Chapel and the Stanze, and executed the series of magnificent copies of portions of the former work, which were among the greatest attractions at the exhibition of his works. In 1867 he was in England, completing from the originals his series of copies on a small scale of the great Cartoons of Raphael at South Kensington.

The decoration of the *foyer*—in extent one of the vastest artistic undertakings of modern times—occupied the painter almost exclusively during twelve years. The subjects chosen for illustration are those most typical of music, of poetry, of the witchery of dancing—for at the Opéra, Terpsichore is worshipped as a divinity co-equal with her sisters—and of the divine influence of beauty as an inseparable element of the arts whose temple the Opéra is, or should be. Thus Baudry has given us new versions of such world-legends as "Apollo and Marsyas," "Orpheus

and Eurydice," "Orpheus Slain by the Mænads," "Tyrtæus Inciting the Spartans to Combat," "David before Saul," and "Salome Dancing before Herod." Eight only of the Muses appear as single figures, one of their number, Polymnia, being sacrificed to architectural exigencies.

Baudry, unable, after the completion of his *magnum opus*, to settle down at once to labours more ordinary and less inspiring, undertook two successive journeys to Egypt, whose aspect appears to have left no impress on his genius, and on his return saw Athens, whose serene beauties, gilded with the halo of her glorious past, deeply moved him. Henceforth his energies were almost exclusively devoted to the conception and execution of great painted decorations, in the peculiar style in which he had proved himself without an equal among moderns. There had already been produced in 1865, before the decorations of the Opéra were undertaken, an elaborate symbolical composition, "Les Heures," for the ceiling of Madame de Paiva's house in the Champs Elysées, and there now followed the "Glorification de la Loi," a vast *plafond* for the Court of Cassation, which gained the Médaille d'Honneur at the Salon of 1881. It is marked by a splendour of colour in the Venetian mode, by a sureness and vivacity of execution worthy of all praise; but the treatment of the high theme chosen shows an insufficient appreciation of its noble gravity, and of the ideal character of the symbolism which should have been devoted to its exposition. Here, even more than in the decorations of the Opéra, we are struck with the *parti pris* of the painter, who, fearing that his deep studies of the great Italian models might tempt him to a conventional, lifeless reproduction of their distinctive qualities, determined, while following the main principles with which he had so ardently sought to imbue himself, to give his work vivacity and originality of aspect by the use of modern, living types chosen from among his own surroundings. The artistic principle is a just one, the effort praiseworthy and sincere in intention; but, in carrying theory into practice, Baudry was not altogether fortunate. The types selected were frequently too frivolous in their "modernité," too strongly suggestive of the grisette and the model, to take their place worthily in the noble conception of the artist. Other important works were the "Noces de Cupidon et Psyché" (after Apuleius), and "Phœbé," both executed for the Vanderbilts of New York (1882), and "St. Hubert" (1882), an important canvas destined to be the central ornament of a huge chimneypiece at Chantilly. In this, abandoning for the time the style and effects of the achieved Renaissance, he aimed at the clear, even illumination, the flatter decorative effects, of the frescoes of the fifteenth century.

All through his career Baudry practised with signal merit and success an entirely distinct branch of his art, that of portrait-painting. In the portraits belonging to the earlier part of his career he revealed a singular power of acutely analysing human character, of seizing and perpetuating human individuality; showing a strong, if somewhat cold and unsympathetic, objectivity, the more remarkable for the singular contrast which it afforded to the qualities of sensuous grace and



CUPID AND PSYCHE.

(By Permission of Messrs. Braun and Co., Paris.)

charm which marked his other works of the same period. Conception and execution were based on, though not imitated from, the solid and unaffectedly truthful



M. EDMOND ABOUT.

(By Permission of Messrs. Braun and Co., Paris.)

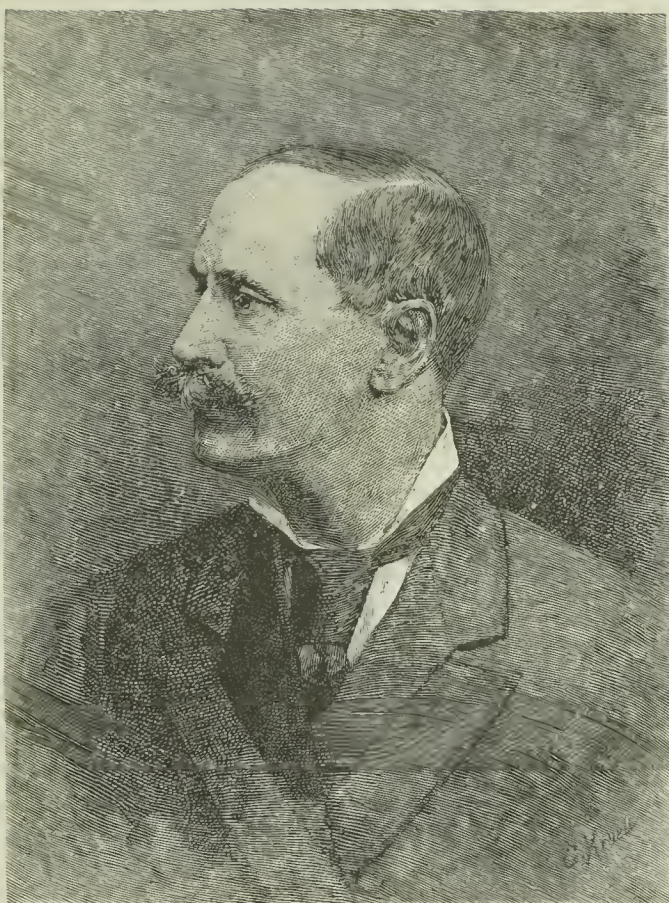
school of portraiture which marked the earlier part of the century, and had for its greatest exponents David, and, later on, Ingres. To this class belong the coldly serene, the admirably true portraits of Beulé (1857) and of Baron Dupin (1860), full of individuality, and, as it were, revealing the very processes of thought in the

persons represented. The painter's masterpiece in this style is, however, the famous portrait of Guizot (1860), in whose delineation are emphasised with singular power the unbending energy, the unemotional intellectuality, which still, at that period, marked his green, upright old age. Gradually the manner changes. The portrait of Charles Garnier, architect of the Opéra (1868), has a sombre Venetian glow, a great intensity of physical life, and a characterisation of mental attributes less acute than that of the first series. In the portrait of Edmond About (1871), relieved on a blue-green ground, somewhat after the manner of Holbein, and illuminated after the same even fashion, but painted with a freedom and even looseness of touch, excessive for its size, the personality is still admirably characterised, but there is at the same time apparent the aim to give at least equal prominence to the decorative effect. In the large series of portraits executed by the painter during his later years, his point of view appears still further to have changed. His main object became the solution of new problems of colour and decorative effect, the repetition of pictorial arrangements and colouristic juxtapositions, which on a different scale and under different conditions had achieved success. The painter apparently cared no longer to mould his figures so as completely to suggest their osseous and muscular structure, and, less interested than in former days in the human side of the problem presented to him, he succeeded less entirely in expressing their physical and mental individuality. The brain could not forget its pre-occupation with problems of a different class, or the hand its labours on a grander scale.

To define, at this stage, Baudry's exact position in the Parnassus of modern French art, would be a task of great difficulty. It cannot well be maintained that his faculty of artistic vision was of such supreme distinctiveness, or that his power of giving forth anew, stamped with the unmistakable mark of his own individuality, the impressions received by him from humanity and the outside world, was sufficiently great to entitle him to a place beside such noble pioneers and innovators as Delacroix, Corot, Millet, Rousseau, or even, it may be, beside such painter-poets as Puvis de Chavannes and Gustave Moreau. Yet there must be conceded to him in his own peculiar branch the first place among the artists of his time, not precisely as the greatest or most aspiring among masters of the art of decoration, but certainly as the most admirable in accomplishment, the most brilliant, and the most uniformly successful. As a portrait-painter, he must, too, if we have regard rather to the works of his early and middle than to those of his later time, be classed in all but the first rank—to attain which his sober mastery and keen penetration need only have been tempered with a little more of that undefinable yet inestimable quality of sympathy. Baudry's artistic temperament was a somewhat strange and complex one. While his interest in Nature, and, from a certain point of view, in humanity, was intense and enthusiastic, and his studies of those manifestations from which are to be evolved life, movement, grace, and rhythmic harmony, were unwearying, his artistic nature was nevertheless in a sense a cold

one. Are we to surmise that he dwelt so long with the immortals, was so occupied in evoking for us their radiant presence, was so intent on presenting to us anew the great symbolical legends of antiquity, that his heart a little forgot to beat in unison with human interests and human wants? Or are we rather to seek the explanation in the peculiar idiosyncrasy of the artist? Whatever may be our view as to the exact place which will ultimately be accorded to the great painter, let us again record that none ever displayed a more single-minded devotion to art, more absolutely devoted his whole energies to its practice and development, or more entirely merged his life in his works. What great and happy result he achieved during his too short life we have tried to show.





(From a Photograph by Kruell.)

DAVID NEAL.

DALBERT WOLFF said of Munkácsy: "Il est un peintre français né en Hongrie," an expression which has been paraphrased to describe the subject of this sketch as "a German painter, born in America." David Neal is, however, an American artist by more titles than the accident of birth. While a pupil and master of the Munich school, and an exponent both of what it has accomplished and of what it aims to reach, he has preserved an individuality which possesses, at least, a flavour of his native soil. Unlike most of his fellow-countrymen who have studied art abroad, he has neither fallen into imitation of his masters, nor lost his way in a vain pursuit of originality.

He was born in 1838, in the city of Lowell, Mass., which has been called the Manchester of New England. Here his childhood was spent up to the age of fourteen, when his father, who had met with reverses in business, died; and he was left at that tender age to begin the battle of life, almost alone, and with but little preparatory training for the struggle. Friends procured him, however, a situation in New Orleans, for which place, many hundred miles distant, he sailed from Boston, and became, on his arrival, wharf clerk with a firm dealing in mahogany and other woods from Honduras and Brazil. In this employment he

did not continue long, but at the end of a year, with the earnings he had saved, started for California, *viâ* Chagres River and Panama. He must have been a surprise to the older Jasons who were his fellow-passengers.

Arrived at San Francisco, he was thrown by accident in the way of a friendly wood-engraver, who took an interest in him, and proposed to teach him his art. From his earliest youth he had been devoted to drawing, and he gladly accepted the kind offer and congenial occupation. He was not destined, however, to achieve his education in it. His talent as a draughtsman was more valuable than his dexterity with the graver, which was soon taken from him, and his work confined to making the Indian ink drawings upon the blocks. In this his proficiency and facility were such that he soon became the draughtsman for all the engravers in the city. His success encouraged him to attempt higher flights, and he began to paint portraits, and was employed by the police to sketch the likenesses of criminals in the courts, for the Rogue's Gallery, without the knowledge of the involuntary sitters. At the end of two years of profitable labour he had saved a certain sum. With the true instinct of genius, he threw up his increasing employment, made the long voyage back to New England, went back to the forms of a private school at Andover, New Hampshire, and remained upon them as long as his funds lasted.

The money spent, or rather exchanged for its equivalent in learning, he returned to his home in the Pacific, where he found his old places open, and again went to work, devoting every leisure hour to study. Among his friends and associates of this period was Thomas Bret Harte, then, like himself, unknown to fame; another was Charles Nahl, a German artist, the painter of the "Wallenstein" in the Stuttgart Gallery, who gave the young draughtsman his first instruction and encouragement, and decided his impulse towards art as a profession. Indeed, he had already embarked on that voyage, and called his workshop a studio. Here entered one day a well-to-do citizen, who, watching for a few moments the young man at work, abruptly asked him—

"When do you intend to go to Europe?"

The youth flushed at the thought. "As soon as I have the means," he replied.

"How much have you?"

"Eight hundred dollars."

"Well, my wife and I are going to New York by the next steamer. You had better go along."

With Neal it required but little time to make up his mind. His friend secured him his passage to New York at half fare. At New York he took a German steamer for Hamburg, where he arrived on New Year's Eve, 1862, his ears greeted by music on the shore, of good omen—"Heil dir im Siegerkranz!"—as he sailed up the Elbe. He passed on without loitering to Munich, and began to work there at the academy under Kaulbach. Here, like Benvenuto Cellini, "about this time he fell in love," a circumstance which resulted in his marrying the daughter of

the Chevalier Ainnüller, the Director of the Royal Glass-painting Academy, the reviver of that brilliant art (esteemed lost for four centuries) and well known in Great Britain by his great works in St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, St. George's Chapel, Windsor, the Parliament House of Edinburgh, and the Cathedral of Glasgow.



NUNS AT PRAYER.

This alliance, made romantic by difficulties and objections overcome, had important results upon the young painter's evolution. At that time the painting class in the academy languished under the feeble direction of Professor Anschütz, who was himself conventional and methodical in an ultra-academical degree. He mixed, for instance, all the tints upon his palette before beginning his work, which was then carried on "line upon line, and precept upon precept." Mr. Neal had the good fortune,

therefore, instead of entering this class, to become the pupil of his father-in-law, with whom he studied also the principles of architecture and perspective. When Alexander Wagner, however, took the painting class, he returned to the academy, and made, under that genial master, rapid progress. Here Ainmüller's influence secured him, in 1869, admission into the *atelier* of Piloty, made famous not only by his own works, but by those of his pupils, among whom, at this time, were Makart, Gabriel Max, Kurtzbauer, Grützner, Hermann, Kaulbach, and Defregger, some of whom have since gone beyond their teacher. Wagner's final advice to his pupil is worth quoting, for the advantage of other young artists: "Use large brushes and stand up to your work!"

Mr. Neal's first exhibited works were painted under the directions of his father-in-law—himself an architectural painter of distinction. The subjects were "St. Mark's, Venice," and "Westminster Abbey." For the first he made a journey to Italy, and for the second to England. At Westminster he began his studies in the abbey, with the ingenuous unconstraint with which he had worked at St. Mark's, greatly to the indignation of the vergers, who exerted their authority to prevent it, until, armed with a letter from a London architect to Dean Stanley, he petitioned for admission, which, at first withheld, was finally granted, in consideration of the long and expensive journey he had made for the purpose. Thenceforth he entered the abbey by the dean's private door, and finished his studies without molestation. The paintings were sent to New York, and exhibited at the National Academy, where they were received with favour, and drew upon the artist the attention of Emanuel Leutze and Albert Bierstadt, both of whom exerted much valuable influence in his behalf.

The characteristic of the young artist which had led him to return to school influenced his farther development. Cautiously feeling his way, advancing step by step, his next composition was one in which "still-life" was prominent, and the human figures introduced, while more than mere *staffage*, were of only secondary importance. It was, in the main intention, a "study" on a large scale, but was ingeniously combined with pictorial effect and interest. The picture was shown at the exhibition of the works of the Piloty School at the Munich Royal Academy, for the benefit of the wounded soldiers of the Franco-Prussian War in 1871, and was quoted as one of the two most attractive works exhibited, the other being "The Wrestlers" of Defregger. It was called—to give the child a name—"Retour de Chasse," and represented a richly covered table, littered with mediæval *objets de luxe*: inlaid arms, a glittering huntsman's horn, and a tall jug. In the foreground a hound watches over a display of dead game, protecting it from the incursions of an impudent spaniel. Behind the table, lolling in a high-backed easy-chair, is a young lord of the manor, who holds out a wine-glass to a pretty maid bringing in a flagon, and to whom he is evidently offering a compliment more or less discreet.

This work gave the artist a local reputation; but it was not until his next

picture was exhibited that his fame extended beyond the Iser, a result due in part to the fact that the work found a purchaser in the then Lord Mayor of London, Sir Benjamin Phillips. It was the first step towards high art, since convention has consecrated that term to historical painting. It was his "James Watt," a subject calculated to touch the popular heart: one of those anecdotes which, giving as they do a glimpse into the evolution of genius, the world never tires of contemplating. The idea of the picture had been one of the earliest formed by the artist, and was conceived subjectively, and imbued with his own personality and experience, both being in felicitous accord with the motive. The dreamy, meditative boy, so lost in the study of the mysterious force issuing harmlessly from the mouth of the kettle, as to be deaf to the reproof, or the invitation, of his aunt calling him to the meal, at which the other members of the family are already gathered, is but a reflection of himself. Such day-dreams had he dreamed, and from them, equally, might be expected some kindred realisation. The picture was in the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1874.

It is in one sense a mortifying confession, but in another a national tribute—the fact that the American public is still accustomed to echo English opinion in matters of taste. Any artist—be it in literature, on the stage, or in painting—who has received the "hall mark" of British favour, awakes at once to find himself famous in the United States, and this benefit accrued to Mr. Neal. His was not a head to be turned with success, however. He worked with the more fervour, and with a conscientiousness which barely escaped timidity. He now began his "First Meeting of Mary Stuart with Rizzio." The subject was once more an advance in pretension, a higher goal of ambition. It presented new technical difficulties to overcome, a deeper psychological moment to express; it called for more thought, and demanded the creative force of imagination. It was years upon his case. Fortunately by this time his means allowed him to make haste slowly. He painted elaborate studies for every detail of costume and accessories. The fortuitous arrival in Munich of Miss Gordon—a charming compatriot, herself an artist—gave him the model for his lovely heroine, hitherto sought in vain. The "authentic" portraits of the unfortunate Queen of Scots, the one at Abbotsford, for instance, were not of a kind to inspire an artist who had made his own the dictum of Ingres: "*L'art ne doit être que le beau et ne nous enseigner que le beau;*" and he availed himself of a permissible poetic licence in the treatment of a poetical theme. He took the same liberty with the features and figure of Rizzio, which are certainly truer, in an æsthetic sense, than if he had followed the facts given by possibly prejudiced contemporaries. The result was a beautiful picture, too well known from prints and photographs to require description. The great gold medal of the Bavarian Royal Academy crowned the work, which had a popularity almost exceptional. The study head—rather than portrait—of Miss Gordon (Mrs. Raymond) had, proportionately, equal success. In photographic reproductions it has had a vogue surpassing even that of the celebrated portrait of the Countess Potocka.



MR. OLIVER CROMWELL OF ELY VISITS MR. JOHN MILTON.

The "Mary Stuart" was first exhibited at the "Kunst-Verein" of Munich in 1876, from whence it made almost the tour of Europe and America before reaching its final destination, San Francisco. For some time afterwards Mr. Neal exercised himself, as an athlete preparing for a race, in a sort of technical "training," painting numerous female heads, before he began his next work, the motive of which was drawn from the lines in Uhland's noble ballad, the "Ulme zu Hirsau"—

"O Strahl des Lichts, du dringest
Hinab in jede Gruft"—

which he sought to carry out in the minutest detail in the spirit of the tenth century. For the architecture of the background, which is Byzantine, he made studies of the crypt of the cathedral at Freising, built in the year 824. This picture, which Frederick Pecht called "a little masterpiece in grey," represents a youthful nun at prayer, her beautiful uplifted face glorified by a beam of golden light from the chapel window, which makes a fine contrast to the cooler tones of the rest of the composition.

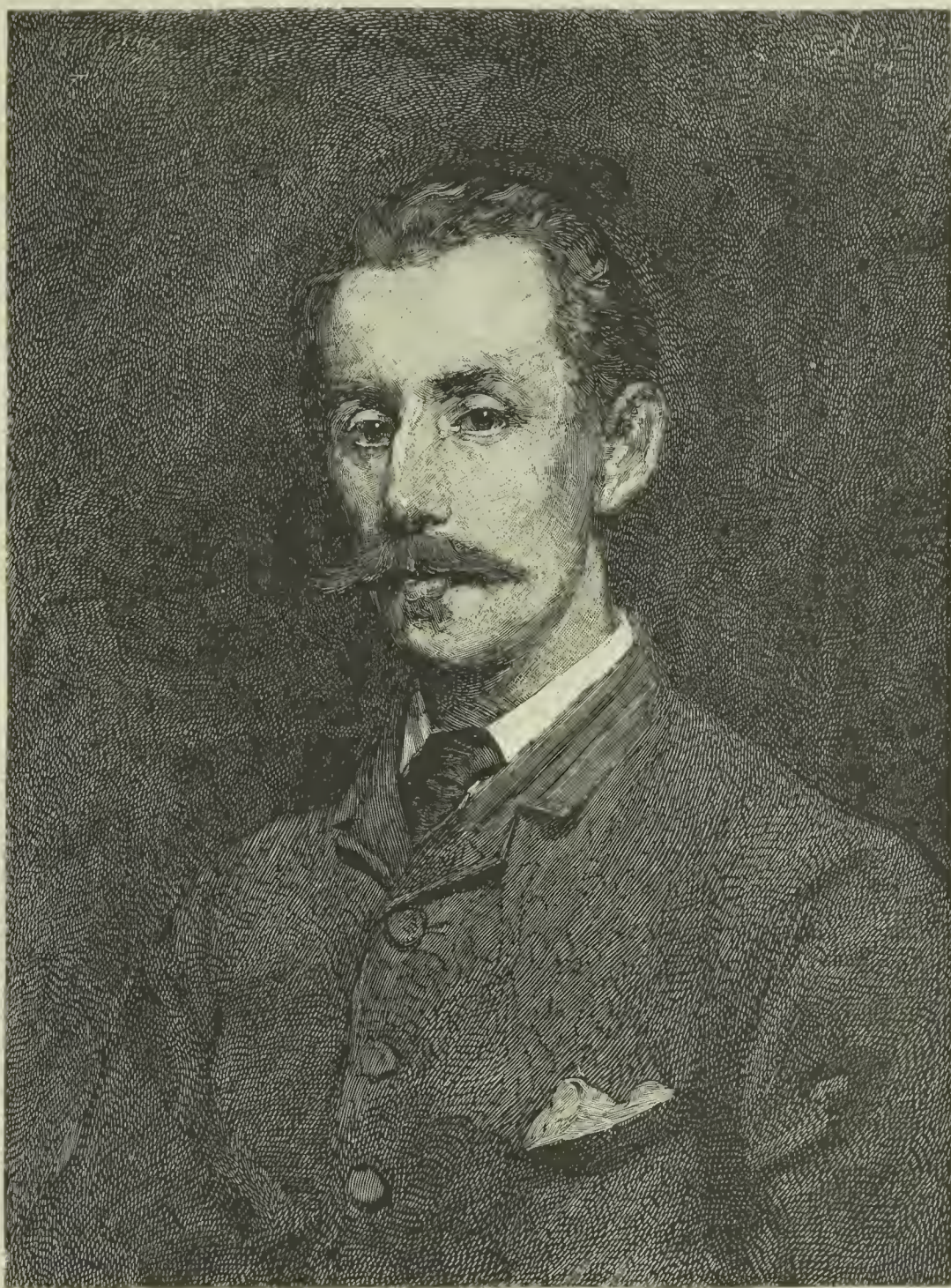
In 1877 he visited the United States, partly to exhibit his paintings, but principally to fulfil a number of commissions for portraits. He was received with great warmth, not merely by the citizens of his native place, but wherever he went, "far beyond," he modestly declared, "anything I deserve—complimentary dinners, receptions, &c. I have nearly worn out my swell dress-suit!" He returned to Munich in November, 1878, from whence he wrote: "Mrs. Neal met me in Paris. Had it not been for the exhibition nothing could have kept me from hurrying home by the first train, such was my longing to see my babies. My arrival there was the occasion of a great festival on the part of the children, who had the rooms you know so well handsomely decorated. They all seemed at first to be at least a head taller, but after a week they managed to get back to their old proportions. Thirteen months are a great deal upon a child's head." While in Paris he saw and was greatly impressed by Munkácsy's "Milton," which was "one of the finest pieces of colour" he had ever seen. He admired Makart's "Charles V." also, but he confessed that French art had an elegance and purity of taste that no other nation can approach. "The German pictures," he thought, "looked heavy alongside the French."

He made a subsequent trip to Paris a few months later, with the approval of his master and other counsellors. It was, however, to a certain extent a disappointment. "I have found here," he wrote, "everything so different from what I anticipated, that if I conclude to return it will be upon quite a different principle." Still, he profited greatly by his stay, short as it was. Among other pictures painted while he was there was "La Châtelaine," head and bust of a young lady in the costume of the seventeenth century, with a tapestried background. It cost him seven weeks of hard labour and study, a proof of the thoroughness of the latter. His model he described as one of the most charming young persons he had ever

met, "a poor, unfortunate girl, who actually died of a broken heart, whose history would furnish material for the saddest romance."

Once more at home, he occupied himself with studies for several large works, a "St. Mathilde," which was laid aside for his "Cloister," and the still more important "Visit of Cromwell to Milton." His work on these was interrupted for a time in 1881 by another journey to Paris, where he remained three months. This time he felt "ripe" for it, and wrote enthusiastically of the progress he made. While there he saw Munkácsy's "Pilate," which more than realised his expectations. "I have come to the conclusion," he wrote, "that there are only two great artists living—Richard Wagner and Michael Munkácsy!" During this visit, the object of which was evidently a special one, he made a sketch from a picture of Delacroix in the Louvre: "as complete a symphony in colour as Beethoven ever put into music."

In May, 1883, the "Oliver Cromwell of Ely Visits John Milton" was finished, and exhibited at the Royal Academy in Berlin. In this picture, as in the artist's "James Watt," his Puritan sympathies, and the nature and perceptions of a "self-made man," are apparent, accounting in both cases for the successful comprehension of the principal figure. It was another of his early conceptions, dating back to the influences which surrounded his childhood, and associated with the familiar objects of his life in New England, painted wood furniture, &c., which had been handed down from the time of the *Mayflower*; hence the interior and accessories are not of the conventional Renaissance. His representation of Cromwell was that of the farmer and brewer, but with a suggestion of the possibilities of the future, which admitted the giving to the work a character foreboding the great political events in store. While too modest to call his picture an historical one, preferring rather to apply the German phrase *Episoden Malerei*, he neglected no means of giving to it the verisimilitude of history. He sought, with his usual tenacity of purpose, for authentic details of the hero's private life, and for accurate portraits of his features. The account given of him by Carlyle appeared the most valuable, although it overthrew most of the old traditions. On the one hand, he admitted, this made his task lighter, by allowing his imagination more latitude. He procured all the known likenesses, "each one of which differed entirely from the others;" nor was the resulting confusion lessened by the plaster mask, said to have been taken after the Protector's death at Whitehall, inasmuch as it was over life-size! The picture is, in composition, and above all in colour, the artist's masterpiece. "A symphony in blue" it might be called in Grosvenor Gallery jargon. In *technique* it is superb, leaving out a little abandon—a concession to the taste for *bravura*—which has the result, however, of concealing the labour and painstaking with which the thoroughness of the work was obtained. The greatest stress is placed upon the "values" and upon force of colour. Every part was painted *prima*, and the mosaics were skilfully joined, thus preserving crispness and freshness, breadth of light, and clearness of tone.



PORTRAIT OF MR. FRANK G. MACOMBER.

One other work, the “Nuns at Prayer,” exhibited on the eve of his last voyage to America, and inspired by the passage out of Longfellow’s “Golden Legend”—

“The peace of God that passeth understanding
Reigns in these cloisters and these corridors”—

remains to be briefly noted with regard to its scheme of colour. It is one which has become a favourite problem of modern painters—white upon white—what Mr. Whistler might call a “sonata” in that colour. The nuns are clad in white, and

painted against a background of purest white, their dress broken only by the draping of the black scapulars. On the left of the picture is a gleam of blue sky, against which the grating and the foliage of the convent garden stand out in bold relief. The work is more than a *tour de force* in colour, however, and the differentiation of the three types of devotees is full of subtle psychological study.

A review of Mr. Neal's work would be incomplete which omitted a reference to his portrait-painting, in which branch of art he has met with singular success, a distinguished authority having even declared it to be his *forte*. It has been the motive of his frequent voyages across the Atlantic of late years, and it has no doubt been beneficial to his development, by drawing him out of the over-anxious perfection of his work, and making his execution more magisterial and rapid. His portraits, without being idealised, are yet far from the inanimate facts of the photograph, or the brutal realism of some modern French masters. They are like and living, and apart from the resemblance to the sitter, have a distinct value as works of art, and as such are calculated to be treasured by posterity long after the affectionate interest of friends and family in the originals has passed away. They bear the impress of the study of Van Dyck, although perhaps more at second than at first hand—through the works of Franz Lenbach. The portrait of Mr. Macomber, the subject of one of our illustrations, furnishes an excellent example of this branch of Mr. Neal's painting.





THE SECRET.

(From the Printing by E. Blair Leighton. By Permission of T. J. Hirst, Esq.)

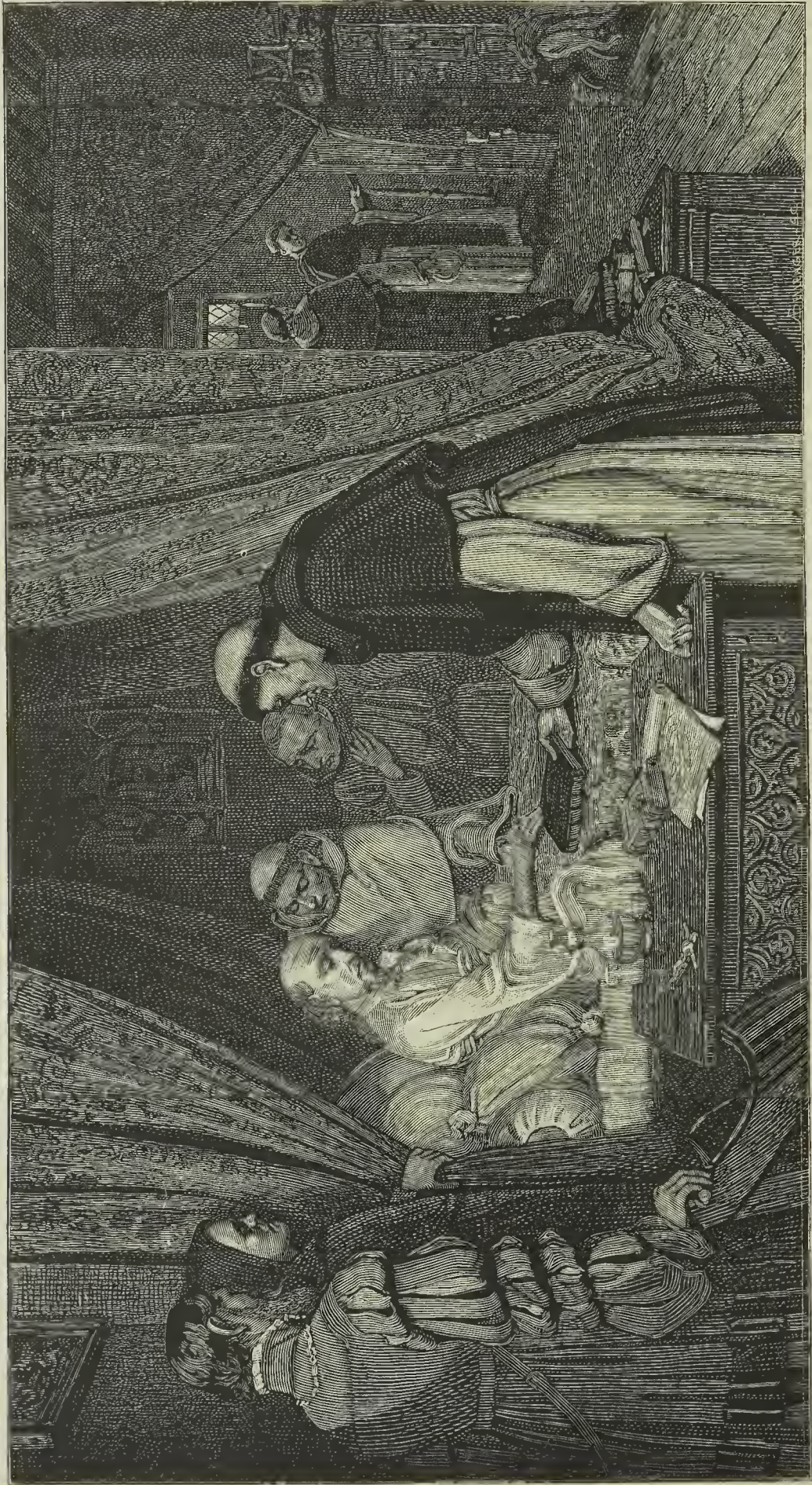


"UN GAGE D'AMOUR."

E. BLAIR LEIGHTON.

INVENTION is a rare power in any school of art, and is not in the way of increasing in the present movement towards the more strictly pictorial qualities. Imagination and dramatic energy, in virtue of which a picture is in any worthy sense a work of invention, are not common in the intellectual order; and their combination with the class of abilities that make for any degree of technical success in painting is of course less common still. And Mr. Blair Leighton's distinction among the younger painters in England is chiefly that he is an inventive painter—one who sets to work with vigour of fancy upon the conception of his matter. Such vigour must have its value—value of rarity and of merit—whatever the class of subject on which it is exercised; and when dramatic subjects, full of movement and emotional expression, are in question, this energy has its full effect; it is, in fact, effective as well as effectual. In this painter's work the intention is always dramatic.

It was not without difficulty that Mr. Blair Leighton adopted a career which was nevertheless early and emphatically successful. His father was an artist and



THE DYING COPERNICUS.

an Academy student, but his death when the little son (born in 1854) who was to follow in his steps was two years old, left no advocate for the artistic career when a choice had to be made for the boy. Strongly bent towards painting, he was as strongly discouraged by his family, and persuaded into commerce, as soon as he left school. And in commerce he remained until his coming of age set him free, when he proved that the old wish was as vital as ever. Mr. Blair Leighton had in the intervening years "felt his feet" by persevering study in evening classes; happily for him, therefore, the invaluable and irretrievable time had not been lost, and his explicit beginning was not so late as it seemed. Having made the necessary drawings in the British Museum, the young student was quickly admitted to the schools of the Royal Academy. During his school career his studies were much interfered with by the necessity of doing wood-drawing, which after a time altogether prevented his attendance during the day. But that he made the utmost of his evenings in the Life-class is evident from the fact that one of his studies gained the £10 premium for the best drawing made in that class during the year.

In the year following Mr. Blair Leighton exhibited his first Academy picture, "A Flaw in the Title," and was second in the competition for the gold medal for historical painting, having lost the first place by a single vote. Since then he has made an annual appearance at the Academy, generally with more than one picture. In 1879 appeared "Until Death do us Part," a young work, in which the rather obvious and trite story is not helped to any distinction by the hopeless modern dress of the male figures. The painter has put his dots on his i's—to use the French phrase—with rather unsparing precision. The elderly bridegroom, the conscious bride, the jilted youth, who makes his accusing presence felt, the commonplace casual occupants of the pews, form an ensemble perhaps more emphatic than subtle. To the same year belongs "The Best of Friends must Part." But the young painter gained rapidly in the command of his materials, and began to set free, as it were, the dramatic imagination which was to be his distinctive power. In 1880 Mr. Leighton exhibited "An Inspiration," notable for the completeness of the execution—a completeness approaching far more nearly than the most finished English work is wont to do, the comprehensiveness of Dutch work—"Awaiting an Answer," and "The Dying Copernicus." The last is a noble subject, and illustrates the suggestive words of George Eliot: "He was made to touch the first printed copy of his book when the sense of touch was gone, and he saw it only as a dim object through the deepening dusk." It is the 24th of May, 1543, and the great German astronomer, seventy years old, lies dying among his fellow ecclesiastics. The book which overthrew the Ptolemaic system of the universe and taught a new science to mankind—"De Revolutionibus Orbium Cœlestium"—is brought to his failing hand by the friar who is about to speed his soul beyond the stars. He leans on the shoulder of another friar (and in a certain little lack of weight in the dying figure is the only fault, or rather

defect, apparent in an admirable group), the whole scene being, far more than death-bed pictures often are, expressive of the pathos of the inevitable hour. Great beauty of execution and perfection of detail were again apparent in "Gossip" (1881), and contemporary with this was the "Gage d'Amour," the graceful group of a lady and her chivalric lover—she gravely fastening her crimson velvet token to his helmet, and he sitting his charger and pausing outside her window, with the light on his uncovered head.

Mr. Blair Leighton has generally fared so well at the hands of the hanging



THE DOOM WELL OF ST. MADRON.

(From "British Ballads.")

committee that his place on or near the line seems secure; but he had his turn of ill fortune in 1882, the unlucky picture being an even exceptionally well thought out and complete composition, "The Foreign Bride." The scene is a rich last-century interior, with a family, brilliant and finished in costume, at table. To them enter the heir—essentially a "pretty fellow," with all the grace of his time in his figure and bearing—and his piquante bride whom he presents. Mr. Blair Leighton must be

a quick observer of feminine manner, for the stately mother who rises from her chair is giving an English bow, distinctly but indefinably different from the foreign bow so perfectly rendered in the action of the young bride. The rest of those seated at table are on the very point of rising also, so that the whole group is in a certain state of suppressed movement, very effectively presented. The details throughout are singularly fine and full—for instance, in the painting of the little watch hanging to the foreign lady's girdle—but the picture has ample repose and space. Great care was bestowed by the painter also upon "Duty," a composition of three figures in a mediæval interior. A lady is persuading two languid young men to the wars, and away from the lutes and flowers which adorn the picturesque alcove where she sits. But of more powerful interest—perhaps the most dramatic of all the painter's works—was the "Secret," in which the expression and action make up a masterpiece, so tense is the conflict of duty, horror, and apprehension



THE GLADIATOR'S WIFE.

as to what terror may yet be disclosed. The situation is saved from violence and from any suggestion of theatrical feeling by this reality of expression. And the same may almost or altogether be said of a later picture, the "Confessional," in which vigour of action nearly makes us believe in the slaying of an ecclesiastic by some aggrieved layman who flies through the shades. The confessor falls headlong from his box with so much completeness and thoroughness in his fall that the melodrama passes. In his "Gladiator's Wife" the artist found a better subject, a study of keen emotion in the principal face and of expressive attitude in the accessory figures. In all the actions is to be seen the suggestion of the incident of the arena, that suggestion being concentrated in the beautiful face of the woman, whose eyes and brows are strained with the tensivity of her feeling.

Of Mr. Blair Leighton's work in black-and-white we give a specimen in his illustration to the "British Ballads." It is "The Doom Well of St. Madron," the late Rev. R. S. Hawker's spirited modern-antique ballad, which gives the artist his subject. To that true song-writer we owe the lines:—

"And shall Trelawney die?
And shall Trelawney die?
Then twenty thousand Cornish men
Will know the reason why,"

so often taken for an old national ballad. In the present case the verse tells how St. Madron's well had such virtue that it scalded the hands of rebels and traitors, and was cool as spring-water to the loyal. Thither, therefore, rode King Arthur and his queen, and the twelve knights and page and squire, for the king was minded to try their faith.

"Then they halted their steeds at St. Madron's eell,
And they stood by the monk of the cloistered well.
'Now off with your gauntlets,' King Arthur he cried,
'And glory or shame for our Tamar side.'

"Sir Bevis he touched, and he found no fear;
'Twas a benitée stoup to Sir Bedivere."

But last of the knights came Mordred, hailed by the king as his kinsman, his ancient, and well-beloved.

"He plunged his right arm in the judgment well,
It bubbled and boiled like a cauldron of hell;
He drew and he lifted his quivering limb—
Ha! Sir Judas, how Madron had sodden him!

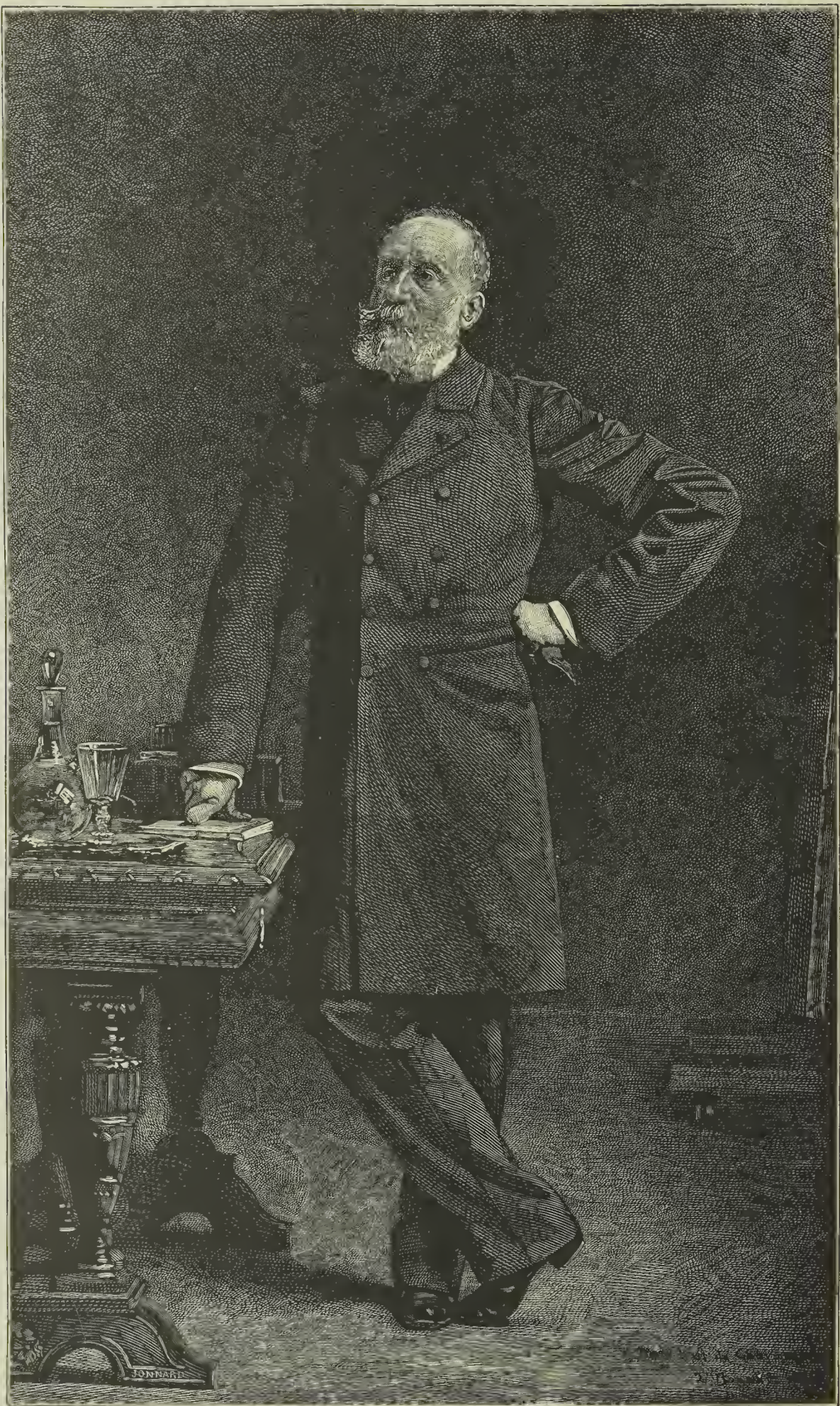
Doubtless we must forgive the illustrator for giving to the British monk the cord with its three knots, denoting poverty, chastity, and obedience, invented by St. Francis of Assisi for his order of friars some thousand or so of years later on. Artists who are otherwise careful over their antiquarianism are apt to overlook such nice distinctions in the profoundly important subject of Christian monasticism, and Mr. Blair Leighton has many companions in his little error.



PUVIS DE CHAVANNES.

IT may at first appear somewhat strange that an artist who has long been so widely known and so hotly discussed in France as M. Puvis de Chavannes, to whom must now be conceded, even by his detractors, a place in the very first rank of living painters, should be in England little more than a name. The reason is a sufficiently simple one: the art of M. Puvis de Chavannes is above all things decorative art, in the highest sense of the term, and his works, destined for the most part for the adornment of public edifices in France, are in most cases on so vast a scale that their very importance has impeded their finding their way to London. Indeed, material difficulties, not easy to overcome, stand in the way of the adequate exhibition of one of his great monumental designs in England. The Grosvenor contains no gallery sufficiently capacious to admit of full effect being secured for such a work as, for instance, the “Bois Sacré Cher aux Arts et aux Muses.” The proper place for such works would be the great gallery at the Royal Academy; but unfortunately the members of that body have not in recent years shown a spirit so accommodating or a degree of self-sacrifice in the cause of true art such as to raise a hope that they would grant hospitality to any work so great in every sense of the word as those just mentioned. We might in such case lack for a season some few of the technically remarkable and otherwise conspicuous productions of certain indefatigable members of the Academy whom it is unnecessary to enumerate. In the meantime there is nothing to prevent smaller and less representative works, or even, if nothing else can be obtained, a collection of his magnificent studies and drawings, from being shown at the Grosvenor Gallery, where they could not fail to produce a profound impression.

M. Puvis de Chavannes was born at Lyons on the 14th December, 1824, and was in succession the pupil of Ary Scheffer and of Couture. He first exhibited in Paris about the year 1854, at one of the minor galleries, the doors of the Salon being then closed to him as they were to Gustave Courbet, and to many other painters who have since won the highest renown. It is foreign to our present purpose to enter into details with respect to his artistic training or the earlier and



PIERRE PUVIS DE CHAVANNES.

(Painted by Léon Bonnat.)

more hesitating steps of his career, or to give particulars as to his private life: this is in his case the less necessary, as the man is all absorbed in the artist, and desires only to live and to be known to posterity through his achievement.

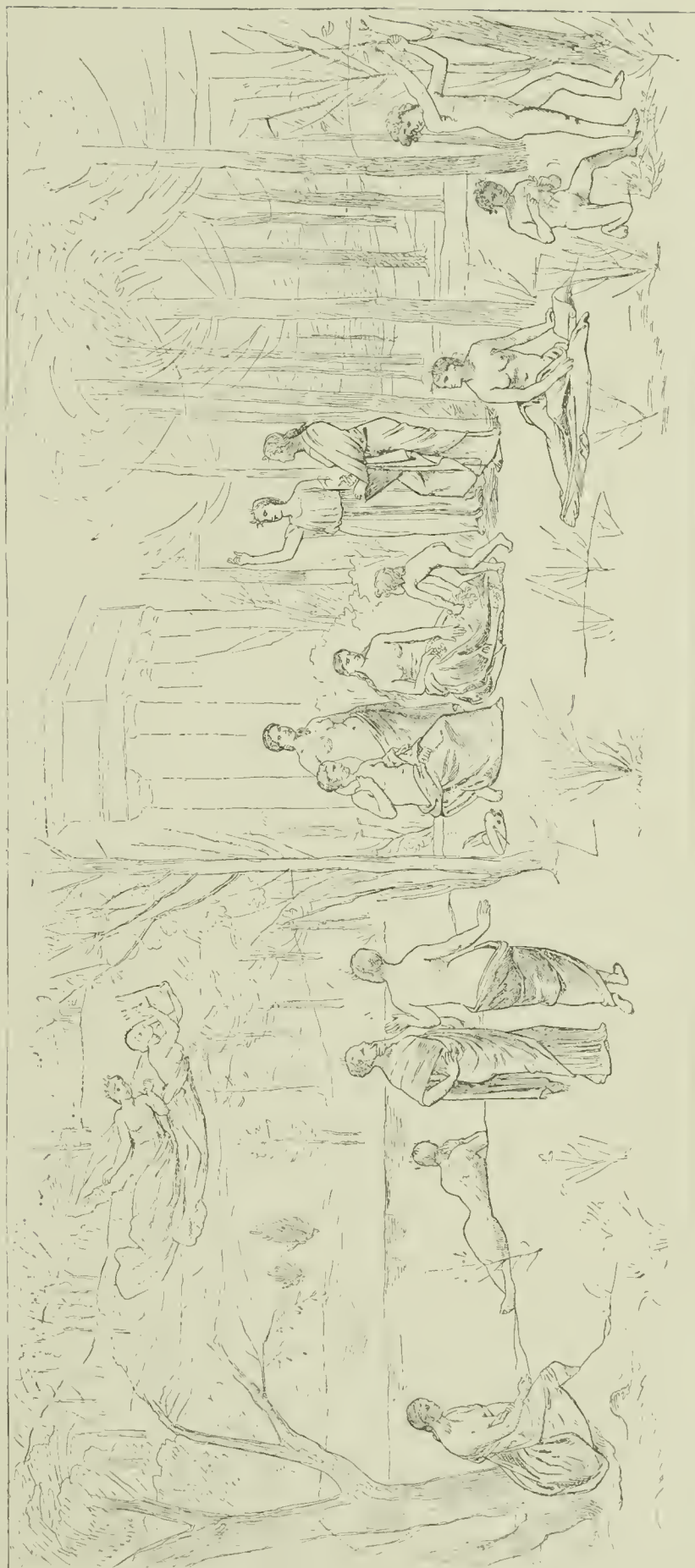
He must be judged chiefly by the grand decorative works of his maturity, executed during the last twenty-five years, and from these there may be specially singled out for notice:—The great series of designs, “Le Repos,” “Le Travail,” “La Paix,” “La Guerre,” and “Picardia,” all now in the Musée de Picardie, at Amiens; the series of frescoes at the Pantheon illustrative of the early life of St. Geneviève; the great “Ludus pro Patriâ,” also painted for Amiens; and the grand decoration already referred to, “Le Bois Sacré Cher aux Arts et aux Muses.” These are perhaps his greatest and most complete achievements, and may be taken as most representative of his manner and mode of thought. The cycle of designs at Amiens is one of the most important and original decorative works executed by a modern painter. It is a painted epic of humanity, in which are set forth, with perfect simplicity and directness, yet with ideal grandeur and the largest generalisation, four great phases of human life.

“Le Repos” (executed in 1864) shows as its main group an old man, who, seated on a mound overshadowed by a willow on the margin of a lake, declaims verses to an intently listening group. Beyond, in the near distance, is a second group, composed of shepherds and women who watch a little child essaying its first footsteps. In the background is a prospect of richly wooded mountains. “Le Travail” (executed in 1864) shows four different groups. In the foreground wood-cutters are seen chopping tree-trunks; in the middle distance is the main group of five herculean nude figures working at an anvil; beyond is a labourer, and to the right in the foreground appears a woman, lying on a couch of fern, to whom another older woman presents a new-born infant: the background shows the ocean fringed with rocks. It would be impossible to present more vividly, or with more sympathy and breadth of conception and style, the great phases of human labour here realised in the most direct and natural fashion, without any of the cumbrous machinery of allegories and personifications for which this and the companion subjects might easily have furnished a pretext. “La Paix” (executed in 1861) is an idyll of heroic conception and proportions. In the foreground, grouped round a huge oleander-tree close upon the banks of a running stream, are seen in various attitudes young warriors, big-limbed and long-haired, some nude, and some half draped, and wearing their arms. A woman, over whom bends a shepherd clad in leopard-skins, milks a goat, while another undraped female figure offers a basket piled high with grapes to a young man who sits on the edge of a stream. In the background are youths engaged in friendly contest on horseback and on foot, and beyond, closing in the picture on either side, are steep rocks, clothed half-way with rich verdure, between which appears, walled in by them, a narrow winding valley. All here breathes calm, security, and happiness without alloy, pure and untainted, and without a trace of orgie or sensuality. “La Guerre” (executed

in 1861) is, both in its scheme of colour and conception, in complete contrast with the companion pictures. Female captives are seen crouching near the shattered trunk of a tree, and in another group two old men lament over the corpses of their slaughtered children, while apart a man struggles in the throes of the death-agony, and two exhausted oxen stretched on the ground breathe their last: beyond, three mounted warriors sound an alarm. The "Picardia" is, as befits the subject, conceived in a homelier and less exalted, yet equally poetic and comprehensive spirit. It is an embodiment of the industries and attributes of the province of Picardy, realised by their actual presentment in a simplified and typical form: the whole as usual framed in a landscape of superb breadth and beauty.

The crowning achievement of the painter must, however, be deemed the series of frescoes at the Pantheon (completed in 1877) illustrating the early youth of the patron saint of Paris, St. Geneviève. It is here especially that M. Puvis de Chavannes reveals himself as a master of decorative art, and a creative artist capable of grappling with the most elevated themes in a spirit worthy of them, and of rendering them with the noblest pathos and simplicity. These frescoes represent, in three divisions separated by the half pillars which project from the walls of the church, scenes from the childhood of the saint. In the first, she kneels a little child clad in a simple drapery of white, absorbed in adoration before a rude cross which she has fixed to the trunk of a tree. The two other divisions form in reality one subject only. In the larger the Bishops St. Germain of Auxerre and St. Loup of Troyes, journeying on their way to England, there to combat the Pelagian heresy, have arrived in the environs of Nanterre; among the devout crowd of men, women, and children who have come out to meet them is the child Geneviève. St. Germain, with whom is St. Loup, stands in the centre of the picture, his right hand placed in benediction on her head. She looks up to him with reverential yet composed mien. Round upon the central group, clad in draperies of simple line and fold, kneel women who have brought forward their children to pray, some with faces upturned in devout contemplation, some bowed and absorbed in prayer. Beyond is a landscape of the most peaceful beauty; farther still is a walled town of primitive aspect. In the last division is seen a boat manned by four semi-nude figures, on which the bishops are about to embark, while in the middle distance the figure of a sick person, supported by two men, emerges from a hut to invoke relief from the healing powers of the holy men. The whole work is highly typical of the painter, and exhibits in a marked form his best qualities, and also, it must be said, the drawbacks which to a certain extent explain the criticisms to which he has been subjected. The execution is, technically speaking, broad, simple, and direct, as befits work of this type. The colouring must be pronounced, of its peculiar kind, exquisitely well balanced and harmonious, if once we admit the painter's scheme, which is to eschew as much as possible the contrast and relief afforded by opposing masses of light and shade, and to give to his subjects a gentle, even, and widespread illumination. Combined with masses of white and with

flesh-tones delicate and wan in tint, the painter employs with extraordinary skill and effect all shades of blue and its kindred tones, from the deepest violet to the palest lilac, using red and hues akin to it only in a modified and deadened form, shorn of their full splendour, and as a rule not in large masses. Few will be found to deny the mastery with which he combines these elements, and obtains from them their fullest and most legitimate effect. The landscape backgrounds, which constitute so essential a part of his works, are unsurpassed for simple majesty of line, harmony of colour, and pathetic suggestiveness, and above all for the way in which they are indissolubly linked to the scenes which they frame and complete. In the work now under consideration nothing could be more harmonious or grouped with more exquisite art than the central composition just described. Here any too prominent display of science would have been obtrusive and out of place: the impression of holy calm and peace which it was sought to convey would have been destroyed. The painter has, however, succeeded in composing his group with such



LE BOIS SACRÉ. CHER AUX ARTS ET AUX MUSES.

perfect yet well-dissembled skill, that no thought of effort or of artifice enters the mind of the spectator.

In the drawing, here as elsewhere in most of his later and more representative works, the painter has, so far as can be judged from a comparison of his studies with his finished designs, deliberately eliminated all detail in the delineation of facial expression, in the representation of the human form, and even in the folds and adjustment of the draperies, which according to his view would detract from the epic breadth and generalised character of his creations, and impart to them an aspect too realistic and too individual. In this process of generalisation results are certainly often attained which are akin to defective, or rather to insufficient, drawing, especially in the rendering of the human form; and it is this which has caused it to be said and often repeated that M. Puvis de Chavannes cannot draw, and has adopted his present system to hide deficiencies of training, though some of the works at Amiens already described are the best proof of the contrary. The series of drawings by the master shown at the École des Beaux-Arts must surely have given the *coup de grâce* to this theory. These magnificent studies, for the most part executed in "sanguine," are admirably correct and harmonious in line, and show a breadth and splendour of style such as we are accustomed to meet with only in the finest drawings of the early maturity of the Italian Renaissance. Two studies from the nude, here reproduced, though of less importance, amply suffice to show the noble harmony of line, combined with perfect truth and vitality, which marks the painter's style of draughtsmanship. Apart from the technical question (which, however, especially in art of such aim and pretensions, is of the highest importance), although the effects realised by the process above described are often in their ultra-simplicity profoundly impressive, it must be owned that there is much matter for regret in this persistency in carrying to an extreme point the generalised rendering of the human face and form, the result being to impart to them an impersonal character, which, even in subjects such as those affected by M. Puvis de Chavannes, robs them of half their significance and charm, and cannot be deemed essential to the due expression of the painter's intentions. The result, too, is sometimes an appearance of studied archaism, a seeming imitation of the sublime but primitive art of Giotto and his followers, of which the painter is himself unconscious, but which detracts from the high position his works should take as original creations of elevated type and purpose. Raphael in the Stanze of the Vatican, and Michelangelo in the Sistine Chapel, in works the most vastly comprehensive, the most abstract in conception that the world has seen, and yet the most essentially human, because they portray what is most noble and enduring in humanity, have proved once and for ever that such a system pushed to its extreme limits is not a necessary element in the vastest and most exalted themes. They have shown that the most marked individuality in the types represented and the highest technical perfection and finish do not detract from, but add to, the grandeur and lofty simplicity indispensable for the adequate treatment of such subjects.

Among the later works of the master, the "Ludus pro Patriâ," which gained the Médaille d'Honneur at the Salon of 1882, and the finished cartoon for which was exhibited in 1880, should be specially noticed. It is a noble composition of oblong shape and vast proportions in which are represented groups of semi-nude male figures, some competing in throwing the javelin, some engaged in other war-like exercises, while others prepare for the friendly contest; further groups of men and women are seen reclining in attitudes of repose on the ground, or standing, contemplate the scene. This is one of the most characteristic examples of the artist's method, and carries his principles to a point even more extreme than in the frescoes at the Pantheon. As a purely decorative work the latest production of the painter, the "Bois Sacré Cher aux Arts et aux Muses," is certainly his greatest achievement, though, from the nature of the subject, it has necessarily less than usual of the human and pathetic element, which, notwithstanding their abstract character, is so prominent in all his works. This picture has been so recently and frequently noticed that a detailed description is scarcely necessary. The noble figures of the Muses and Arts are delineated with the usual severe simplicity in the rendering of form and adjustment of draperies: they are broken up into distinct groups, seemingly natural and unforced in arrangement, yet designed with admirable art. In the centre is the fragment of an Ionic temple, flanked on one side by a large pool golden with the reflected rays of the setting sun. Two draped female figures float with an imperceptible motion through the still evening air. The landscape, which gladdens the eye with its contrasts of purple and pale gold, shows huge upright tree of noble shape and gently swelling woods, with a background of mountains of mystic aspect, whose hues vary from a faint blue to a deep violet; it produces an effect not easily to be forgotten, which even somewhat overshadows, both in interest and decorative effect, the finely harmonised groups of figures. The design here given is the reproduction of a study by the artist, which, however, in some respects differs from the finished work.

A fine specimen of the aims and manner of the master, although on a less extensive scale than the great works above described, is the "Famille du Pêcheur," here engraved (painted in 1875). According to his wont, M. Puvis de Chavannes has in this picture sought to give, not a representation of a fisherman's family only, but in some sense a synthesis of the entire humble world typified, from the infant who crawls among the pebbles seeking for shells, to the nobly-representative figures of the father and mother, and that of the grandfather, a majestic yet touching type of old age, who lies taking his well-earned repose in the hull of a boat. Nothing could more clearly illustrate the style and principles of the artist, as it has been sought to explain them in connection with his main works; further comment on the picture is indeed, under the circumstances, unnecessary. There may further be mentioned the decorative piece, "Doux Pays," exhibited in 1882, and now in its place on the staircase of M. Bonnat's house: it derives additional interest from the fact that it was executed by M. Puvis de Chavannes in exchange



LA FAMILLE DU PÊCHEUR.

for the admirable and perfectly truthful portrait of the painter by M. Bonnat, which is now in possession of the former artist, and is by his permission here reproduced.

The art of M. Puvis de Chavannes, though in his imaginative designs he has

never approached purely modern subjects, and indeed but rarely (as in the Pantheon frescoes) any which can be said to belong to a special time or place, is yet in one sense distinctly modern: he is a painter-poet of a temperament such as only his century could have produced, and most of all in the element of peculiar melancholy which he often unconsciously infuses even into his most abstract conceptions. This quality is with him the result of the broad human sympathies which form the basis of his artistic nature. His pathetic power, though it is the outcome of his time, is yet distinctly his own; it has neither the tragic intensity of Jean François Millet, nor on the other hand has it anything in common with the languorous despair and want of real kinship with humanity which mark the works of our Burne-Jones and his school. It is melancholy of a quality which does not shut out hope, and consorts well with the painter's true ideality and noble aspirations. Nothing could better illustrate our meaning than a comparison of his profoundly sad yet not despairing dreamer, the very admirable "Pauvre Pêcheur," with the figure, grandly tragic in its abasement and utter lack of hope, of Millet's "Le Vigneron" (a work which recently appeared in the École des Beaux-Arts), in which is typified with even greater intensity the toil and anguish which are the inheritance of humanity. Both works are, however, pre-eminently the products of modern thought and feeling, and could hardly have been conceived in any other age.



A STUDY.

Like many other innovators, who feeling they have something new to say, choose to say it in a strange and unfamiliar way, M. Puvis de Chavannes was at the commencement of his artistic career derided as a fantastic visionary of a mild type, to whom on account of the comparatively innocuous nature of his productions a certain amount of contemptuous toleration was to be accorded. Recalling the career of other and even greater men than he: Eugène Delacroix, detested and persecuted by Ingres and his followers; Millet, whose sublime types were in his



A STUDY.

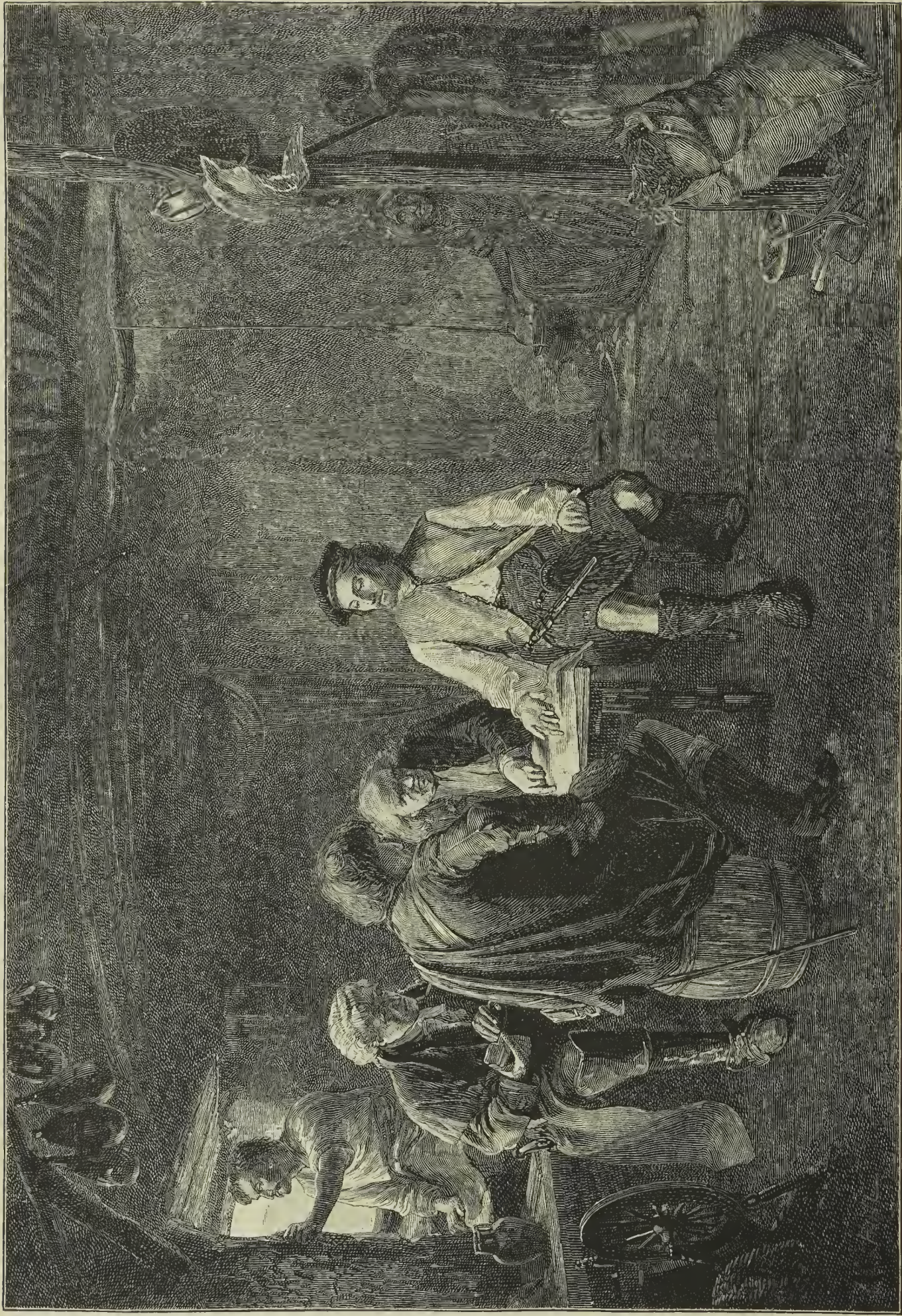
earlier time deemed rude, coarse, and uncouth; and Corot, who at one time could not even obtain for his landscapes access to the Salon: M. Puvis de Chavannes has, however, persevered, serenely undaunted, nay, even perhaps too little affected by genuine criticism. To-day, in the face of the magnificent works with which he has enriched France, the painter is on too high a pedestal for criticism of the merely contemptuous kind, and his critics are accordingly compelled to take up a different position. None now attempt entirely to deny his immense talent and pre-eminence in decorative art, nor the loftiness and simplicity of his conceptions. But other means of attack must be found; for was he not, with MM. Baudry, Jules Lefebvre, and a few others, the chief and most imposing barrier to the intruding tide of realism, which, no longer content to occupy its proper and legitimate place

in the fields of genre, portrait, and landscape, would now invade the precincts of the highest decorative art? It is a fact that a serious attempt is being made to substitute for such noble and appropriate works as those devised by the painter for the museum at Amiens, and by M. Baudry for the *foyer* of the Grand Opéra, productions in the style exhibited by M. Gervex in his highly dexterous, but mean, unpleasant, and unornamental canvases devised for the decoration of one of the Parisian Mairies (one of which series has been recently seen in London), or eccentric experiments like the curious diptych of M. Besnard, "La Maladie—La Convalescence" (exhibited at the Salon), a strange half-decorative, half-realistic work, in which it has been sought to assimilate the two opposing styles. A well-known Parisian critic has recently, in noticing the last work of M. Puvis de Chavannes—the "Bois Sacré"—delivered himself somewhat to the following effect: "We recognise his great ability as a designer and colourist, but he seeks here to represent what he has never seen, and what we, the inhabitants of France, and not of the Vale of Tempe, neither want any longer, nor understand. We ask for something newer and more modern in type and conception, more completely in sympathy with our humanity of to-day and its wants." Such a theory might have its weight as applied to genre, landscape, and even to historical subjects, but surely, as applied to the highest decorative and ideal art, it contains a fallacy as huge as can be conceived. All true art—especially the highest—must doubtless be based and built on Nature; but must it not also proceed, if it lay claim to the name of art, by way of selection, by searching out in Nature its noblest, truest, and most essential elements, while neglecting such as from their merely accidental and temporal nature are unworthy of being perpetuated? Is not this the way in which the greatest masters of decorative art, Giotto, Ghirlandajo, Michelangelo, and Raphael, proceeded? and would not the world have been poorer by its greatest treasures—the frescoes of Assisi, the Sistine Chapel, the Cartoons, and the Stanze of the Vatican—if these, the great pioneers of art, who studied humanity and nature with a closeness and an ardent sympathy never to be surpassed, had proceeded to represent only the accidental realities and merely outward appearances of the everyday world, as it appeared to the indifferent and the uninitiated? Is there not in the conceptions of the great men whom we have just cited, and of those who follow in their footsteps, a wider and more real sympathy, a truer reflection of humanity in all that is most lasting and essential, than can be afforded by a representation of subjects which may for the present age have a certain meaning, but to other generations can have little or none?

It is not therefore to be argued that M. Puvis de Chavannes, or even greater than he, are to be exempt from earnest and thoughtful criticism, or are to be approached in that attitude of prostrate adoration which is so mistaken and often so fatal to true art. In his case such a position is especially to be deprecated, for it must be admitted, even by those who regard his art, as we do, as of the finest quality, that by a mistaken and too rigid fidelity to his main principles he has sacrificed

some part of his artistic power and means of expression, and, by the ultra-simplicity of his finished works, has missed a portion of the very effect at which he aims. Is it too much to hope that in some crowning creations he will allow his magnificent powers full scope, and—in this following the chiefs of the greatest period of Italian art—will give to his art that individualised character and completeness which he at present to some extent deliberately sacrifices? As it is, his accomplished work is perhaps the highest, if hardly the most complete, manifestation of the art of modern France. He must take rank with the greatest painters of this century, as one who has achieved great and lasting things, whose aims have always been lofty and noble, and who has borne high the banner of the ideal and the essentially true, at a time when the opposition was most powerful and the danger most pressing.





PRINCE CHARLIE'S PARLIAMENT.

(From the *Painting* by W. B. Hole, A.R.S.A.)



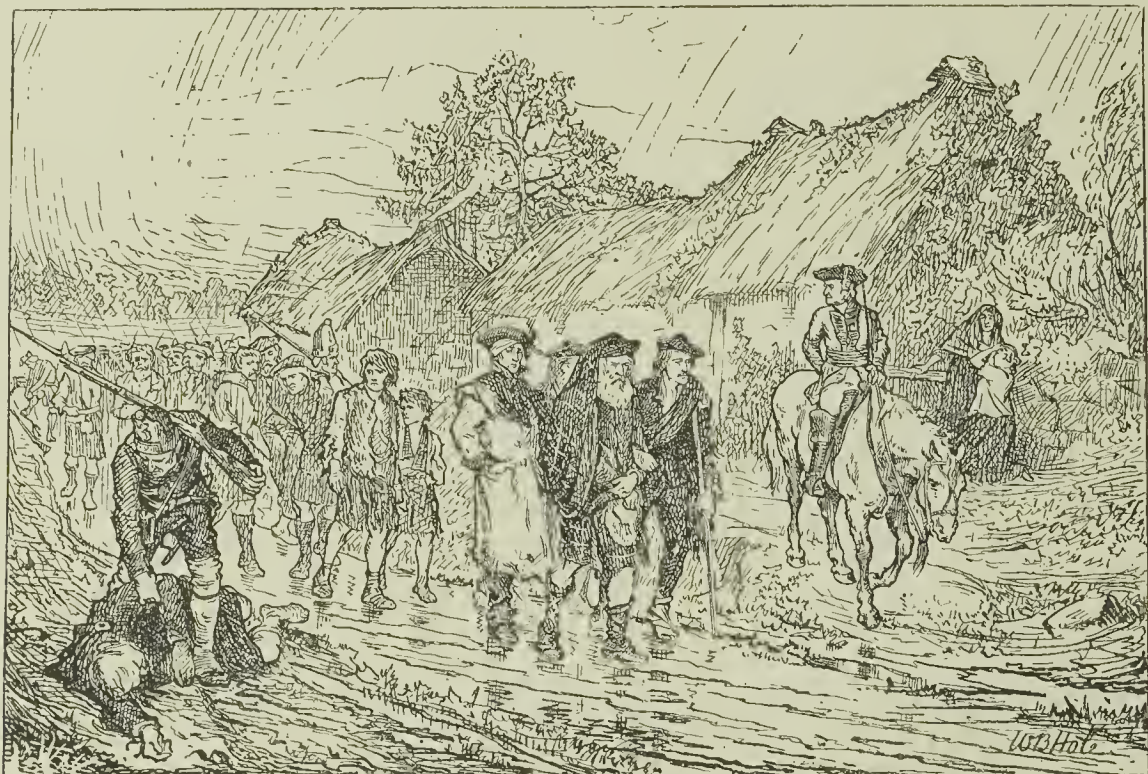
THE NIGHT'S CATCH.

WILLIAM B. HOLE, A.R.S.A.

WR. HOLE has chosen to belong to a group of Scotsmen who have repeated, in spite of the centralisation of these days, the local honours of an older epoch. In the high times of the *Edinburgh Review*, when the Northern capital was a capital indeed, with literary and artistic traditions of her own, there was hardly a stronger national seal upon her work than has been set again in our own time by young men whose fame is imperial while their characteristics are Scottish. But Mr. Hole has improved upon the local spirit of those who, however Northern their genius may be, have sought publishers and purchasers, audiences and exhibitions, in London. He is comparatively a stranger at Burlington House, and the official honours he has accepted are from the Scottish namesake of our Royal Academy. Eminent, therefore, has he become in a group whose work shows the rare quality of inspiration as well as the now abundant quality of art.

Nevertheless, Mr. Hole is by paternal blood a Southron, a member of an old family of Devonshire squires. His father, a physician at Salisbury, died of cholera in the memorable plague of 1849, falling at the post of duty and in the midst of devoted labours to which, and to the love and respect in which his name was held, a monument in Salisbury Cathedral bears witness. The young physician's widow went to her own family in Edinburgh, taking with her her son of

three years old, and educated him there, chiefly at the Edinburgh Academy. And when the time came for choosing a profession, although the boy wished ardently to be an artist, the idea was scouted by the family adviser, a dry old Scotch lawyer, whose opinion of painters was contemptuous, and who was wont to lament the lapse of the present esteemed President of the Royal Scottish Academy from the honourable paths of business, in the words, "Douglas is just a stickit banker." And the family adviser having influence in the absence of the father's authority, William Hole was apprenticed to a firm of civil engineers, distinguished for turning out clever members of—other professions. Here the future artist wasted



THE END OF THE '45.

five good years, noted slightly for the beauty of his drawings and for the general inaccuracy of his engineering, but learning a little of his profession and of many other things, from the late Fleeming Jenkin, the gifted and lamented Professor of Engineering in the Edinburgh University. During this time Mr. Hole took every opportunity afforded by holidays of copying in the National Gallery, and of sketching from Nature. He also achieved pictures which occasionally found their way into modest corners of the Royal Scottish Academy.

At the time when the unwilling and unprofitable apprenticeship was finished, a friend chanced to say to the happily emancipated apprentice that if ever he wished to go to Italy there was a passage in a trading vessel at his disposal. So before settling down to the work of life Mr. Hole, in 1869, sailed from Swansea with fifty pounds in his pocket, in a little trader, and, after an adventurous voyage, landed at the port of Genoa. Some six months were spent in Italy in wandering up and

down, and sketching everything from morning till night. Nothing came amiss to the happy artist—children, cattle, peasants, landscape, monks, ruins, and churches. In Rome the wanderer made acquaintance with various artists, among others Mr. Keeley Halswelle, who gave his junior the practical advice of which a young man can make such good profit when his heart is in the matter, and of which no student surely had ever been so deprived as Mr. Hole. To Mr. Keeley Halswelle, indeed, he owed the sentence which changed his life. It was spoken in the course of a severe criticism on a drawing by Mr. Hole, who urged in deprecation that he was only an amateur. “Ah,” said the painter, “I had forgotten that.” The saying, so full of hope and suggestion and regret, gave to the future artist the idea that he need not be an amateur for ever. Returning to Scotland, he found that nothing turned up for him to do as an engineer. He began then a real course of study in art, entering the School of Design in Edinburgh, which has been the infant school of many an excellent painter, and worked diligently at drawing under Mr. Hodder. Nevertheless, engineering was not yet explicitly abandoned, and during a year longer, if anything in that profession had presented itself Mr. Hole would have accepted it, and Scotland would have lost a true artist. But there was nothing to do, and when Mr. Hole made explicit profession of his adoption of another career no one could reproach him with engineering opportunities thrown away. His drawings gained him admission into the Academy Life-school, and the beginning of the new work was marked with that sign of a serious career begun—a commission.

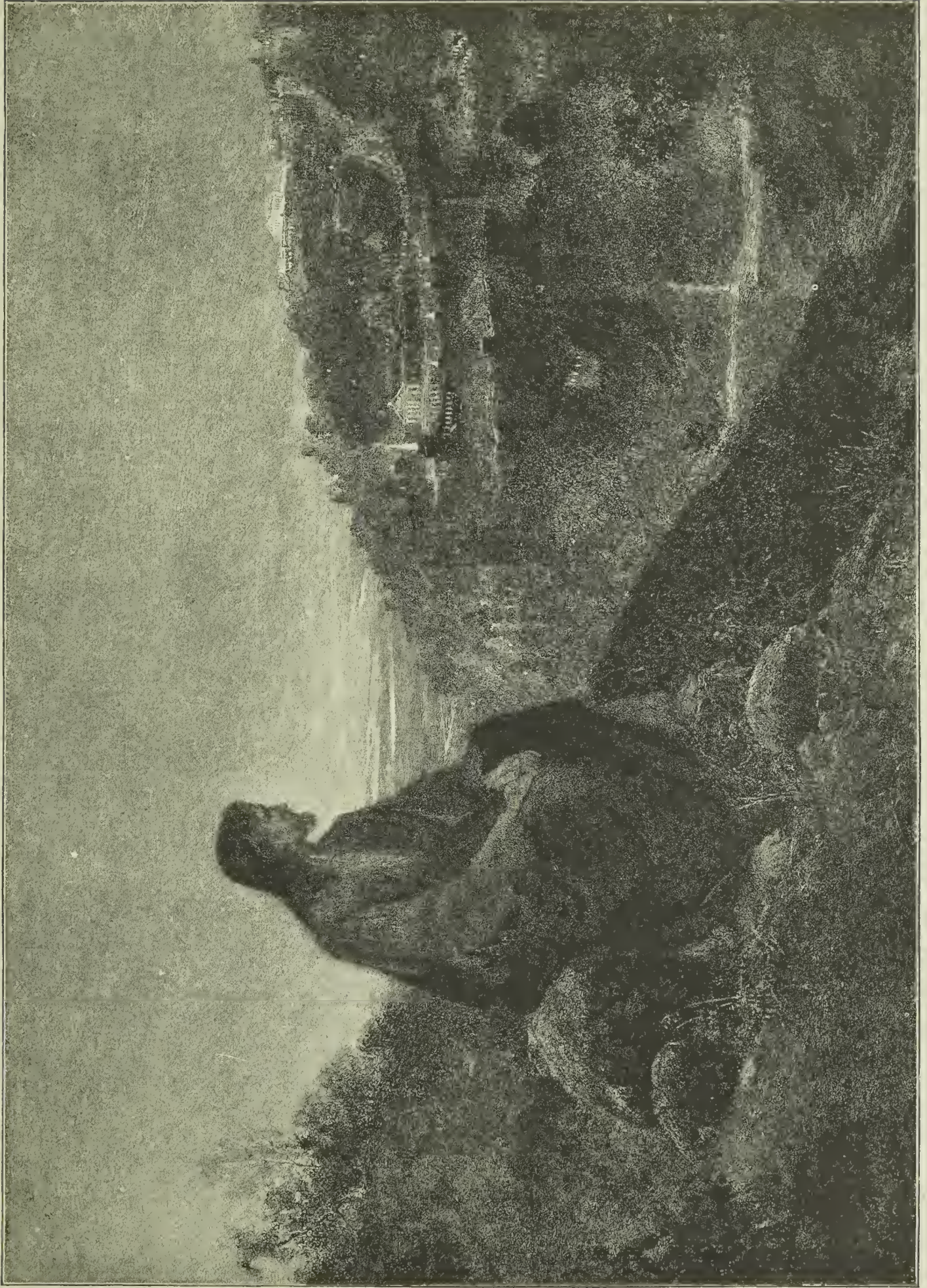


QUEEN MARY'S FIRST LEVÉE.

From this time the young painter went on gradually, studying and exhibiting, until, in 1878, he was elected an Associate of the Scottish Academy. At about this time, encouraged by the approval of Mr. Hamerton, he tried etching, which has

ever since been an important part of his work. Mr. Hamerton has done good service to the stenographic art—the art which interprets so sensitively the artist's mood, as well as his temperament, that it expresses a tremor in the drawing of his breath or an animation in his heartbeats; for not by his eloquent propaganda only, but by his incentive to young artists to etch, has Mr. Hamerton brought etching out of its long-lasting obscurity. Mr. Hole was elected in 1885 a member of the Painter-Etchers' Society, having joined the Scotch Society of Painters in Water-colours in the previous year. Of the subjects of Mr. Hole's principal pictures some idea may be formed from the following list by those who do not know his sincere and strongly progressive work except through reproductions in the art magazines:—In 1875 appeared “Her Wedding Day,” a bride taking leave of her grandparents; in the following year “Taken Unawares,” in which Mr. Hole took the comic view of the cloister—always in the traditions of the British artist, who has been inclined to ignore the tenderness, patience, and renunciations of convent life in order to find out its probable or possible joke. How much a curious form of ingenious imagination can make of a monk's relation to his companions may be seen in Mr. Browning's “Spanish Cloister,” where the situation is satanically grotesque. No painting, as far as we know, has gone to the length of this literature, but Mr. Marks and Mr. Dendy Sadler are wont to make unsympathetic, though not malicious, use of the monk. In Mr. Hole's picture the scene is the guard-room of a castle, where a friar, who has fallen asleep, is sketched by a jester, while the men-at-arms look on. “His Lordship” (1877) showed a village smithy to which a little boy has been wheeled in an invalid chair; and in the same year Mr. Hole began that phase of Civil War subjects to which most young painters are fated by the laws of their development. “A Wounded Enemy”—a Royalist officer tended by an old woman in the Covenanters' camp—was followed by “The Alarm,” in which the scene is a besieged Royalist chapel; at the call of a messenger, all present are flying to arms. Next came “The End of the '45.” Here the painter, who shows us a string of Jacobite prisoners led through a Highland village, impresses us with a sense of the physical misery which overpowers the mental sorrow of despair for a lost cause. The wet, the wounds, the flapping of torn, drenched raiment on cold limbs, make this a bitter progress to captivity. The movement of the march is exceedingly well rendered. “A Straggler from the Chevalier's Army,” painted in the following year (1880), is a singularly vivid incident of the past—a passage of life which the artist would almost seem to have witnessed, so much familiarity and activity is there in his conception of the accidents of the scene. A wounded Highlander is attacked by the tagrag of an English village, and turns at bay. Here, too, the quality of movement is remarkable.

“Queen Mary's First Levée” is a passage of more repose. In the solemn-looking interior of the royal bedchamber stands a tall canopied bed where the baby Queen, lying on her mother's arm, received the oath of allegiance of the Scottish nobility. “Prince Charlie's Parliament” is again an interior—this time

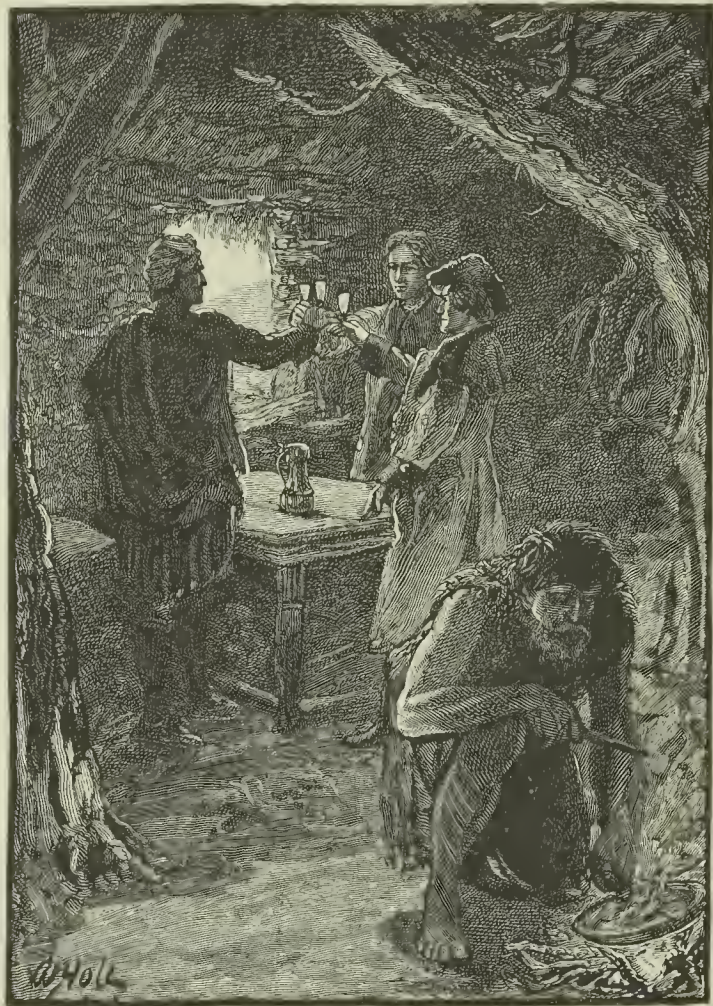


"IF THOU HADST KNOWN."

a Highland hut where the Pretender, in his adversity, sits in consultation with a few adherents. His own face is worn, and there is an undemonstrative sadness in the dignity of his action. A follower watches at the window, through which a glimpse is caught of the mountain landscape; the old cottage woman sits over the fire in the smoke-obscured background. In "The Night's Catch," the beautiful Northern dawn is breaking over a highland loch, and boats are coming homeward in the pure and chilly light.

A crew just landed—they have toiled all the night and caught little—divide a small basketful of herrings. And another fishing subject was "The Fill of the Boats"—west highland fishing craft loaded to the gunwale, hoisting sail for home.

In 1885 Mr. Hole painted the picture which, for gravity and dignity, marked the highest point he had yet reached. "If Thou Hadst Known" is one of the few religious works seen within late years at the Royal Academy, even if the name of religious may be given to the subject merely, without any reference to the artist's capacity. Mr. Hole's work is religious in the painter's intention and power, and in that artistic sincerity without which moral sincerity has no expression. The scene is conceived with the full realisation which the painter combines with nobility and quiet. The night landscape of the hill of Jerusalem shows the points



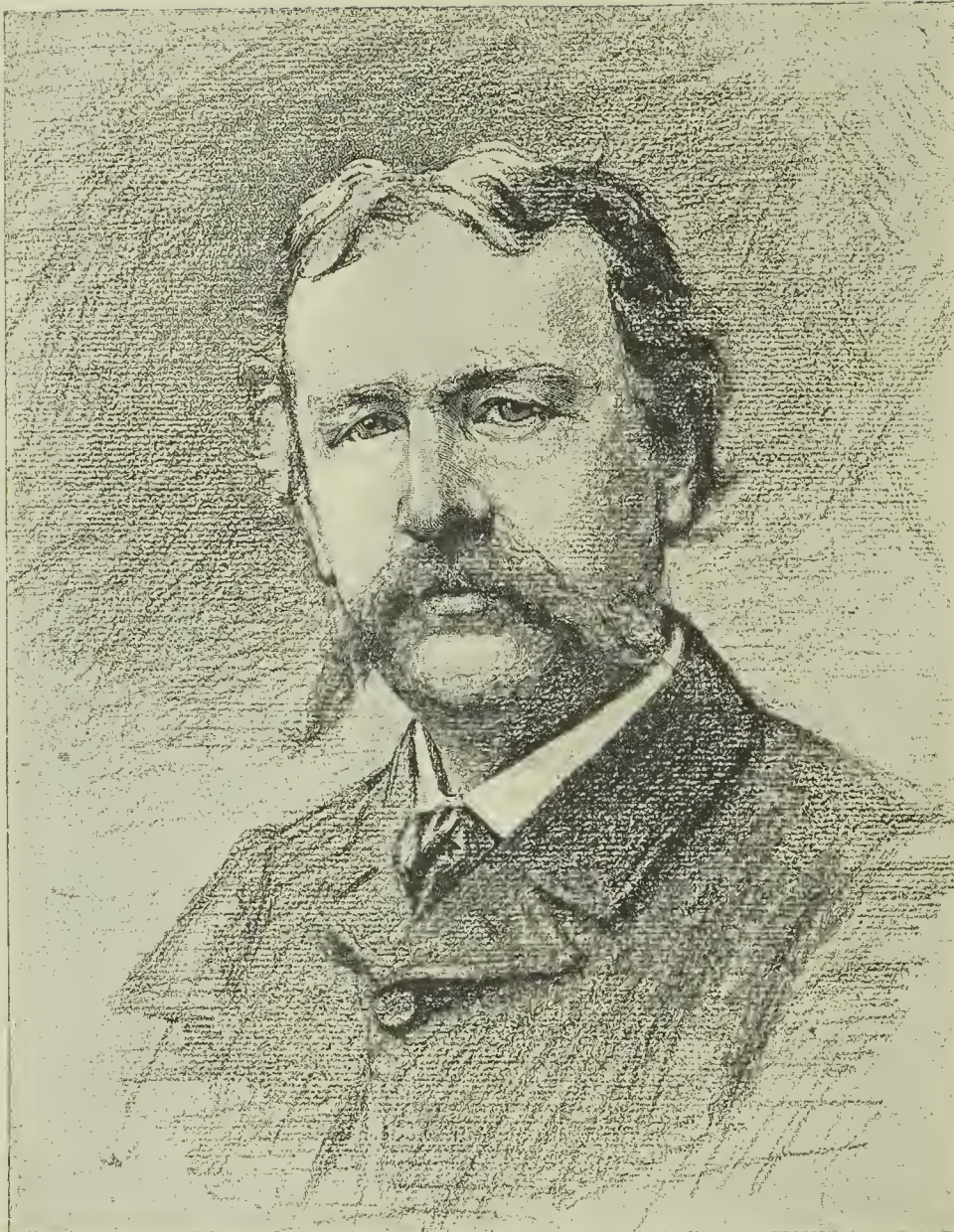
"THE RESTORATION!"
(From "Kidnapped.")

of light of a great city of antiquity; a radiance reveals the forms and faces of temples; cressets shine out on terrace walls, and the soft specks of brilliance are sprinkled amongst the foliage of the fertile days of Jerusalem. The soft Oriental darkness is lost towards the west in lingering light, and large stars are overhead. There is a suggestion of multitudinous, but remote, human life in the city, and of deep solitude in the foreground hill with its seated figure. The Saviour's attitude is meditative and composed rather than explicitly expressive. Mr. Hole's picture in 1886 was a portrait of the Rev. Dr. Moody Stuart, in Geneva gown, descending the pulpit stairs.

Among upwards of a hundred published etchings the principal are a series of

landscapes in illustration of an archæological work; portraits of professors and officials of the Edinburgh University at the time of the tercentenary festival, for which the sketches were taken from the subjects unawares while they were lecturing or discussing, so that the characteristic living action has been felicitously caught; and six studies of celebrated Dandie Dinmont terriers. Chief among the artist's reproductive etchings are a plate of "If Thou Hadst Known," and one of the portrait of Dr. Moody Stuart, while Mr. Hole is now engaged on etchings after Rousseau, Corot, Diaz, the Dutch brothers Maris, and other masters of modern landscape. His principal book illustrations are those to Mr. R. L. Stevenson's "Kidnapped."





*W. M. Brewster
Elihu Vedder*

ELIHU VEDDER.

PAINLY to seek in a work of art the qualities it never sought to give, to judge an artist by a standard to which he never attempted to conform, is an easy but indifferent form of criticism. We shall for the present, therefore, disregard those problems of lighting and of tone, those delicate realities which to many minds are among the chief pleasures of art. It is not with these things that Mr. Vedder is concerned; his talent is not perceptive, but visionary and symbolic. His pictures enrich the poet's world within

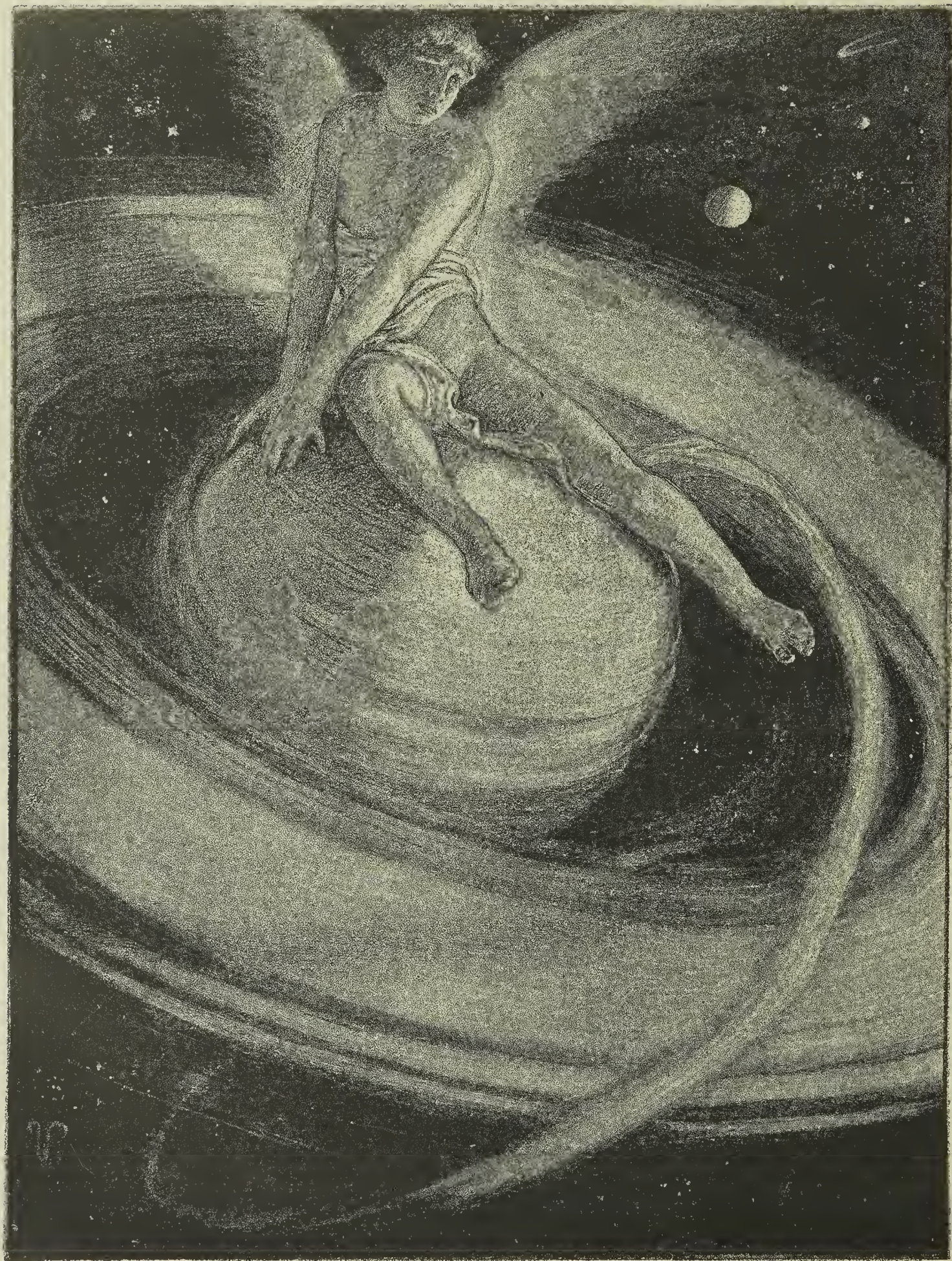
us rather than the painter's world without. But, as he possesses, in addition to this symbolic mind, a real sense of beauty, the lack of dexterity which disqualifies him as a painter leaves him with a separate eminence as an artist.

Mr. Vedder was born in Varick Street in New York City, on the 26th of February, 1836. His parents were first cousins, both of the Schenectady family of Vedders—old Dutch stock, dating back to the middle of the seventeenth century. It was not for nothing that the ancestors of this American child had sprung from the Netherlands. The painters of the Low Countries, skilful above all others in light and colour; the strange national legends of Holland, fantastically historical—the influence of these things was to suffer a sea change before it finally inspired Elihu Vedder. Transplanted to the New World, far from schools of painting or monuments of history, the artistic instinct of the Dutch lost its traditional and technical side. Only the desire for art remained; the desire for art and the sense of fantasy, which gifts, to the fullest degree, the little Elihu Vedder inherited.

There was no obvious channel to receive his imagination. His instinct was unguided (or untrammelled, as you like it) by any national school. For this reason, perhaps, the *Rosa mystica* flourishes so well on American soil. The flowers of that tree were early gathered by the painter we are noticing to-day. Very early his work revealed those qualities which we are beginning to recognise as distinctly American—that delicate curiosity about the soul; that elegance not quite distinguished; that Teuton humour or grotesqueness; that charming, pathetic strangeness of idea, too often clad in a turgid phrase or a conventional type, which we meet in the works of Hawthorne and of Poe, no less than in the drawings of Vedder and Lafarge.

The psychical quality (which seems to us above all others the note of American art) is very apparent in Mr. Vedder's work. It engrossed him early and had this fatal drawback, that, having so much to say, he never cared to learn the best way to say it. So it is that his form remains common while his idea is almost always distinguished. He is one of the artists who are not painters; and his work is often as faulty in lighting, tone, atmosphere, and dexterity of texture, as it is refined in conception and design. No severe course of study counteracted this slovenliness of *technique*. Mr. Vedder never became a strenuous student in any school. As a boy he was for a while with a painter named Mathison, in Sherburne, New York; in 1856 he studied for a few months in the studio of Picot, in Paris. He was now twenty, and had finished his course. With the exception of a few lessons in drawing and anatomy from a Florentine named Buonajuti, he received no further instruction.

Mr. Vedder did not settle in Europe. In 1861 (we believe) he had returned to New York, where he rapidly earned a brilliant reputation. To this period belong many works almost as well known in England as in America—"The Roc's Egg," "The Questioner of the Sphinx," "The Lair of the Sea Serpent," and others. The drawings certainly show a great love of the picturesque and the fantastic;



THE THRONE OF SATURN.

(From the "Rubāiyāt" of Omar Khayyām.)

but from them we scarcely should have guessed the real extent of the painter's imagination.

The time of the War Secession became, strangely enough, the heyday of American art. There was a great demand for pictures, and very few producers capable of an adequate supply. Mr. Vedder had a brilliant career before him; but he preferred, we suppose, an artistic *milieu* to a pre-eminence too easily obtained. He did not care to be first in his village of Iberia when he might be second in Rome. This shows an unworldly temper which has had its reward. For since 1866, when Mr. Vedder settled in Rome, he has produced a class of work far superior to the mere fancy and quaintness of his earlier productions—pictures of strange imagination, like the two "Sibyls" and the "Crucifixion;" pictures of delicate attraction, like the "Lost Mind" and "Marsyas," which have made their author's name familiar in two hemispheres. The last two—the "Marsyas" and the "Lost Mind"—are to be placed among the national successes of American art. The legs of the Marsyas are very long, the figure of the girl in the "Lost Mind" is scarcely suggested under her mass of drapery; but the conception of both is signally fortunate. Both are well known to the English public through the excellent engravings in *Scribner's Magazine* for 1881. Mr. Vedder has painted nothing more moving than the strange, Hawthorne-like pathos of the first. Through some desolate Umbrian country, straight limestone mountain-walls ridged up behind her, a young girl walks in a quasi-religious dress. The aimless hand, the vague glance, the irresolute gesture, reveal that from that beautiful face the informing sense is fled. Having wandered away on some fancied quest, she seeks among the desolate rocks her lost mind. The barren, stony landscape, the bewildered, innocent face, are full of poetic suggestion.

But higher we should rank the graceful fancy of "Marsyas," a fascinating little design. At the edge of a leafless copse the youthful Marsyas sits. He is a satyr, with goat's legs and hoofs and a charming boyish head. Sitting on the ground, he plays his reedy pipes in the bare oak-tree's slender shade. A circle of little hares, with listening ears and bright beady eyes, sit round him in the grass and listen to his playing, unafraid of this musician who is a mere woodland creature like themselves. It is very difficult to give an idea of the natural freshness of the picture, with its landscape background of gnarled oaks and undulating snowy fields. We have seen no work of Mr. Vedder's which has given us so high an estimate of the artistic, as distinguished from the literary, side of his imagination.

Many who have been in Rome within the last twenty years have had the pleasure of visiting Mr. Vedder's studio and seeing many of his pictures. They are, however, by no means the only things of Mr. Vedder's making in that quaint and delightful place. Particularly to be remembered are a beautiful cup which the artist had modelled, and several strange little earrings; for, like the artists of old, some of whom may have lived and painted on that very spot three centuries ago, Mr. Vedder is capable of all manner of excursions from his own domain of painting;

and the deftness and skill of his hands in fashioning these playthings of his leisure make it evident that a theory rather than any incapacity of his must account for the dulness of *technique* too frequent in his work.

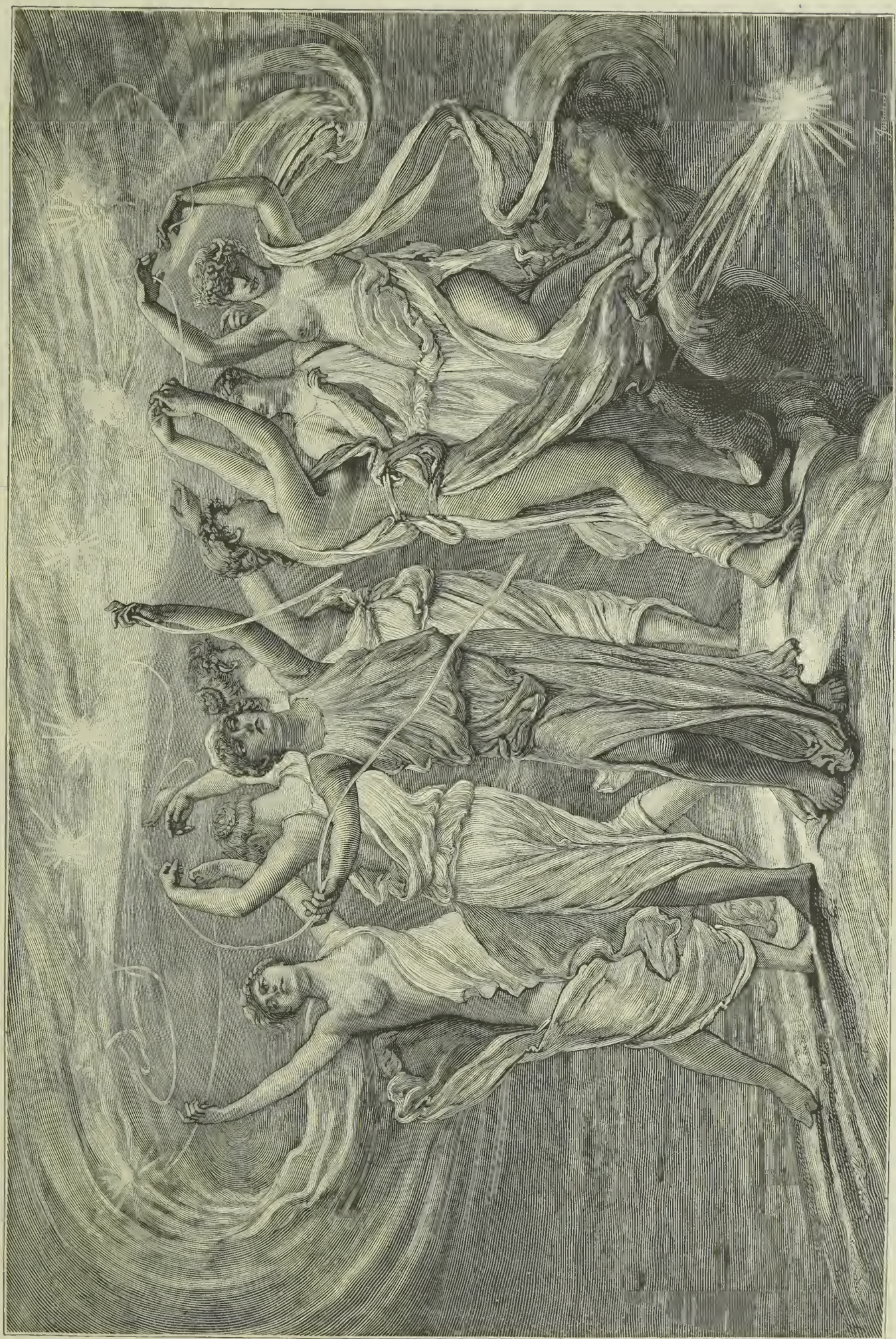
The greater number of dilettanti in England had seen little of Mr. Vedder's drawings until the appearance of his illustrations to the "Rubáiyát" of Omar Khayyám. It is with interest and respect that all lovers of literature will observe the impression made on a very modern mystical mind by the different and Oriental mysticism of the twelfth century in Persia. Nothing can be more unlike the mood of psychological curiosity, the delicate spiritualism, of the American painter than this half-mystical Persian wine-song, frankly material and sensuous, yet conscious of unknown and unfathomable influences—against which the poet impiously rebels—melancholy, fatalistic, and audacious. To us the Italian details, the facile inspiration of Mr. Vedder, jar with this different spirit. Only in the arabesques, which, to our thinking, are more suggestive in this connection than any figure-drawing is like to prove—only in these and in one piece, "The Row of Moving Shadow-Shapes," does the idea of Omar seem really approached. But if they are taken as a set of notes, suggested in a thoughtful but unassimilative mind by Omar's verses, these illustrations are a store of symbols, fancies, and designs, which have a separate value of their own.

We engrave the signatorial "V," the graceful and fanciful "Pleiades," and the weird and imposing suggestion of Omar in Saturn:—

"Up from Earth's Centre to the Seventh Gate
I rose, and on the Throne of Saturn sate,
And many a Knot unravelled by the Road,
But not the Master-Knot of human fate."

Very charming and decorative is the design which illustrates the fourth quatrain. An old man, reading, sits in the long grass of a hillside orchard; the fruit-trees overhead are all in bloom. Lower down the slope, a vase-shaped earthen fountain stands half-hidden in tall flowering irises. Two fawns have come to the water to drink. The delicacy of the design recalls the charming "Marsyas." It has all the attraction of a stanza of Boiardo. This is purely decorative. More remarkable, perhaps, are the designs which show Mr. Vedder's power as a symbol-artist. First in this rank we should put the strange and simple arabesque which appears again and again throughout this set of drawings. It is, as Wagnerians would say, the leading motive of the work. Now it appears as a wind-blown scarf, and now as swirling water; now purely as an arabesque; always it is a whirl of flowing curves, neither the beginning nor the end of which is seen, and which forms a most suggestive hieroglyph for Omar's verse:—

"Into this Universe, and *Why* not knowing,
Nor *Whence*, like water willy-nilly flowing;
And out of it, as Wind along the Waste,
I know not *Whither*, willy-nilly blowing."



THE PLEIADES.

(From the "Rubdiydt" of Omar Khayyám.)

More direct and impressive than this is the illustration to the ninety-ninth quatrain—"Ah, Love, could you and I with him conspire!" A slender winged boy shrinks back into the protecting grasp of an ancient sage; before them on the road lies a dove pierced with an arrow; a vulture perched on a branch overhead waits only for solitude to feast on the carrion. It is, we take it, a simple and touching parable of the discord between love and death.

All this is Western enough, sufficiently Italian. But sometimes we are tempted to wonder indeed why Mr. Vedder should consider his charming drawings illustrative of Omar Khayyám. We are thinking of one picturesque and effective study of a shepherdess in the Apennines driving down-hill in the evening her little flock of goats, and spinning as she goes. Lower down an old woman rests on a stone, having set on the ground the faggot of sticks and the fresh filled brazen *mezzina* of water which she must carry homewards up the hill the younger one descends so lightly. What has this pretty little sketch of life in the Apennines, with its facile allegory of Youth and Age—what has this to do with Omar Khayyám? Wise people, perhaps, will accept the sketch, and not inquire too closely into the connection, gathering roses where they may.

This will please a wide public. More subtle than it are the designs of the defiant Eve, holding out her snake-bitten and embittered apple; or the questioning, weary spirits hurried in and out of existence along the self-same winding, endless track; or the magic shadow-maidens, seeking for something real and catching only at the eluding clouds; or the helpless human soul, seated naked in the desert and weeping for her sins. The painter himself prefers, we believe, the design known as "The Kiss of Death." All these show genuine imagination. Another expressive and pathetic study illustrates the forty-fourth quatrain—

"Why, if the Soul can fling the Dust aside,
And naked on the Air of Heaven ride,
Wer't not a Shame—wer't not a shame for him
In this clay carcase crippled to abide?"

Here, in a smoke-like upward-curling mist, the shadowy soul elate and triumphant issues from the fallen body, lying solid, earthly, dead and real, across a slab of stone. A fine contrast is made between the inert death of the tangible body and the life and activity of the phantasmal soul. It is in such fancies as these that Mr. Vedder shows himself most individual.

It is still a question how far a poem so distinctively Eastern as the "Rubáiyát" of Omar Khayyám lends itself to Western illustration. In Mr. Vedder's treatment the pseudo-classic form and detail too often jar with our sense of fitness. As a great poet once said to the musician who set his poem to a tune, "It had its music already." Luckily for us, Mr. Vedder's tune can be enjoyed independent of the verses he has set. He is essentially a man of the new world, of the new order of thinking and feeling, a mystic of no century but his own. It would be

most interesting if he would try his hand at the themes which Hawthorne so successfully worked out. A modern subject, if possible American, subtle and mystical, would reveal his real capacity for rendering half-shades of feeling, for dealing with psychical problems. He has yet to give us his "Blithedale Romance," or, better still, his "Transformation"—his "Marble Fawn." With his true sense of the pathetic value of landscape, Mr. Vedder would render such a subject no less beautiful than interesting. A series of "Notes from 'Transformation,'" as free and individual as these from Omar, would have—to us at least—a far greater value than the Oriental volume.





FAVOURITES OF THE EMPEROR HONORIUS.

J. W. WATERHOUSE, A.R.A.

THE honours of Associateship in the Royal Academy have not often fallen to men so early in life as to the painter of "St. Eulalia." With the exception perhaps of Mr. Gregory, he was at his election the youngest of the A.R.A.'s, and his promotion is the more notable because his work has ever been distinguished by qualities that appeal more to painters than to popular tastes. His pictures, which are comparatively few, have been exhibited in unbroken sequence at Burlington House since 1874, when the artist first solicited public notice. Something like a dozen works form the solid justification of the Academy's choice, and these almost wholly represent the artwork of as many years. These facts must be ever present to any one who would rightly estimate the painter's individuality. Youth is naturally the period when production is most facile; then the warm promptings of the creative faculty are more irresistible than when the cold counsels of experience have disciplined the aspirations, and the lessons of art and life are in some sort learned. The very instincts of the young painter impel him at fervid speed on the road to over-production, with its perilous results of iterations, mannerisms, and other enslaving limitations. Thus of an unchastened passion are forged the bonds of servitude, and



ST. EULALIA.

(From the Painting by W. J. Waterhouse, A.R.A.)

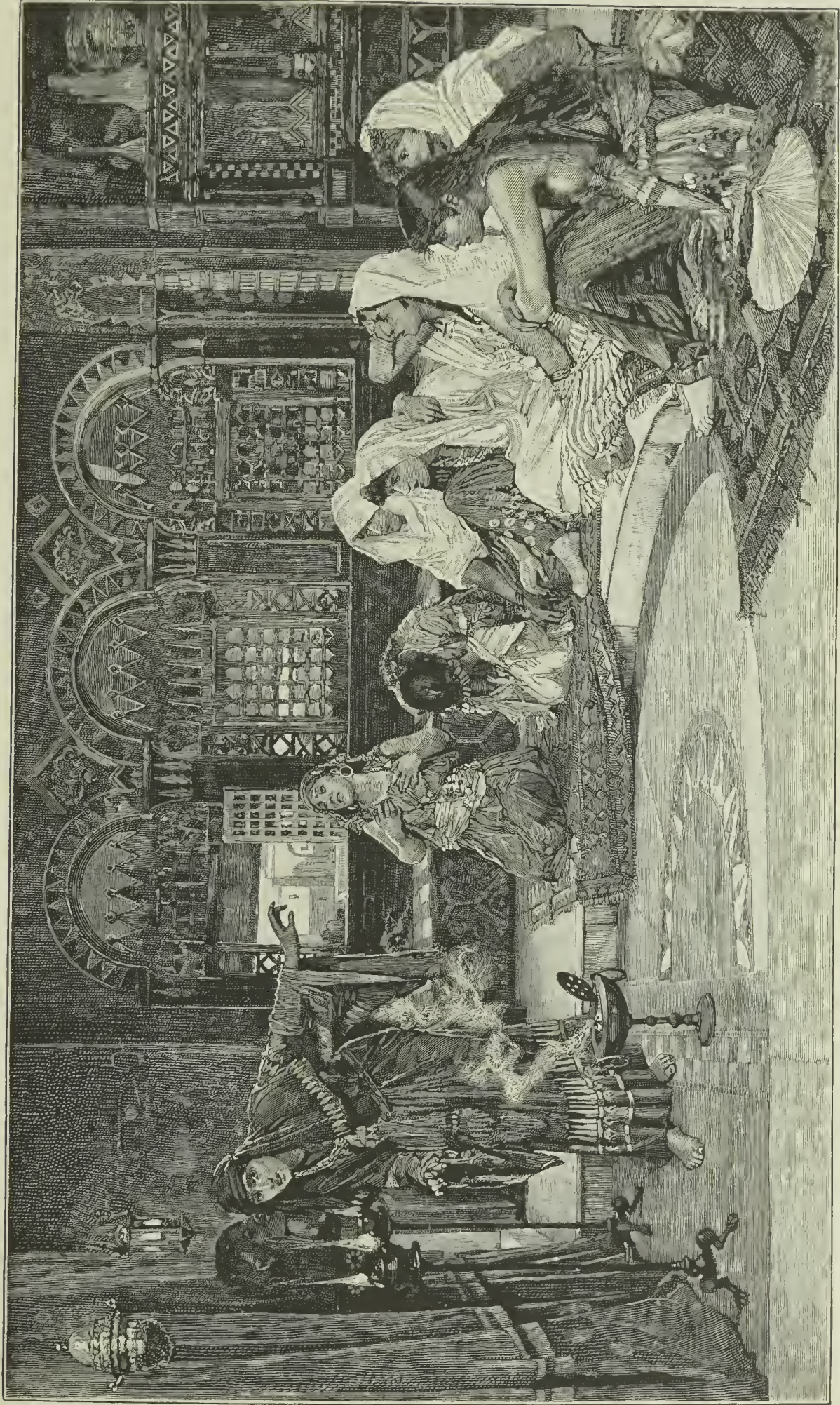
a mannered artificiality replaces style. This much may be urged, apart from the exuberance of precocity which is one of the rarest privileges of genius. The reticence of Mr. Waterhouse's work, with its measured and deliberate outcome and progress, is doubtless partly due to early education, though to a greater extent it proceeds from a certain scrupulous conscientiousness, and conservatism of reverence, that are innate. These moral qualities are precisely those above all others that are the natural allies of the capacity for taking pains, the method of conception that involves a long process of preoccupation, the mental habits that delay execution until the whole process of conception is thoroughly exhausted. One thing which intimately concerns Mr. Waterhouse's work is very clear: works of art thus conceived cannot be produced with rapidity. To this mental habit of brooding introspection is due the comparative paucity of Mr. Waterhouse's works, with much that is fresh and virile and original in treatment.

John William Waterhouse was born at Rome in 1849. Five years later he first saw England, but ever afterwards he took the warmest interest in Rome and her history. The French occupation and the career of Garibaldi were, of course, the vaguest of memories; yet it is interesting to note, as anticipating the special direction of his subsequent studies, that when at school in Yorkshire he delighted in reading of ancient Rome and her heroic ages. As a boy he was wont to express to his schoolfellows the most perfect confidence in the Roman soldiers, and was sure that they were equal to thrashing any fabulous number of moderns. Nor was this feeling limited to the ordinary hero-worship of boys. At eight years of age he acquired, through a friend of his mother, a veritable relic of Pompeii, a fragment of plastered wall, which the young archæologist treasured with unspeakable satisfaction. It was a precious link between the present and the Italy of his dreams. When subsequently, in 1877, his imagination was kindled by reading in the ruined streets of Pompeii the melodramatic romance of its "last days," he could not but think of the small fragment of the lost city that stirred his boyish enthusiasm. Here was the chain completed that bound the land of his adoption to that of his birth, and henceforth Italy was for him what she has been to so many artists and poets. The artist himself would probably speak lightly of these boyish reminiscences, regarding them not as indications of spiritual impulse but as accidents; we, however, are probably justified in investing them with a deeper significance, and in viewing them as evidence of the shaping divinity, not the mere trifles of which the round of life is made up. Be this as it may, they appear to us more significant than the fact that the boy showed a fondness for drawing, and like others who distinguish themselves, was not a bright and shining light at school. Cradled into art Mr. Waterhouse certainly was not, if the phrase implies that he displayed any precocious aptitude, or was nourished in a forcing atmosphere of culture. Though he was unlike the poet who lisped in numbers, he was not without the example that incites imitation, for on leaving school he worked in the studio of his father, where he mastered somewhat of the element of his craft. Even then, in the routine of studio

work, assisting his father by painting in the backgrounds of portraits, he was not conscious of an all-compelling call to become a painter. He entered the Academy schools, but attended only the evening classes; and it was not till his twentieth year that he first felt moved to make art the serious study of his life. Previous to this he was not averse from professions little sympathetic with art, and towards engineering in particular was favourably inclined. Once formed, the resolution was adhered to with characteristic tenacity, and the painter pursued his studies with equal energy and conviction, till in due time the period of tutelage was passed, and he was emboldened to hazard the attempt of a first picture destined for the Academy.

It is tolerably clear that beyond a boyish taste for drawing, the early years of Mr. Waterhouse do not effectively illustrate the adage of Wordsworth. That he made no haste to reveal himself may be fairly assumed, for it was not till 1874 that he took part in the annual show at the Academy, when his picture, "Sleep and his Brother Death," was exhibited. The two figures recline side by side on a low couch, beyond which are the pillars of a colonnade open to the night and touched with moonlight. The interior is lit by a lamp, whose light streams on the foremost figure, Sleep, whose head hangs in heavy stupor on his breast, and his right hand grasps some poppies. By his side lies Death in dusky shadow, with head thrown back, and the lines of the figure expressive of easeful lassitude. At his feet is an antique lyre, while immediately in the foreground is a low round table. The imaginative quality of this impressive picture lies in the poetical conception of the artist, in the subservience of the allegory, the unobtrusiveness of the symbolism. Of Death, the gloomy presence, and Sleep, the rosy infant, more than enough has been set forth in grotesque and allegory to deprive the old poetic idea of all its piquancy. To obtain great results from least suggestions, to re-inspire the outworn properties of ancient symbolism, to vivify with fresh and sufficing significance a trite and discarded theme, must be accounted among the high offices of the imagination. They, at least, animated the aims of Mr. Waterhouse in this striking presentment of Sleep and Death. The two figures are both young, and the beauty of youth belongs to one as much as to the other, even as death has its own beauty of blank and dreamless repose. The cunning simulation of death by sleep, the intimate correlation of the two so quaintly expressed in Sir Thomas Browne's assertion that he died daily, are emphasised by the strange likeness and unlikeness of the recumbent figures. They might almost be two friends who have banqueted with Lucullus, from one of whom the spirit has passed in the night, while life in the other is expressed only by the less easeful poise of the head, drowsed as though by some opiate. It was but natural that a picture so suggestive and thoughtful, so serious in aim, and so charged with emotional power, should attract considerable attention.

After this first success, Mr. Waterhouse exhibited at the Academy in the following year a picture entirely removed in subject and treatment from his first work. The "Miranda" was in no sense a dramatic illustration of Shakespeare, but was



THE ORACLE.

rather, for all its pictorial effect, a purely academic study of the figure, set forth



A BY-WAY IN OLD ROME.

sitting and the other languidly stretched on the tessellated pavement with a tambourine alongside. In the distance a group of minstrels on the extreme left com-

in a spacious aërial medium of broad, soft evening light suffusing sea and sky. In a foreground of sea-shore Miranda, lightly draped, is seated on a rock, watching with clasped hands and partly averted face the brave ship tossing in the offing; the blue sea breaks unheeded on the sand, her eyes being wholly absorbed by the vessel, which is yet to suffer through the magic of Prospero. There is no suggestion of the imaginative insight and exhaustive idealisation that are notable of the vision of Sleep and Death, though a satisfying potency of colour and a finely graduated brilliance of illumination give admirable force and relief to the figure. In 1876 the artist achieved the distinction of a place on the line with a picture entitled "After the Dance." The exhibition also included Mr. Tadema's well-known picture of the same title, a coincidence that much exercised the simple-minded. The picture shows a Roman interior, with a portion of the atrium and a peep into the court beyond. Two figures, a boy and a girl, recline on cushions, one

plete the composition. The chief points of the picture are its simplicity of scheme, its dexterous lighting, the harmonious colour, and the graceful *abandon* of the two dancers. There is no pretence of archæological display, nor any highly-wrought detail, or accessories introduced for the mere mastery of textures, that might disturb the impression of luxurious repose.

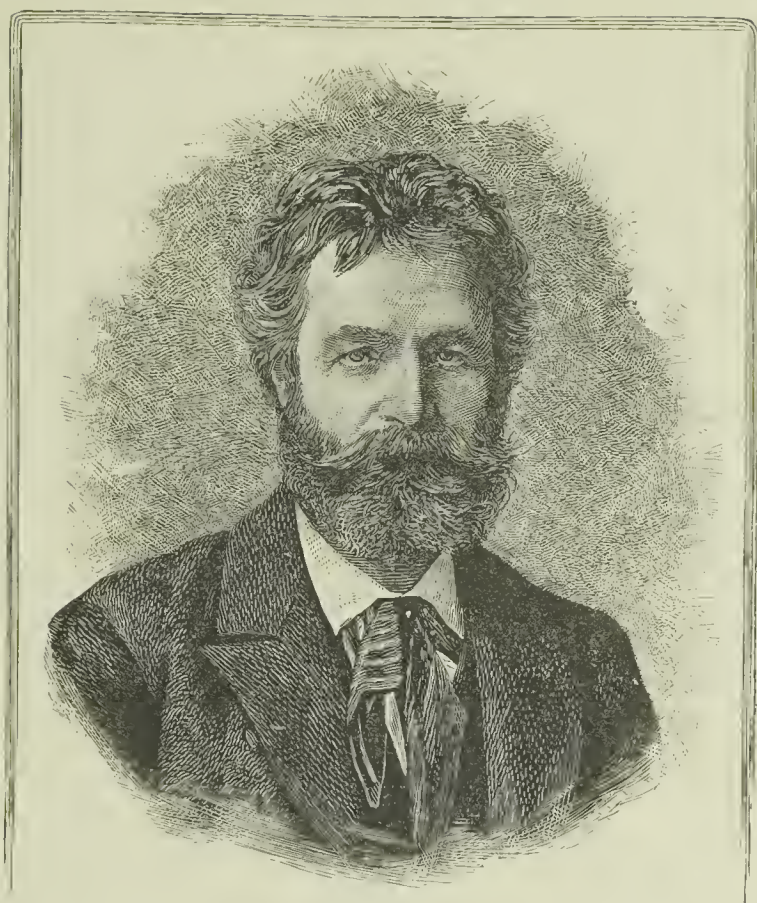
Between 1876 and 1883, in which year the artist was married, Mr. Waterhouse exhibited at least one picture annually at the Academy, and gratified the desires of his youth by re-visiting Italy. This visit established him in his old faith, and directed his studies in Roman historical subjects. In 1883 he produced a work which obtained more notice and criticism than anything he had yet exhibited. The subject of the Emperor Honorius feeding his pet poultry was, however, not suggested by Gibbon or the historians, but by a passage in Mr. Wilkie Collins's "Antoina." This picture, which we are so lucky to reproduce, was the most ambitious in scope of all the artist's works until the painting of the "Marianne." For so many years had historical genre been in a sad way in this country, that the field was well opened to an artist ready with a boldly conceived and serious example. Pure historical art being but a dead tradition, or in British art, at least, somewhat impotent and unthriving, the best substitute, perhaps, lies in honest treatment of such incidents as this of Mr. Waterhouse's choice. The subject was eminently adapted to stimulate the pictorial invention of the artist and exercise his equipment in the resources of the picturesque. He has certainly succeeded in telling the story with refreshing simplicity and directness, and that, too, with as strong an enforcement of its significance as was compatible with the limitations he has himself set.

In dealing with the superb cynicism of Nero fiddling while Rome burned, some pictorial suggestion of disaster might reasonably enter into the painter's scheme. The indifference of the Emperor Honorius is but a repetition of that grim theme in a minor key, less portentous in effect, less acutely tragic. Thus in Mr. Waterhouse's picture we have none of the evidences of disaster, no furious irruption of barbarians or panic-stricken citizens; only the blind infatuation of the Emperor who caresses and feeds the feathered bipeds of his little empire, heedless of the obsequious messengers and the destinies of Rome. A variant of this picture, which remains unfinished, differs in some essential matters from the exhibited work. The pose of Honorius suggests a peculiar insolence, an assumption of exasperating calm that is less forcible in the finished picture; the messengers of ill stand close about him, with only a brief space between them and the Emperor, occupied by the pigeons, guinea-fowls, and other objects of the imperial pleasure. The scheme of colour is warmer, more sumptuous, and in a livelier key, though the composition of the finished work is far more studied and pleasing.

Our next example of Mr. Waterhouse's work is "The Oracle," one of those pictures sure of popularity, though entirely free from the sensationalism that is the common bid for popular applause. The semicircle of eager women, some pale,

others flushed, all agitated, and the pale priestess with her ear to the mouth of the oracle about to deliver some mystery, are so potent with character, so sincerely human, so admirable for the varied expression of passion, that the popularity of the picture offers no enigma as popularity sometimes does. In the following year the artist was represented by the "St. Eulalia," a picture of perfectly masterly *technique*. The body of the young Roman martyr is seen lying in the Forum, surrounded by the fall of summer snow which, according to the tradition, veiled it from rude eyes. Mr. Waterhouse has curiously enough made the snow fall everywhere *except* upon her form. In the same season he had a single water-colour at the Institute, "A By-Way in Old Rome," which we reproduce. This charming example of vivacious piquant colour and pure limpid tone appeared untitled in the catalogue, but the figures in the drawing, with the details of their environment, are self-explanatory. For slight motives of this kind Mr. Waterhouse keeps his more brilliant, interesting, and impressionary manner. It is in grave subjects that he paints with more quietness and completeness. And foremost amongst these is the "Mariamne," the noble composition of the wife of Herod the Great walking down the steps to her death, while her false accusers whisper into her husband's ear. The *technique*—illumination and execution—of this work is absolutely perfect. Part of the next summer was spent by Mr. Waterhouse in Venice, of whose architectural glories and silent water-ways he has recorded his impressions in not a few brilliant studies. Whether he intends to enlist himself in the band of our modern Venetians there is no telling. It may be safely assumed of so conscientious and thorough an artist that if Venice has any share in his next work it will be essential to his design, not the picturesque adjunct to a study; Venetian, that work will express something of the human interest, the immemorial attributes of the city of painters, not the superficial phases of life that enamour the tourist.

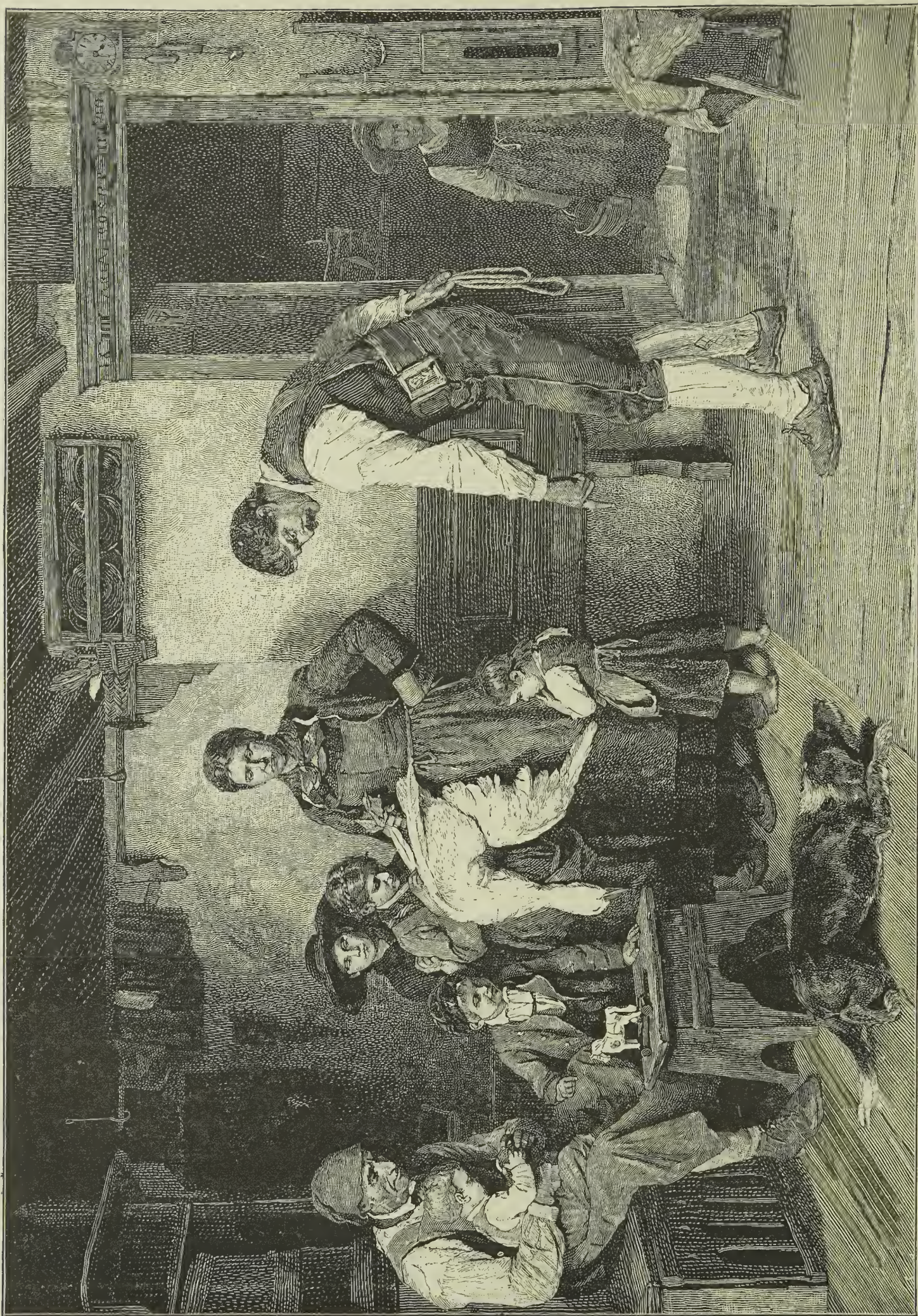




Franz Defregger

FRANZ DEFREGGER.

IN the fair lands that cluster round the water-shed of the Adriatic, in the home of the Minnesinger Walter von der Vogelweide, within easy reach of Titian's country, under the shadow of giant dolomites, lies many a sunny green alp, stands many a lonely farmstead. In one of these was born to the peasant proprietor, in the April of 1835, an only son, baptised as Franz Defregger. The little one's childhood was passed amid these idyllic surroundings, and resembled for all the world that of a Theocritan shepherd. He knew neither sorrow nor care as he spent the days tending his father's goats, imbibing the while a love for his native land, and modelling his flocks and friends in dough or clay, or carving them out of potatoes and carrots. The gift of a pair of scissors led him to cut landscapes out of paper; the return of his father with the fairing of a pencil marked an era in his career. For miles around no wall or door was safe from the young artist; he even imitated a bank-note so skilfully that he



A DOMESTIC CATASTROPHE.

came near to being accused of forgery. Tall and robust at fifteen, he was employed by his father as his labourer, and after that age Franz was too weary when the day's work was done to give time to drawing. When he was twenty-two the elder Defregger died suddenly, and Franz found himself the owner of the stately homestead. He soon proved himself incapable of managing it, selling cattle and goods at a loss, and being cheated right and left. He cast about how he could rid himself of his lands; he even contemplated emigration to America. He resolved, however, to be a sculptor. Disregarding the outcry of his relatives, he sold his farm, and, armed with a letter from the village priest, sought Innsbruck and the head-master of its technical school. The professor received him kindly, but told him, after he had studied under him a few months, that his talents were better suited for painting than sculpture. He therefore proposed that Defregger should accompany him to Munich, where he would introduce him to Piloty.

This was in 1860. Piloty was just painting his famous "Nero," the great picture that shows the tyrant, crowned with full-blown roses, lurching, with a kind of rolling gait of evil triumph, through the ruins of burnt Rome, while the falsely-accused Christians lie slain hither and thither on his path. The picture made as deep an impression upon the raw Tyrolese as the appearance of a stalwart yokel, clad in his native leathern knee-hose and embroidered jacket, demanding to become a pupil, made on the Munich artist. Piloty could not receive him, for his lack of elementary knowledge, but he indicated the course that should be followed, and for some time Defregger worked industriously at Munich. Its capricious climate, however, told on his health, and, seeing after a while that his art also made no progress, he listened to a friend, and went to study in Paris. Ignorant of the language, he profited little by the instruction given, but he saw much that cultivated his eye. After a year, his health restored, he spent a summer in his native village. Here he painted portraits of all his friends and relatives, made studies after Nature, and began his first picture—that of a poacher who staggers into his cottage severely wounded, just as his wife is bathing their little one. He took it to Munich in 1864, and, after seeing it, Piloty admitted him into his studio.

"Speckbacher and his Son Anderl," the picture that created a certain *furor* in 1868 and laid the foundations of Defregger's fame, was the first he began in Piloty's studio. The scene is laid in the village tavern, the head-quarters of the insurgents, a party of whom have just returned from the fray. Among them is the ten-year-old son of the gallant innkeeper and ally of Hofer, Joseph Speckbaeher, who, in defiance of his father's interdict, went forth to battle with the oppressors of the fatherland. The characterisation of each face is excellent; the whole leaves a powerful impression on the mind. It is this alternation between pure-minded sentiment, pathos, ingenuous humour, and the heroic, that is the strength of Defregger, as it is also the characteristic of his countrymen, of whom he is an absolutely typical representative. His art is free from all trickiness, all seeking after meretricious effect. He strives but to be true, to tell his story with concrete simplicity. There are better

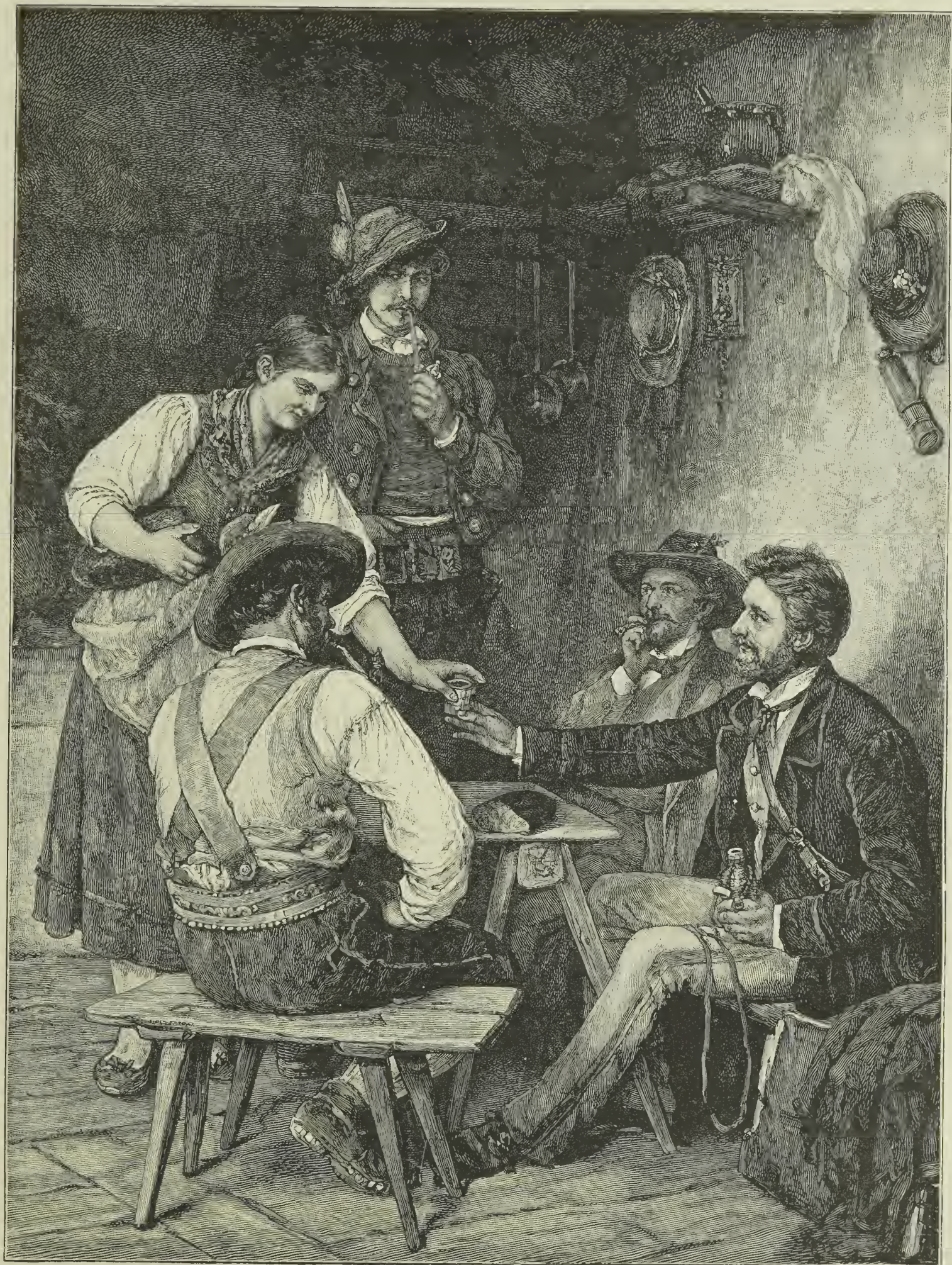
colourists and surer draughtsmen, but few artists surpass him in that easy natural idealism of temperament which shows us the man through his art.

His next picture, "The Wrestlers," was followed by "The Brothers," another



SISTER AND BROTHERS.

of his world-wide successes. This takes us into a well-to-do Tyrolean peasant parlour, where we see a fresh rosy lad of some fourteen summers, just returned for the holidays, greeting the little brother who has appeared in the paternal home during his absence. There is something gently ironical in the mode in which each, the unconscious babe and the half-conscious boy, sums up the other. His next effort was a departure from *genre*—an altar-piece dedicated to the church of his native



IN THE TYROLESE HIGHLANDS.

Dölsach, a Madonna enthroned, with St. Joseph reading at her feet. There are a purity and an innocent archaism about the work that recall the Bellini school; and there is, besides, so much of true religious feeling that many have deplored that Defregger has not farther pursued this department of art. It would seem that he has not himself abandoned the idea, and that the painting of religious pictures is what would above all crown his ambition.

Meantime Defregger had left Piloty's studio, and, seeing that painting brought him not only fame but means, he married and bought himself a house in the neighbourhood of Munich. It was not long after that a misfortune befell him, which threatened permanently to check his activity, and keep him a prisoner on the sofa for two years. It was an attack of rheumatic fever, which at last vanished in eight days under the treatment of a peasant at Botzen. Grateful for this cure, delighted with the climate and aspect of the sunburnt half-Italian town that is nestled away under the dolomite peaks of the Jassathal, Defregger here bought himself a villa, where year by year he goes to spend the summer holidays, and where at that time he stayed for two years, painting in the happiness of his new-found health. Here, among other works, he produced his famous "Ball on the Alp," his "Last Muster," and his "Italian Beggar Musicians." This last is especially attractive for the delicate variety of types and of expressions introduced; it is also a graphic representation of the inherent differences 'twixt the downright simple Tyrolese and the arch, innately-refined Italians, who, even as beggars in filthy rags, bear about them that indefinable air which is given to them by the centuries of civilisation they have had in advance of their rude northern neighbours. "The Ball on the Alp" is pure Tyrol. The moment chosen is doubtless the end of the summer, when the flocks are led down again to the valley and the huts are shut up for the winter. Then shepherds and shepherdesses, their produce garnered, their herds successfully reared, meet to celebrate their return to the haunts of men and the relative civilisation of village life. The picture breathes a robust gaiety. But "The Last Muster" is the best, artistically, of all—is in some respects the painter's masterpiece. It represents a scene in the wars of the Tyrolese liberation when it was found needful to call out to active service even the veterans who can only be summoned to arms on an emergency of life and death. The scene is a village street, through which these patriarchs are defiling, armed with reaping-hooks, scythes beaten straight, ploughshares, and pitchforks. The women and children of the hamlet watch them eagerly and anxiously. There are no men left but a cripple and one desperately wounded. It is a moving work, but it is entirely free from any attempt at depicting pathos, that sentiment to which the peasant is a stranger. It is a sort of folk-painting, as certain heroic ballads are folk-songs.

Defregger returned to Munich, where he bought for himself a house and large garden in the palatial Königstrasse. In this garden he built a studio, and here he painted fast and well. With a number of *genre* scenes of life in the Tyrolese Alps, he produced the "Visit," which found such favour in the Paris Exhibition of 1878:

two women who come to call on their friend's first baby; a conventional theme saved from insipidity by the artist's naïveté. Far more worthy and important is "The Return of the Victors," a sort of pendant to "The Last Muster," by which Defregger is represented in the Berlin National Gallery. Here again the heroic character of the Tyrolese is depicted with masterly knowledge; their deep seriousness, their unselfish devotion. The street through which they pass is much like that of "The Last Muster"—long and narrow, bordered by the half-stone, half-wooden houses of the Alps, with a luscious peep of green fir-woods and glistening glaciers beyond.

The success of this picture, completed in 1876, enabled Defregger to gratify a long-cherished desire, and paint the last moments of his hero, Andreas Hofer. To this end he produced a series of studies which are among his most powerful attempts. In the picture itself all his love for simple heroism, for ideal moments, found full scope. It has been said of him with great truth that he is the optimist among painters; he never limns vice or vulgarity; he knows how to extract from the lowest village scene its higher essence. In its details the work is perhaps not so wholly successful as its predecessors; but the principal figure, of the hero marching to his death, is one that graves itself indelibly into the memory. It is significant that the picture was bought neither in Austria nor in the Tyrol, but wandered into the Königsberg Museum. The second Hofer picture was, however, painted by order of the Emperor of Austria on the occasion of his silver wedding. It represents Hofer in the Castle of Innsbruck, receiving a general's commission from the Emperor. Although excellently carried out, the whole impression is neither as harmonious nor as elevating as that of the first work.

That an artist inspired so successfully by religion and patriotism should still recur to the most trivial of domestic incidents for his subjects is a fact very characteristic of a native of those much-beloved highlands of the Austrian borderland. In those Tyrolese hills domestic life is dear to the farmer; the home is realised as the very heart of the State—the sanctuary to guard which the political system and the ramparts of the mountains are instituted and kept standing by heaven and the law. To mountaineers all the incidents of cottage life are precious; the painter of such is as much inspired by patriotism as is the painter of the strenuous and intense Tyrolese public history. Add to this the truth that outside the artist's country the world of Europe is always amiably interested in the children and the daily labours of the peasant, and that the buyer is included in that world of mild connoisseurs, and it is not difficult to understand why Franz Defregger has chosen to be very widely known by "A Domestic Catastrophe," "Sisters and Brothers," and "In the Tyrolese Highlands." The first is a slightly humorous rendering of an incident that calls forth emotions in man, woman, child, and dog—in all, indeed, except the old man and the infant, who keep aloof in their own quiet way from the tragedies and comedies of the household. In "Sister and Brothers" Defregger gives a group in the repose of childish occupations. And in the scene in the wayside inn parlour we



ANDREAS HOFER IN THE HOFBURG AT INNSBRÜCK.

have a hackneyed motive enough—passages of raillery touched with flirtation between tourists and the solid-checked inn-maiden. The Tyrol is over-run, or rather over-walked, by tourists of all the travelling nations, and in every inn there are rosy Hebes. In this instance it is the Hebe who is accepting a little cup of nectar from the traveller's flask. Her admirer in the background has doubts as to the propriety of the joke, and is hesitating whether he shall openly resent the too free manners of the laughing guests.

The execution of Defregger's pictures is at times a little careless, notwithstanding his great technical skill. His colour is that of the Munich school, rather pronounced and a trifle hard. His greatest gift, after his good heart, is his power of dramatic representation. Another of his qualities is that he has not only humour but a genuine spirit of fun. He is not less attractive in his smaller works than in his more ambitious. A deep feeling for and sympathetic insight into the poetry of family life distinguish him. As for his insight into the character of animals, especially of dogs and horses, whether he will yet carry out his desire to turn from all these themes and become a purely religious painter remains to be seen. It seems to us doubtful. The world does not make it easy for a successful man to change his course, to take up a new line of activity; it demands from a finished master that which it knows and is assured will prove excellent.

We have said that it is in the Königstrasse of Munich that Defregger has made his home. This street lies near the pretty part of the town known as the English Garden, and consists of a single row of detached villas, each of which the owner has built according to his idiosyncrasy. Defregger's is in the style, half Italian Renaissance and half Tyrolese homestead, that distinguishes the houses around the Adige valley. The interior is decorated with early German furniture, such as the Tyrol shows to this day: old carved cupboards, majolica vases, painted earthenware stoves, brass and pewter pots, and what not besides. One of his rooms is an actual fac-simile of a Tyrolese peasant parlour.





NO UNWELCOME GUEST.

FRANCIS D. MILLET.

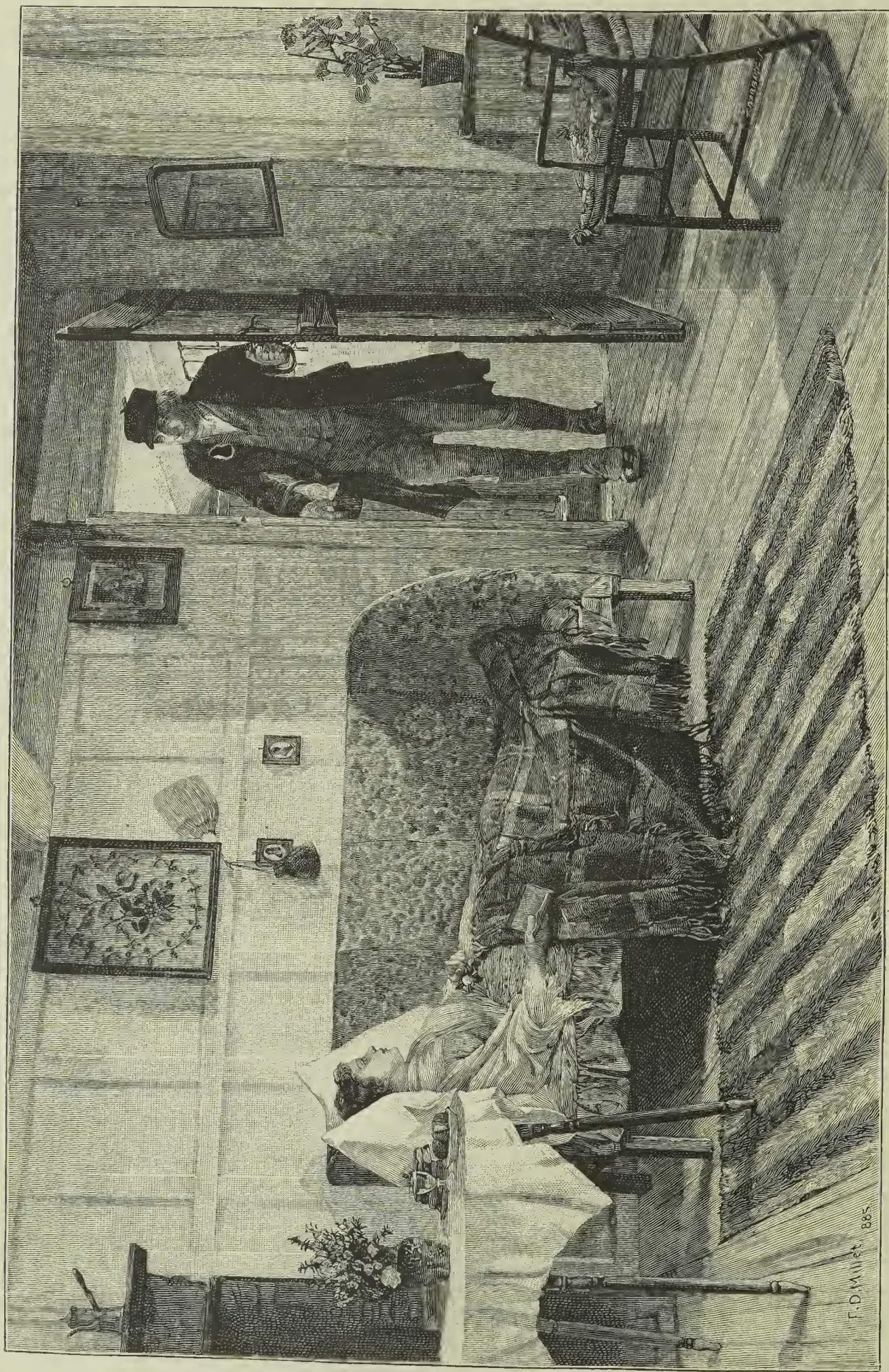
THE American school has few more cosmopolitan members than Mr. F. D. Millet, who has studied in their own cities the masters of Italy, the Netherlands, France, and England, and has enjoyed interchange with contemporary painters and students in Vienna, New York, Paris, Rome, and London, keeping everywhere his thoughts as observant as his eyes. Born at Mattapoisett, Massachusetts—and therefore in the most honourable sense of the word a Yankee—about the middle of the century, Mr. Millet went for his art training to the Royal Academy of Arts at Antwerp, where he studied under Van Lierus and de Keyser, gaining the silver and gold medals of honour respectively in 1872 and 1873. His choice has been divided between *genre* and portraits, and some of the foremost of his countrymen have been his sitters. At the National Academy at New York he exhibited in 1877, for instance, two portraits of which Mr. Bayard Taylor wrote as follows:

“In the North Room we first encounter Mr. Millet’s portrait of Charles Francis Adams, Junior. This and the portrait of Mark Twain (Mr. Samuel L. Clemens) at

the other end of the room, are his only contributions. The latter, owing to its subject, is the more characteristic. Both portraits are excellent, yet with higher flesh-tints than the originals; the figures are solid, detach themselves immediately from the background, and are a refreshing contrast to the dim vapoury forms which some portrait-painters give us."

There is a certain elementariness in the writer's appreciation of figures that "detach themselves immediately from the background;" but the opinion, whatever it may be worth in itself, may be taken as a sign of the artist's standing among his countrymen. And a more striking sign is that he was selected as the American Art Juror at the International Exhibition at Paris in 1878. His picture of the Bay of Naples was at the Brussels Salon in 1875, and represented the artist at the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia in the following year. Our illustrations are from two *genre* pictures in which are apparent, even in the black-and-white reproductions, some specially pleasant qualities—among them an uncommon grace in the drawing of the figures, and a sense of the charm of space and of sparing but well-put-in detail. Both interiors are in themselves interesting. And the figure of the "guest" himself in the first illustration is singularly easy and elegant in conception and drawing. Mr. Millet shows also his ability in illumination. The motives are of the best kind of narrative subjects; that is, they tell a story without being the illustration of a story; they need no explanation, and the little incidents represented belong to every time. Thus, without being mere "arrangements" of this or that colour or light-effect, they are strictly pictorial and not literary in conception.

And Mr. Millet is doubtless all the more strict in keeping his pictures within pictorial limitations, as he has an exceptional command of literary as well as of artistic form. He has done good work in journalism, and in some of his magazine papers there is a note of experience combined with a moderation of expression which make literary strength. "Fugitive" writers, as well as those who work for lasting interests, may be broadly divided into the class which writes without the mental experience and, in amends for that, makes as much effect as possible with words; and the class which puts its mental experience into a quiet vocabulary. The former takes its matter ready made. The latter has lived, whether actually or in vital processes of individual imagination, through all that it presents. Mr. F. D. Millet belongs to the latter class, and this quality of truth is evident in all the journalism and other literary sketching which seems slight to a hasty reader. Besides this characteristic, his writing shows the habit of intelligent *seeing* which belongs to the artist and which is of so much value to the describer and narrator. Mr. Millet has both eye and thought. In simple but powerful sentences, for instance, he has sketched a phase of the Russo-Turkish war—the passage of the Balkans—and after making his reader feel for one moment something of the realities of war (for such realisations come only by moments) he adds: "Unfortunately for her, Turkey has no literature to chronicle, no art to perpetuate, the heroism of her defenders." He



T. D. Millet. 885

THE GRANDDAUGHTER.

has made his reader feel, and now he makes him think. The inimitable touch of experience comes in where the writer tells us how he marched in the cold and in garments soaked with rain and flood, holding his arms away from his sides to prevent the increased sense of wet contact. Much of the same kind is to be found in the curious little story of "Yatil" which Mr. Millet published in the *Century Magazine*; and there too are to be discovered slight passages of humour, not insisted upon, let go almost as soon as caught, and all the more enjoyable for that slightness. In fact he writes so well, and with so much evident benefit from his studies and practice as a painter, that as in reading of Mr. Boughton's rambles with his dog in English fields, we have wished that painters and terriers would oftener give us their impressions in the place of those of mere writers, so we have also desired to have more American *genre*-painters and portrait-painters doing special correspondentship in Eastern Europe.

Mr. Millet's work in his own particular and chosen art is to be seen in the principal international gatherings of pictures in the several centres of the Continent. Munich, as well as Antwerp and Paris, has his canvases in its collections.





A QUESTION OF RENT.

YEEND KING.

AMONG the young painters who have inherited nothing of the insular and *arriéré* art of the last generation, but have been educated from the first in better conditions, Mr. Yeend King has won a place of his own. Born in 1855, he certainly made his *début* in the world when English painting was in a condition dowdy and dull beyond description; when there was practically no interchange of feeling and teaching between England and France; when our self-satisfied island had no wish to be "in touch" with international movements; and when all the real life which our art possessed was due to the rather grotesque "pre-Raphaelites," who were in touch with nothing more living than the work of the fifteenth century. But to be born in the ebb of 1855 means to come of age in the full flood of 1876; and 1876 was, as nearly as possible, the time when the last silly and disastrous traditions of protection in art ideas and of restrictions in educational interchange had passed away. By that time a very large proportion of our young painters were training in French studios and among companions of all nationalities in the French fields. And of those who remained in England it may be said that international ideas were so much "in the air" that their influences were felt even in the lecture-room of the Academy and even in the Life at South Kensington.

Mr. Yeend King went to Paris and entered "L'Atelier Bonnat," where, under the "patron" of the place, the painter of the "Job," "St. Vincent de Paul," the "Christ," the "Victor Hugo," so much of the young talent of the world has been fostered, directed, and stimulated. M. Bonnat's personality is a stimulating one, and has its effect as well as his admirable method. Modesty, energy, and straightforward frankness, are the "patron's" chief characteristics. In person he is not tall, but well-built and muscular, with a firm step, clear, earnest eyes, and features rather of the Spanish than the French type. His method of teaching is as simple and decided as his appearance. The students are left entirely to their own devices during the first day of the week; on the second the "patron" comes round to see how they have blocked-in their studies, and again on the last to see what they have made of them. His plan is to leave each pupil absolutely free to follow his own inclinations in all matters pertaining to choice of subject, method of work, and materials; and whether they do a study of a head, a half-length, or an entire figure, whether they work in charcoal, in red or black chalk, or in colour, is all the same to him, so long as he thinks they are doing their best. His attention is always directed to the study as a whole, and he is a cheery and encouraging critic—always praising when he conscientiously can, but always telling the students very decidedly what is bad in their work. So unostentatiously does he enter, that often only those near the door, who see him come in, know he is in the studio, unless they guess it from the sudden subsidence of the usual hubbub, or hear the whisper passed round, "Le patron y est!" Once in, he goes straight at his work of criticism and correction, of which each pupil gets on an average four or five minutes at each visit. He whose turn has come suddenly hears over his shoulder, in rapid and rather staccato utterance, some such phrase as this: "That's not bad; but . . . you must look at the figure more as a whole;" and then he points out the faults of proportion which prevent the *ensemble*, the "swabble," from being good. He is very particular that the gesture of the figure should be true, and that the type and character of face and form should be emphasised, even if ugly in Nature. He always seems in earnest in what he says; and so it may be imagined how glad the pupil is to hear him say, as if he meant it, "The figure, as a whole, is very good;" or, "The likeness is capital;" or, "The action of the figure is very well rendered;" or even now and then, "That's a good study." If ever he does give thus much praise he seems never to forget it, and is sure, weeks afterwards, if that particular student's work falls off in essentials, to bring it up in judgment against him, saying, "You can do better than that."

Mr. Yeend King worked also in the studio of M. Fernand Cormon, the medalist and Salon prize-winner.

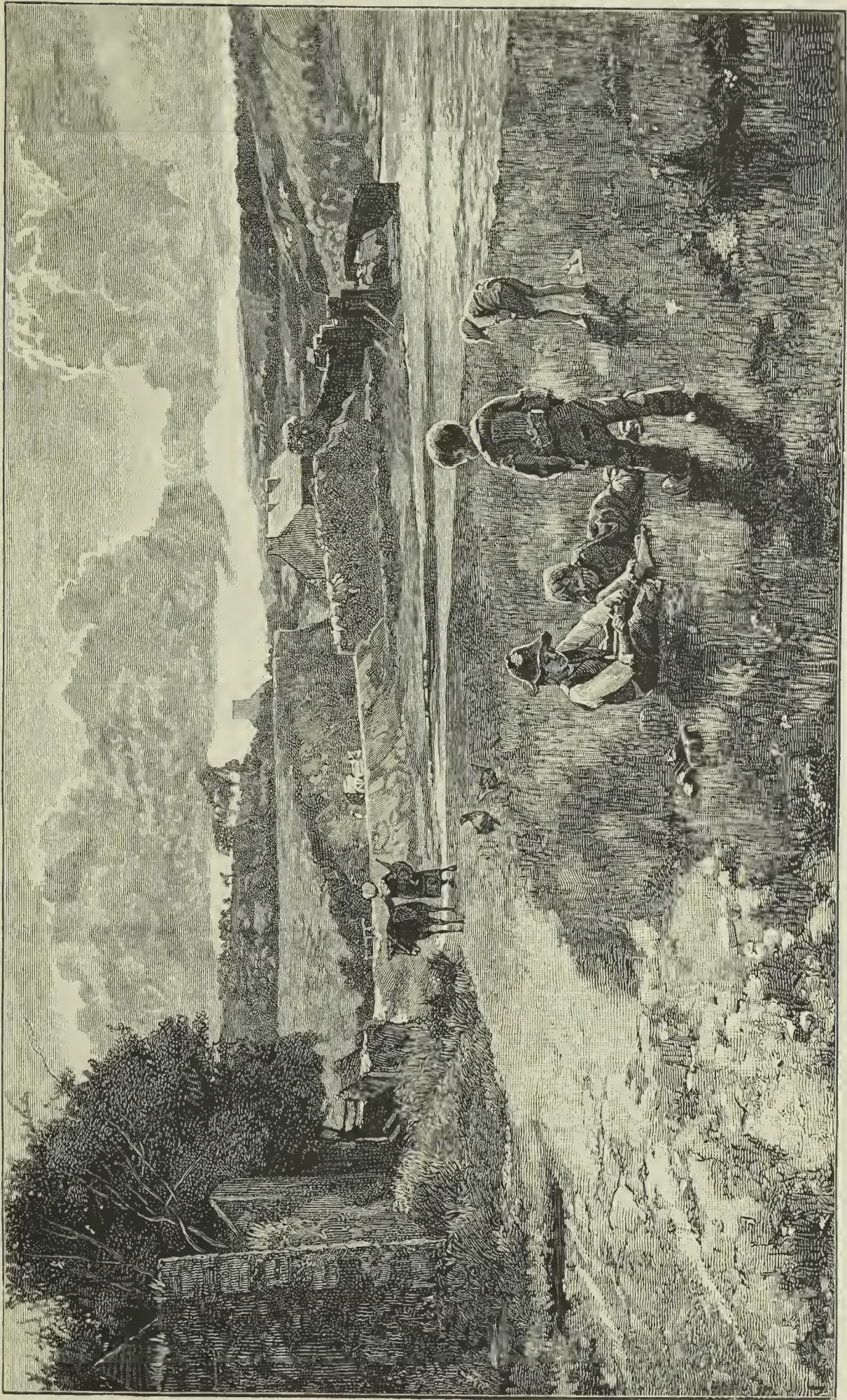
The young artist's distinction of style and truth of observation quickly gained recognition. In 1879 he was elected a member of the Society of British Artists, and in the same year he had at the Royal Academy a poetic picture, "Up Hill and Down Dale," followed next season by "Birds of a Feather," and in 1880 by

"Alone" and "Saints and Sinners." The latter is a bright English landscape, with two last-century ladies making their way, conscious of virtue, to the Sunday service; the "sinners" are the idle fishermen who lean over the village bridge, and the tramps who sit, hopelessly and resignedly "out of it," by the road-side. Both pictures—in common, indeed, with all Mr. Yeend King's work—have that pleasantness of execution and charm of touch which we must as a nation confess that we owe to foreign example. "Too Late," in 1881, was followed by "Con Amore," "A Thames Backwater," "One Silver Summer's Morning," "Three Score and Ten," "A Merry Heart Lightens Labour," "Streatley," "On the Medway," and "Memories."

To the Suffolk Street galleries Mr. Yeend King contributed "Le Quillier" and "Freshwater Sailors," the charming subject of one of our illustrations; and to the Grosvenor Gallery, in 1887, "The Poet and the Peasant." "A Question of Rent" is, as usual with this painter, a delicate and true landscape, with figures having a character and an expression—figures which are subordinate in scale only, and by no means in the power with which they are drawn and the cleverness in arrangement with which they are put in.

To some charming work in black-and-white, done among the village streets and orchards of Brittany, Mr. Yeend King has added a few notes on an artist's "Round in France." After a protest against the practice of painters who, in choosing their subjects, seem to be guided by the discovery of "empty tubes and old paint-rags"—so resolved are they to paint what has been painted before—he proceeds:

"To those actuated by the feeling that they wish to find the picturesque for themselves, and spend a holiday either tramping or cycling, a route into Brittany nearly following the coast line may be suggested. If the start be from Paris, the line to Granville might be chosen, and the train abandoned at Flers, for the purpose of visiting Mortain. The road thence is charming, lined as it is with farm-houses and cottages, which are beautifully out of repair, and most artistically neglected. There is nothing at all bold in the landscape, the only inducement which could possibly take one the same route again being the recollection of the sweet variety of rustic forms that were passed, and of which no two were alike. At Mortain itself the character of the country changes very suddenly, the near approach to the town being marked by a gigantic crag, which seems to have been planted by the roadside for the express purpose of causing speculation, and making an advertising agent's mouth water at the splendid opportunity it would afford for his powers. A steep ascent takes you into the town, and the valley which runs beneath, with its two picturesque cascades and glimpses of river, is very Welsh in its general feeling. A very pleasant summer might be spent in this tiny town. The orchards that line the slope are beautiful in the later year, and must, without doubt, give some splendid suggestions of subject when in blossom, for the town is always peeping over, through, or under the boughs, and the silver haze of smoke, changing with



FRESH-WATER SAILORS.

every effect of sunshine, gives an idea of atmosphere that is most fairylike. Should Mont Saint-Michel prove too strong an attraction to one who has never been there, it can be reached by way of Pontorson or Avranches. The country soon becomes uninteresting after leaving Mortain, and the road running between straight rows of poplars only gains a kind of savage grandeur between Pontorson and the Mont when approaching the sea."

Seeing all with the same single eye of the artist, Mr. Yeend King follows the route by Dol, Dinan, Lamballe, St. Brieux, Quentin, Corlay, and so on to Finis-terre. Of St. Brieux he says:—

"It is, like Rouen, too busy to be worked in with comfort. This is exasperating, as in one or two of the old streets subjects are to be found that perhaps are not equalled elsewhere. One sees under an old house a stall (it cannot be called a shop), open to the street, its pillars and panels most elaborately carved, and dating from the fifteenth or sixteenth century, its counter bestrewn with brazen pots and pans, and the smith appearing and disappearing behind them, as the ruddy flame of his forge leaps and dies again."

It is, perhaps, not altogether needless to add that not all the charming nature and life, sun and haze, of Brittany will confer on him who goes there for subjects the sincerity of the eyes and the sensitiveness of the hand which can make good pictures out of them. As with other things, a painter will bring away from Brittany chiefly what he takes to it.





Mr. Sant
James Sant

(From a Photograph by Messrs. Negretti and Zambra.)

JAMES SANT, R.A.

TO record the names alone of the distinguished people who sit to a portrait-painter of Mr. Sant's popularity and experience would fill columns. Beyond, therefore, referring as chronologically as may be to a few of the most noteworthy of his sitters, no attempt will be made in this outline of his career to give a complete account or list of his works.

James Sant, created "Principal Painter in Ordinary to the Queen" in 1871, first saw the light at Croydon, in Surrey, on April 23rd, 1820, and within such a span of years it would have been hardly possible, perhaps, for any artist in the pursuit of his profession to have come into contact with a greater number of distinguished men, and noble and beautiful women, or to have been more completely absorbed, as it were, by that circle of society into which his vocation led him.

By the time he was eight years of age the instinct which stirs a youngster to demonstrate, automatically though it may be, the propensities which are in

him, began to assert itself, and the first evidence of the artist appeared in the following fashion:—It seems there was extant in the family a sketch in pencil by Edwin Landseer, made at Duppas Hill, Croydon, of young Sant's paternal grandfather, an old gentleman of eighty, mounted on a certain wonderful cob. The child became fascinated to a remarkable degree by this drawing, and after the manner of his *genus* in such cases was for ever making rude attempts to copy it. He never grew tired of the amusement—it was his love, his delight; and by degrees, after dozens of attempts, he produced a really admirable copy.

“This was my first love in art,” says Mr. Sant, “and I really think I imbibed my first taste for it from this fact.” The power which he thus discovered he possessed of reproducing the likeness of a person of whom, doubtless, he was very fond, and with whose personal appearance and characteristics his observant boyish eyes were thoroughly familiar, was sufficient to lend additional zest to the pursuit, and may have started that inclination towards portraiture which has resulted in the achievement by the painter of his present position. However this may be, the incident is surely an interesting and appropriate one for the outset of a portrait-painter's life, and as Landseer's original sketch has been perpetuated by the burin of Charles Turner, A.R.A., an eminent engraver of those days, it is natural to suppose that it possesses a significance in the Sant family beyond its mere artistic merits. The natural bent towards art displayed by the painter in his early days was first fostered and cultivated by that eminent patriarch of the English school of painting, John Varley, whilst later on another renowned master, Sir A. Callcott, R.A., carried forward by his refined instruction the good work begun by Varley. Thus prepared, young Sant became a student at the Royal Academy, and during the course of the four years in which he worked at the schools in Trafalgar Square laid the foundation for that success which has been so marked a feature in the history of modern portraiture.

When he was fairly launched on his career, his marriage, in 1851, with the daughter of the late Dr. R. M. W. Thomson, Staff-Surgeon, Calcutta, must have had no small influence in confirming the bent of his mind, and in keeping up the tone of elegant refinement in which it was moulded by Nature. All who have the privilege of the lady's acquaintance will be fully convinced of this.

Very rarely is it that a young artist starts with the idea of becoming a portrait-painter only. He generally drifts into it by reason of some early success in making a likeness, and eventually, by the mere force of circumstances, abandons himself all but entirely to this lucrative branch of art. Such has been the case conspicuously with our present subject, who, years ago, found himself obliged to yield to the force of fashionable favour which pressed in upon him from all sides, allowing him by degrees less and less opportunity for exercising his ability as a painter of subject pictures. One can hardly fail to regret this to some extent when one recalls a certain grace which he infused into such early works as “Dick Whittington,” “The Infant Samuel” (painted in 1853), “Little Red Riding Hood,” “Morning and

Evening," "She never told her love," "Harmony," "The Young Minstrels," "Saxon Women," "The Boy Shakespeare," "The Miller's Daughter," "Young Steele," &c. The engravings from many of these, however, afford pleasing and lasting proofs of the range of Mr. Sant's abilities, whilst the skill he displays in the treatment of child-life, by which he is so widely known, renders all his portraits of children nearly as attractive to the stranger as they can possibly be to the friends and relatives of the little sitters themselves. The same may also be said of some of his pictures of people of larger growth, for he never omits to introduce any appropriate incident which can heighten the popularity of the canvas, and which in many instances has the effect of turning into subject pictures what in less cunning hands would be nothing more than ordinary likenesses of ladies or gentlemen. We may point to an example of this, as displayed in the picture (painted 1858) of Lord Cardigan bending over a map and explaining the charge of Balaklava to the Prince Consort, the Royal Children, the Duchess of Wellington, and Lord Rivers, in the corridor of Windsor Castle. So far back as 1861 there was exhibited at the French Gallery what is known as the Strawberry Hill collection of Mr. Sant's works. These consisted of portraits of twenty-two friends and relatives of the late Countess of Waldegrave, amongst whom, besides the lady herself, for whom the rest were painted, were the Duchess of Sutherland, the Marchioness of Westminster, the Lady Constance Grosvenor, the Countess of Shaftesbury, the Duke and Duchess d'Aumale, the Duchess of Wellington, the Duchess of Devonshire, the Earl and Countess of Clarendon, Lord Lyndhurst, the Marchioness of Clanricarde, M. Van de Weyer the Belgian Minister, Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe, Countess Morley, Earl Grey, and Bishop Wilberforce.

Here in itself we have a wealth of blue blood sufficient to link renown with the name of any artist to whom the task of portraying fair women and brave men falls as a career, and we can understand that the Royal Academicians were glad to be able conscientiously to add the fashionable portrait-painter to the ranks of their Associates, as they did soon after the exhibition of the Strawberry Hill collection in 1861.

Naturally the professional life of a man in this position would seem to lie over a path of roses. It is one ever increasing, we may imagine, in the pleasure of its surroundings, albeit to chronicle each step might be tedious. That one, however, which brought Mr. Sant on to the firm ground of full membership of the Royal Academy must be noted. It was in 1870 that he achieved this distinction, due, of course, mainly to a succession of meritorious portraits, but also in no small degree to a picture exhibited in the preceding year (1869) of some Mentonese children, and called "Applicants for a Sou," of which we are happy to be able, through the artist's kindness, to present an engraving. It is a matter for congratulation that he never quite abandons his old love, and gives us from time to time, as in this instance, beautiful and characteristic heads which, not being mere portraits, have their own poetic tale to tell, woven for them by Mr. Sant, from his inner

artistic consciousness. The same year the Princess Beatrice and the late Duke of Albany both sat to him; and in 1871, on his appointment as Court painter, he was



APPLICANTS FOR A SOU--MENTONESE CHILDREN.

very naturally commissioned to paint a picture of Her Majesty with the Prince of Wales' three eldest children—and also a portrait of the Queen for the Turkish

Embassy. Amongst other contributions in 1871, which included portraits of Viscount Sandon and Earl Russell, we had another of his charming imaginative fancy subjects in the shape of his diploma picture, entitled "The Schoolmaster's Daughter." In 1872 he had executed the royal commission, and the portrait of the Queen, with the Princes Albert Victor and George and the Princess Victoria of Wales, was of course the most noteworthy of the canvases he exhibited that year. Portraits alone marked 1873, but in 1874 one of the prettiest and most fascinating of Mr. Sant's interpretations of child-life appeared. This was entitled "Peaches," and from the conspicuous position it occupied on the walls of Burlington House, and from the general admiration which it elicited, will still be fresh in the memory of most observant visitors, for it must have tempted many, if not to steal the dainty fruit, at least to kiss the sweet baby face which rivalled it in bloom. Portrait as it was of his own youngest child, it was yet a great deal more, and the canvas formed a striking example of Mr. Sant's peculiar gift in grasping all that is lovable and beautiful in a child's face. From that year hardly an Academy exhibition has been without a quasi-subject picture from our painter's facile hand. Alternating with the counterfeit presentments of more fair women or their lords, amongst whom we find the names of "Mrs. Johnston Stansfeld," "Mademoiselle Zaré Thalberg," "Lady Marjoribanks of Ladykirk," "The Lady Harlech," "Mrs. W. B. Eastwood and Children," "Mrs. Surtees of Redworth," "Lady Frances Bushby," "John Monckton, Esq." (painted for the Town Hall, Manchester, by public subscription), "The Lord Glamis," "Major Le Gendre of Huntroyde," "The Hon. Mortimer Tolle-mache," &c.—alternating, we say, with these portraits and others, Mr. Sant has,



THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY.

during the past five years, added largely to his reputation by giving us canvases the character of which may be guessed by those who have not been fortunate enough to see them, from such titles as "The Early Post," "Maidens should be mild and meek, swift to hear and slow to speak," "Gleanings," "Little Sarah," and "Adversity." This last-named picture, which has become very generally known from



GENIUS IS HEAVEN-BORN.

(By Permission of W. Evans, Esq., Darley Abbey, Derby.)

its many and varied reproductions, is suggestive of pathos and tenderness of feeling. It shows that his powers are far from limited to expressing mere superficial traits and beauties.

It has been well said by a thoughtful writer, that "a portrait-painter has all the advantages an historian can have, with a task incomparably less arduous, his subject being so definite, and of such narrow compass." Farther on he continues, "The artist has the features set before him, and is to breathe life and characteristic expression into them: a life which shall have the calm of permanence, not the fitful flush of the moment; an expression which shall exhibit the entire and en-

during character, not the casual predominance of any one temporary feeling." An example of how Mr. Sant carries out this expression of the aim of portraiture is afforded by our illustration, "Portrait of a Lady," as all who have ever seen the original will admit. The imaginative side of Mr. Sant's powers also completely tallies with the views held on this head by the same writer. "When the artist makes use of a living head, however, in representing one of his dramatical or poetical personages, he does not set it on the canvas in its bare outward reality, but idealises it. He takes its general form and outlines, and animates it with the character and feelings which he wishes to express, purifying it from whatever is at variance with them." One of the best examples of this practice is the

beautiful ideal study of a boy—"Genius is Heaven-born"—in which the eyes, cast in a mysterious shadow, and all the delicate young features are used as the mere vessels of thought and spirit.

Decidedly imbued with the spirit of some of the best of our earlier portrait-painters, but without falling into plagiarism, Mr. Sant imparts to all he touches a pleasant sense of refinement and high breeding. He contrives to bring into prominent light the purest and most lovable characteristics of his various sitters, making you say to yourself involuntarily, after looking at his work, "What nice people Mr. Sant always gets to sit to him!" His children, we repeat, are simply delightful, and it is impossible not to surmise that the delineation of child-life, with its unstudied grace and perfect freedom from self-consciousness, is especially congenial to him. Indeed, the domesticity of his nature, and the frank affectionate tone which pervades his family circle, would lead all who have the privilege of looking in upon it to understand why he paints as he does. The essence of an artist's labours not unfrequently, in a subtle sense, resembles himself, his home, and its surroundings, besides being the outcome of his character and inner life. Upon the canvases of our painter this spirit is distinctly visible, and not seldom something more than the spirit, for it would be impossible that he should not avail himself professionally of the resources granted to him in the faces that cluster round his fireside.

Looking back over Mr. Sant's numerous well-known and much appreciated works, we cannot wonder that he took his place long ago in a high rank of his profession. He has gauged his own powers most completely, and has not perilled his reputation by attempts at sensational domestic scenes or grand historical groups.

He may fairly rest content with the knowledge that the young generations to come will point with delight and pleasure to the portraits of their mothers and grandmothers which he has limned, and with a little smile of secret self-complacency will hope that they have inherited a share of that beauty and grace so pleasantly handed down to them by the dexterous and brilliant brush of James Sant, R.A.



RAIMUNDO DE MADRAZO.



MASKS AND FACES.

THE artist whose name stands at the head of this article has been the most generally famous of contemporary Spanish painters since the death of Mariano Fortuny. It was in every way appropriate that Madrazo should step into the place of the painter of the "Vicaria" as far as that was possible. They had been comrades in their youth, and later they became connected by marriage. Fortuny's wife was a sister of Madrazo's. In the course of their long and intimate friendship it was inevitable that Madrazo should be influenced by the brilliant chief of the modern Spanish school; but he is no mere imitator, otherwise he had been totally unfitted to be Fortuny's successor in office. Indeed, Raimundo de Madrazo's originality had been recognised while his brother-in-law was yet alive. The more independent kind of critics had already discovered that he too was a force in art, but it was not until the general exhibition of 1878 that his whole power was seen. Now he is undoubtedly the best known of the artists of his nation, and holds his place as the most brilliant of a clever school.

As Don Raimundo is still alive (and may God preserve him many years—"Que Dios le guarde muchos años," as his countrymen say), his



COQUELIN IN "L'ETOURDI."

(From the Painting by Madrazo. By Permission of M. Constant Coquelin.)

biography neither can nor ought to be written with any detail. The leading facts, however, are known, and with their help and some slight knowledge of his surroundings in youth, it is possible to form a tolerably satisfactory picture of his career. He is then, to begin with, an artist by descent, the son of a distinguished painter. It is easy to conceive of circumstances under which this hereditary connection with art would have been a misfortune. Had he been a weaker man he might never have escaped from the studio in which he played as a child. If his father had been a greater man, Madrazo's originality might equally have suffered. As a matter of fact, however, his early connection with art has been a great benefit to him. His hand and eye no doubt became familiarised with the tools of his trade from infancy. He wasted no years on uncongenial tasks, and was not compelled to force his way into the world of art in spite of the opposition of his family, as many other men have had to do. The benefit has not perhaps been wholly unmixed. The world of art is large, but the studio is apt to be miserably narrow. A man may well grow up in one a mere workman, taking no interest in anything which has not a visible connection with brushes and canvas. Madrazo has not wholly escaped the influences of the workshop. It would be easy to show from his work that he has lost not a little from the want of wider culture. Much of his painting is mere clever workmanship in which manual dexterity is everything, and the subject is destitute of poetry or human sympathy. But regret for this narrowness of training is modified in his case by two considerations. As a Spaniard and a Madrileño he had very little to learn from any general education he could have received. Nothing indeed can be more superficial than the training given in Spanish schools and universities. Those who come away from them wholly uninfluenced are the most fortunate of their pupils. If Raimundo de Madrazo grew up without such general culture as his native country can afford, he at least learnt his business thoroughly.

It must also be remembered that his father's studio is an anteroom to one of the greatest provinces in the world of art. Don Francisco de Madrazo is not only a portrait-painter of distinction, but is and long has been the director of the famous Museo del Prado. For an artist the neighbourhood of such a collection of pictures is in itself a liberal education. The name of Madrazo has been connected with this famous gallery from its foundation in the reign of Ferdinand VII. A José de Madrazo (or perhaps he had no "de," the noble particle being a thing most Spaniards affect when prosperity smiles on them) was one of the first artists employed in forming it. In common with several of his fellow-artists he drew down the savage satire of Richard Ford for his complicity, real or supposed, in the scandalous "restoration" of certain Murillos, which were scraped and flayed out of all knowledge. Since those days of ignorance the family of Madrazo has come to take sounder views of the treatment due to the masters.

Under the guidance of a father who was eminently competent to put him in the right path, Raimundo de Madrazo doubtless got the most out of the Museo. It is also only fair, after reflecting on the flashy and superficial character of modern

Spanish education, to note the fact that Spanish art-schools are often respectable. There are good drawing-schools not only in Madrid, but in several of the provincial towns, which give scholarships and help students to go to Rome. Fortuny learnt his rudiments in the obscure little town of Reus, his native place, in Catalonia, and passed from there to Barcelona. In most of these schools the training in drawing was classical and severe, and they do not appear to have degenerated as yet. The young Madrazo, brought up at the head-quarters of Spanish art-education, must have been trained in the most thorough way. His work now is as little classical as need be, but the effects of an early drilling in a regard for form are sufficiently visible. Like other young Spaniards, he finished his education in Paris. We are told, and indeed some of his pictures show it plainly enough, that he has been in Italy, but it must have been as a trained painter. Although there is a Spanish academy at Rome, and many painters of that nation settle there, Paris is their final school and their head-quarters. Madrazo finished his apprenticeship under Léon Cogniet, an artist who seems to leave his pupils severely alone. This experience ended, he began painting on his own account. He probably owed it to his father's influence that he was employed when a young man to paint a ceiling of Queen Isabel's hotel in Paris. Mariano Fortuny was employed in a similar task by the same patron, and they worked together. Having once got a good chance of showing his power, Madrazo rapidly made his way. For a time he was overshadowed by his brilliant friend, but from the first he had a recognised place of his own, and since the exhibition of 1878 he has been an acknowledged leader. The rest of his life, even if we knew it, would doubtless be a record of quiet, steady work, and journeys undertaken in search of subjects or new experience.

There is one fact which meets us on the very threshold in our attempt to make a critical estimate of Madrazo's work. Although he is a thorough Spaniard, he is by habitat a French artist. Like well-nigh every painter of his nation who has any spark of genius, he lives and works in exile. Spain is proud of her artists, will give them their training and praise them lavishly when dead; but she will not or cannot find them the very large quantities of bread and butter required by the modern painter who is able to find a market. This cannot fairly be attributed to poverty. Spain is indeed poor in spite, or perhaps because, of continual bragging about her inexhaustible resources; but there is much stored-up wealth in some of the cities, and money can always be found to build showy houses, and buy jewels. Still larger quantities are lost at the gambling-table. The real explanation of the neglect is the simple one that the Spaniards, though they support schools and produce painters, and glory exceedingly in their popularity abroad, love money far too well to part with it for anything artistic but portraits. It inevitably follows that only the third and fourth rate men stay in Spain, and they have to eke out an arduous existence with the help of photography and lesson-giving. When, a few years ago, a Catalan manufacturer of exceptional liberality bought two



MY MODEL

water-colours from a young countryman who had just returned from Rome, he obliged the artist to give him a solemn promise never to reveal the name of the purchaser. The precaution was needed to defend him against the rush of applications from native talent which would have followed the astounding announcement that a moneyed man living in the town had actually bought a picture. From a purely commercial point of view the painters who have contrived to get a hold on a foreign and particularly on the London market may have no reason to complain. Artistically they cannot but suffer. The temptation to settle down into a purely artificial studio-world in Rome or Paris is generally too strong for them, and they end by losing all hold on reality, and placidly turning out mere prettinesses, or bits of smartness in colour, which are *tours de force* and nothing else.

Raimundo de Madrazo has escaped the fate of so many of his fellow-countrymen to a considerable extent. Much of his work is no doubt merely frivolous and smart. He has painted one smiling female model in a domino almost *ad nauseam*. The Dresden China Shepherdess, or some such fancy dress figure which we have given here, is a very fair specimen of the quite frivolous side of his art. Nothing can well be smarter than this little drawing. In its way the Mask's combination of knowing innocence and coquetry is perfect. The striped dress, the mantle, the furs, and all the rest of the costume are clever in the last degree. Like the masked ball itself, it is one of those things which it is well to see once in a way, but which become duller than the dullest work with familiarity. Even in his more ambitious efforts, such as the "After the Ball," there is a good deal of mere painting of studio "properties." But there is also life. He is partly saved by his genius for colour. With Madrazo colouring is not, what it has become with the more slavish followers of Fortuny, a mere matter of trickery. He does not laboriously cover canvases with pigments just to show how he can put crimson on red without being merely gaudy, or make white stand out against white. The French Gallery in London has contained, among many of his works, one picture by him which gave a bright idea of his work at its best. The subject was one of the familiar boudoir scenes dear to his school: a girl playing a guitar, and a group of listeners. There was, as usual, an excess of mere furniture, but then it was made the means of showing a pleasant scheme of colour. The carpet, the screen, and the bright *manta* of one of the men, harmonised well, and were painted in a masterly style.

This same picture also shows another of the painter's qualities to advantage. Madrazo can make his colour serve him to interpret human character. It is not in this case—nor indeed in any case—a very elevated or poetic stamp of character which he chooses to paint. His singing girl, her pretty little friend, the *majos*, and the priest, are very ordinary Spaniards, but they have a certain human reality and inspire a kind of sympathy. Nothing can be more hopelessly vulgar than many of the figures in his "After the Ball." The effect of the picture is gained by the cheap device of contrasting the most widely different costumes. Punch, Pierrot, a Marquise, a Sultan, an officer of Hussars, a gentleman in a mediæval

costume who is shaking himself into a modern great-coat, footmen, street sweepers, Mephistopheles, and a dozen figures besides, are all thrown together in the cold morning light. Such a picture can at best only just escape being utterly unprofitable, but Madrazo's does so by virtue of its truth. Under all the frippery of the fancy dress ball there is a kind of living reality. The painter can also catch a national type. A comparison between two of his church scenes will show how well he can succeed in this difficult task. There is a study of the interior of a church in Italy by him, in which the Italian type is excellently rendered. The scene is simple enough: a row of straw chairs; a number of peasants kneeling, sitting, or simply lying down and sleeping; in the middle a handsome woman in a fashionable dress bending over a *prie-dieu* — introduced by way of contrast of course, and making no addition to the real work of the picture — form the whole. Put this alongside of another which he calls "Vespers"—the door of a Spanish church, with worshippers, beggars, and a wonderful realistic old priest hurrying in—and the accuracy of the artist's power of observation will be seen at once.



COQUELIN AS RUY BLAS.

(By Permission of M. Constant Coquelin.)

There is no sort of doubt about the nationality, occupation, or character of any one of his figures.

It is in keeping with this quality of human realism that Madrazo is an admirable portrait-painter. "Bon chien chasse de race;" and he has doubtless inherited some of his faculty from his father, Don Francisco, who gave his proofs long ago. But whatever he has inherited he has improved to the utmost by his own strenuous industry. This side of his art is little known in England, but it is said to be much appreciated in the United States. We have heard of portraits painted for wealthy American visitors in Paris which have been carried back over the Atlantic to be valued possessions in New York or Boston. His portrait of Coquelin as Mascarille (reproduced by the famous actor's permission) is indeed a masterpiece, as our readers may see. It deserves the epithet of "infernal brilliancy," which Mr. Henry James applied to the performance itself. There Coquelin stands, in the words of the same fine critic, "looking like an old Venetian print, and playing as if the author of the 'Étourdi' were in the *coulisse*, prompting him." Indiscreet admirers of Don Raimundo have, with doubtful judgment, praised him for imitating nobody. He does not, so we are told, ask himself how Velasquez, for example, would have done such or such a thing, but how he, Madrazo, will do it. If it were any honour to an artist to be above taking lessons from the great Old Masters, the praise could not be given to Madrazo on the strength of this portrait. It is the direct lineal descendant of the "Pablillos de Valladolid"—the wonderful Velasquez. The actor stands dressed in the traditional striped costume of the part, with the mantle folded across him, and the head turned to one side. Whoever has seen Coquelin has probably had an opportunity of learning how wonderfully he can contrive to cover his broad elastic face with a grin of fatuous rascality. Those who have not can do so by looking at the portrait by Madrazo. It is the very personification of the valet of Molière's comedy. The actor's face expresses all the elements of the character—the basis of animal greed, and the surface of monkey trickery. As he stands in the portrait, he seems to be turning the sweetness of his own smartness over under his tongue. His eyes are closed in placid enjoyment, and there is a smile of self-satisfaction on his mouth, such as comes just after his last roguery, and before the clumsy honesty of his master has ruined everything. The fellow is obviously too clever for anything, and so genially dishonest that he is almost harmless. The portrait will doubtless in due time take its place in the *foyer* of the Maison de Molière, and serve as an eternal lesson to future actors who have to play the part of Mascarille.

Madrazo himself will have a better chance of living by this and other such works than by his endless dominoes and *majas*. Clever as these latter are, they are but a fashion. We cannot believe that any dexterity of workmanship can confer permanent value on the painting of *bric-à-brac* and fancy dresses. The Dutch painters made their studies of highly uninteresting things a possession for ever by dint of good workmanship and fine colouring, but they painted the reality of things.

The defect of modern Spanish art is that it paints frippery, and cannot touch humanity, except in masquerade. All the cleverness in the world cannot prevent such work from becoming altogether wearisome, stale, flat, and unprofitable. Happily there are signs that some at least of the younger Spanish painters are beginning to be influenced by a manlier ambition. We have heard of Señor Pradilla as a painter of strong and sober historical pictures, and we have seen some very genuine studies of Valentian peasant life by José Benlliure exhibited in London. It is to be hoped that these are the first works of a new school which will not be satisfied with painting odds and ends in a masterly manner, but will revert to the old theory that the artist should have some feeling for poetry and some sympathy with life.





'TWINX DAY AND NIGHT.

WILLIAM J. HENNESSY, N.A.

A VERY large number of distinguished Americans, who have all the outward habits, the ways of speech, and apparently all the temperament of their transatlantic nationality, date their American citizenship from earliest years, but not from birth. Their bodies were born in England, in Ireland, in Germany, but their perceptions and their thoughts came to life in the United States, and there are no Americans more American than these. Of them is Mr. W. J. Hennessy, who was born in Thomastown, Kilkenny, and taken to New York with his family when he was not many years old, in 1849. At the age of seventeen he entered the National Academy, and worked in New York until 1870, when he migrated to London, where he has ever since exhibited annually what he paints in France. He was elected an Associate of the National Academy in 1862 and a Member in the following year, and he is a member of the American Society of Painters in Water-colours. Among the

more important of Mr. Hennessy's pictures which are in the collections of the United States are "Springtime" and "In Memoriam" (the property of Mr. Edwin Booth), "The Wanderers," "On the Sands," and "A By-Path in Normandy."

Mr. Hennessy's English career has produced pictures which in all the diversity of the many-mannered galleries of London have a note of their own. He is what used to be called a "grey painter," and his greyness is not vivified by those violets and blues which English artists have loved to mix with grey; nor by the illumination by which the French school gives a heart of light to the quietest of colours. Nor, again, is his the grey of Mr. Stanhope Forbes, into which extreme and subtle truth of relative tone brings an interest and a beauty that the tints of the rainbow, of the summer ocean, or of a fiery sunset might not rival. Mr. Hennessy's grey is a little dark, a little heavy; and yet, seeing Nature persistently in



EN FÊTE: CALVADOS.

this tone of colour, he never produces a dull picture, one in which there is not beautiful life, of figure, vegetation, and atmosphere. When, in 1877, the Grosvenor Gallery gave its golden opportunity to the eccentrics, it afforded its space, its repose, its beautiful walls, and all its other happy artistic conditions, to a band of more legitimate artists who, though not strangers to the Royal Academy, were still less known than

they should have been. Among these was Mr. Heilbuth, for instance, who made a brilliant appearance in the first Grosvenor exhibitions. Mr. Watts, of course, every one knew; nevertheless few people realised how little he had contributed to the Royal Academy of late years. And there was a little group of landscape painters, the late Cecil Lawson at their head, who would probably never have made their rightful fame but for Sir Coutts Lindsay's enterprise. For the most part they were



THE RETURN FROM SCHOOL.

(Reproduced in fac-simile from a Drawing by the Artist.)

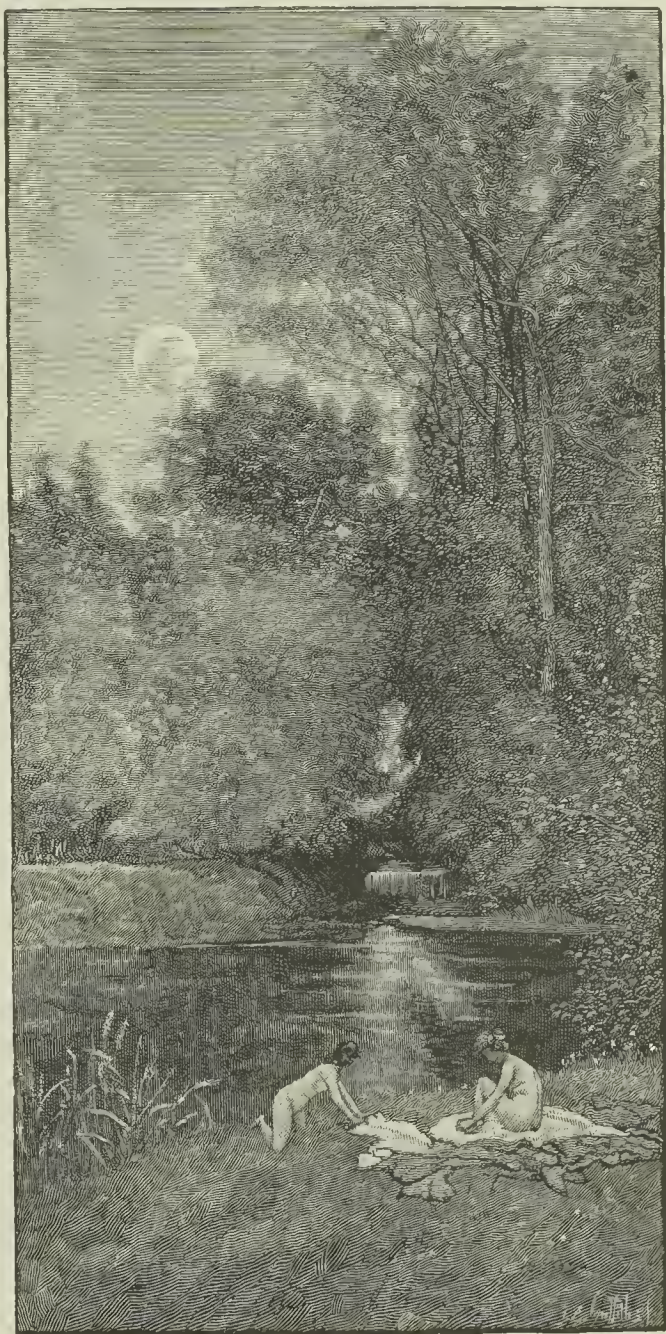
men who had walked, whether in one direction or in another, out of what is the beaten — the very much beaten — track in England, though they might be faithful inheritors of true and orthodox traditions in the more international schools. Mr. Hennessy was obviously a painter who did not look at Nature in the manner to which Mr. Vicat Cole (we take him as a type) had accustomed the English public. And his work was more highly admired than widely known until it began to take its annual honourable place at the Grosvenor.

Nevertheless his Academy pictures will assuredly not be forgotten. Each of them has been salient. In 1877 there was "Notre Dame des Flots," a woman and child praying in a Breton chapel by the sea; and in 1878 "Summer Evening by the Thames." Here the peaceful water was overspread by the "quiet-coloured" sky; trees with the night already among their boughs stood up on the right,

swans caught the last light on their cool plumage, and two heavy-laden boats were rowing out to mid-stream. "A Sunbeam," the following year, had for its companion a more important work, "The Aftermath," a sad autumnal landscape by the waterside. Next came "A Daughter of Eve," the portrait of a little girl with what Wordsworth would have called a "woodland air" sitting on the lowest branch of an old apple-tree, and just about to enter on the pleasures of a ripe apple. The child is alone in the picture, but the artist has made her eyes vivid of speech and life as they answer some one in the spectator's place; the picture is full of vitality. With this was another canvas—"Summer Days."

Strongly attached to orchard scenery—to Nature in cultivation though not made luxurious or trivial with mere gardening—Mr. Hennessy next painted a "Scene in a Normandy Cider Orchard;" and in 1882 he exhibited another work in the motive of which peasants were concerned—"En Fête: Calvados." A charming group of young people are tripping through the fields in the utmost of holiday dress to some fair or church festival "*au village voisin*." They are decked with flowers as well as with their well-frilled caps and their old elaborated gold, and carry besides bouquets and baskets with which the grave church of the village will bloom anon, whether the errand of these girls be concerned with dance or with Saint's Day. The grass is tall; the delicate French trees are full of charming drawing.

Peculiarly French in spirit is the picture which represented Mr. Hennessy at the Grosvenor in 1883. Its title is "With the Birds," and its motive a bough swinging over a soft green sward and made into a perch by a slender lady, whose clinging draperies outline her long and delicate limbs. The character and pose of the figure and the treatment of the head have an indefinable Parisian character. Nor is the picture—primarily a portrait—without a pleasant suggestiveness in its motive, for the damsel is raised up in her



A SUMMER EVENING.

maiden meditation between earth and sky with no more earthly confidants for her thoughts than the birds who are singing wild love songs at her ear. At the same exhibition were "A Pastoral," "Jocund Spring," "A Straw Harvest: Calvados," "Summer Evening," and the singularly beautiful example of the artist's power, "'Twixt Day and Night." Here, as in all Mr. Hennessy's evening pictures, the spectator should get into the scene if he would appreciate the tone, the air, and the differences of plane which help to give her radiance to the moon just "gathering light." He must surround himself with the atmosphere of which the artist has made his study, and then he will be aware of all the tenderness of the effect. More



THE SHRIMPERS.

obvious and easily understood is the beauty of the drawing, whether in the trees or in the figures. In "The Return from School" it is again an effect of early moonlight mixed with dusk, and again treated with a great reserve of colour and an almost studied absence of "effectiveness."

More recently Mr. Hennessy has painted a bit of orchard in Brittany, in which the execution and atmosphere have more freshness and animation than is usual with him, and a scene in a hayfield, in slightly veiled sunshine, with a cloud-laden sky full of distance. In another canvas he has achieved a triumph removed from his usual attempts, in a *tour de force* of sunshine. It is a garden subject, and a lady walks down a path facing the spectator with an open Japanese umbrella of bright red open behind her head. This umbrella has the full sunshine upon its other side, and it glows like a circle of light. The painter has certainly succeeded in making red paint shine, and shine with such an illumination that the effect is one of absolute illusion.



SUNDAY MORNING.

(From the Sketch for the Painting.)

GEORGE CLAUSEN, R.I.

YOUNG beyond the wont of painters was Mr. George Clausen when he made the most valuable of all successes and the dearest to a true artist's heart—a technical fame. It was in the studios and in the world of painters that his name became suddenly known and notable. To be praised there implies praise from the public, which learns sooner or later from the counsels of those within the technical circle. But we need not ask where a man wishes to find the beginnings of fame, whether among the multitude or among the fit and few, whether he will be judged by his peers or by those who, as regards his study and all that he has tried for, know neither the way nor the aim. Perhaps there are none among noted Englishmen whose method has been so sure as Mr. Clausen's of sympathy from his fellows, and who condescended so little to ask for popular admiration by giving the public the prettinesses and trivialities to which it has been accustomed. The love of beauty is not an ignoble but a noble quality, and the craving for it is not a thing to be snubbed; but this public taste should be instructed to find beauty in natural and human things that have no prettiness. Admiration is an art, and a very difficult and delicate one;

it must be taught, and it has too often been taught wrong. The ordinary picture-seer, so untrained in the study of human beauty, for instance, that his ideals are not much removed from a shop-girl's, needs to be taught all the dignities and



THE GLEANERS.

nobilities of true loveliness, after which he should be led further still—to the appreciation of the beauty of the mere truth, the unapproachable beauty of every passage of Nature. People have become decivilised in this matter of their ideals, which is worse than being uncivilised; for no simple and barbarous people would admire the poor prettinesses—platitudes in colour—which have been considered beautiful in England during the greater part of the present century. Every artist who has the resolution to undertake public education in this matter does much for the propaganda of simplicity, sincerity, severity, and art, and much towards the suppression and defeat of that purely modern fiend, Vulgarity, which makes a large part of this world at once meretricious and dull.

Mr. George Clausen was born in London in 1852. He studied decorative art as practised at the South Kensington schools, and was afterwards employed as a designer for three years. In 1873 he returned to South Kensington as a "National Scholar" for two years; and since then, to quote the phrase

of his own most artistic modesty, he has been "trying to learn to paint." And the time of this career of study occurred very fortunately. A student born in 1852 escapes the worst traditions of the middle of the century, and inherits the new movement and life of the "seventies." His quasi-contemporaries—those a little on before him—and which of us will ever quite gauge all that we owe to these elder brothers, these pupil-teachers where we are pupils, the men of power and initiative a little older than ourselves?—his comrade-elders, we say, dower him with the fruit of

their experience while it is yet fresh and warm, allow him to "enter into their labours," sparing him the work which is servitude and spurring him to the work which is pure service. In Mr. Clausen's time these quasi-contemporaries were even more than usually influential, inasmuch as they had just fully realised the value



FLORA.

of international interchange in art. Foreign painting had until then been a matter of slight curiosity to Englishmen. So ignorant were most of our countrymen of the great school of French landscape, for instance, that it was always taken for granted, and repeated as a pleasant commonplace and platitude by all our writers on art, that whatever "Academic" advantages the French might have over us, in

one thing England was confessedly ahead of her—the British painter's landscape was the finest landscape in the world! Of course, as it has proved, after a little more study of the truths of the situation, English art was more behindhand in landscape than in any other department of painting. And almost all—let us boldly say all—that is really worthy and true in English landscape in its present regenerated state we owe to the example of French contemporaries; whereas we have happily learnt very little from the "Academic" figure-painting against which younger France has herself rebelled once for all. An international interchange had, of course, been effected in a material sense at the time of the two great London International Exhibitions in 1851 and in 1862; but of a real interchange of artistic thought there had been nothing whatever. The time was not fit for it, and it came in its own time.

Mr. Long, R.A.—whose manner was afterwards absolutely transformed—had been obviously under foreign influence at one stage of his career. And to him, with much good advice and help besides, Mr. Clausen owed the opening of his eyes to foreign art. The young painter quickly and completely assimilated the principles implied in the foreign schools, so completely that he did not need a long training abroad. He was converted, so that he began to work on the lines practised in France, and did so naturally and spontaneously, and not from an effort of imitation. He simply cut himself off from the banal and ready-made traditions dying out in his own country, and went to Nature with simple intention and executive distinction. To do this one need not be a Frenchman, nor even paint much in French studios. Mr. Clausen has, however, been much in Holland and in France. And, indeed, a painter of the life he sees around him is inevitably drawn towards countries where everyday life is still expressive and undisfigured. He has set himself to paint the truth, but he will go by preference where the truth looks well—not necessarily where it looks pretty, for the pretty is not the object of his search—but where it has a certain human dignity still unmarred by ignoble conditions. And this is happily the case with almost all working people abroad, as it is with us in our fishing populations, among some classes of navvies, and last, not least, among our engine-drivers, a singularly distinguished, simple, and powerful class of men, taken in the mass. But, we repeat, the truth generally looks best abroad. The religion of the greater part of the Continent creates incidents and give expressiveness. For example, take, from Mr. Clausen's own work, the picture of peasants kneeling at their wayside cross, and that of the flower-woman selling her daffodils in the east wind of Haverstock Hill. Both are full of the beauty of truth, and in both cases the painter has sincerely and sympathetically rendered the facts and their significance, but the facts are more acceptable in the one picture than in the other. In the picture last mentioned—"Flora"—the painter has, nevertheless, produced a most pathetic study under difficulties which few artists would have faced. The difficulties we allude to are by no means caused by the age and ugliness of the model; they are due not to any natural things, such as the coarse colour and the rude surface

wrought upon this human face by the suns and winds, but to the artificial degradations of the woman's bonnet and of the sky-line of the architecture behind her. These are the things that make the truth so difficult to paint in England. It is not that an artist, worthy of the name, goes about searching for the young, smooth, and prosperous things of the world; but he has a certain right to ask that the asperities, rudenesses, and grimnesses of life shall be natural, and not uglinesses produced by ignoble architecture and such depraved habits of dress as the English custom of wearing second-hand apparel.

Therefore we say that Mr. Clausen in his "Flora" produced a most daring picture; and the same may be remarked of his study of a "Field-Hand." For this woman, too, who should have the dignity of the open air about her grey hair, wears a nondescript, degraded bonnet, made for another head, and once the pride of some third-rate *bourgeoise* in a sooty street. It is in spite of the obstacles presented by this most important matter of clothing, that Mr. Clausen has given to this head also an undeniable dignity of life. And how well he has seized the character of the hands, and especially of the wrist! A labouring woman's wrist, in its peculiar straightness, its loss of all the soft lines of the flesh, has a significance all its own. In "The Gleaners" the painter has taken younger models, and the result is somewhat more commonplace. But here, as usual in his work, the study of light is very beautiful, delicate, and true.

"The End of a Winter's Day" is perhaps the painter's most admirable work. Here also he has gone abroad for his truths. The wood-gathering is French, so are the sabots, and so, especially, are the trees. And now as regards these trees, thin, delicate, and spiritual, with the moon and stars showing between their tall forms, it must be allowed that they are more pictorial than the noble English tree.



A FIELD-HAND.



THE END OF A WINTER'S DAY.

(From a Drawing by the Artist.)

The oak and the elms of our woods are very worlds of beauty, and as we stand beneath and look up into their multitudinous depths and heights, the ear and eye are filled with the loveliness which is one of the crowning achievements of Nature.

But still it is not loveliness that is paintable. The very richness and closeness of the glorious detail so disguise the form, that the finest tree of an English park is simply a lump in the landscape. There is no drawing in it, until winter has begun to reveal its articulations; and even then the general line is not the most pictorial. Foremost among all paintable trees are perhaps the olive of Italy, with its accidents of stem and branch, and its exquisite strength and delicacy of leaf-form, the stone pine, and the cypress. But after these comes undoubtedly the French poplar, with its long lines admitting of most subtle drawing, and its sparing but soft and tender leafage. The arrangement in long lines also is most delightful to the artist, who obtains quaint but lovely composition from the effects of series and perspective. And well has Mr. Clausen treated a singularly beautiful subject in the solemn landscape of his picture — a patient landscape of the poor, resting in the winter cold from the long cycle of cultivation, under a melancholy evening sky and a watery crescent moon. In the figures we get a decided touch of the Frederick Walker influence; but this is perhaps only in



GIRL'S HEAD.

the obvious likeness of the action of the boy, as he walks, looking out of the picture, with that of some remembered figure in one of Walker's groups. For undemonstrative expression Mr. Clausen has done nothing finer than this pair of peasants, old and young, in the surroundings so poetically conceived. To another class of subjects belongs the pretty *genre* study "The Novel." It is less characteristic of the artist, inasmuch as he has been persistently an open-air painter.

A glance at the work of this still young career shows how steadfastly Mr. Clausen has adhered to the practice which is with him a principle—that of painting

his own surroundings, his own time, and as far as possible his own country. In this he has the precedent of the great masters, who painted contemporary things even if they gave them historical names. As regards the work of the older schools which has inspired him with special admiration, he has chosen that of Van Eyck, Holbein, and Botticelli, with some of the earlier Italians. Coming to later times, he gives allegiance to Rembrandt, De Hooghe, Hals, and Velasquez; and among the great moderns his masters are Millet, Rousseau, Corot, and Bastien Lepage. Mental sincerity, distinction of style, and fresh respect for Nature, are perhaps the three principal out of many and varied lessons to be learnt from these three great groups of painters. Those lessons every student will accept with a difference. He may learn from Velasquez the value of style—style that distinguishes the kings and princes in art—but he does not necessarily aim at that special manifestation of style which belonged to that greatest of all painters. He may assimilate the absolute mental unworldliness of Botticelli, but he is not held to practise it in Botticelli's manner. The teachings of all the great masters are more fundamental and more general than the teachings of minor masters; which is perhaps the reason why the lesser ones have imitators and the greater ones only disciples—why the students who learn from the greatest are the most free and the most original of all pupils.

Mr. Clausen is one of the band of painters who have thrown in their lot chiefly with the Institute. It would be absurd to speak of an Institute "school," for the rooms over which Sir James Linton presides are as various as those ruled over by Sir Frederick Leighton or Sir Coutts Lindsay. The accident of the place of residence has very possibly as much to do with the gathering together of the principal members of the Institute as any more technical motive influence. Hampstead and Haverstock Hill house a little colony of Sir James's adherents; and on those suburban slopes Mr. Clausen, painting resolutely the truths about him, has found matter for his bravest if not for altogether his most charming work.





(From a Sketch by the Artist.)

SEYMOUR LUCAS, A.R.A.

AN Associate of the year 1886, Mr. Seymour Lucas has won his success as quickly as legitimately. He has gained his distinction while young, and after swift and steady progress. His art education began early, for he had the good fortune to come under the encouraging protection of an uncle who gave his father sympathetic advice as to the boy's training. Mr. John Lucas was himself a successful and much employed painter, who had portraits of the Court and Legislature, the science and art of his time, to do. This was when the present reign was new. The Prince Consort sat to him for four portraits, the Princess Royal for two or three; and he had for sitters also the King of Hanover, the Iron Duke, Mr. Gladstone in his youth, Rogers, Brunel, Stephenson, and Locke, the last three of whom were painted together holding counsel over plans of the Menai Bridge. Besides his uncle, Mr. Seymour

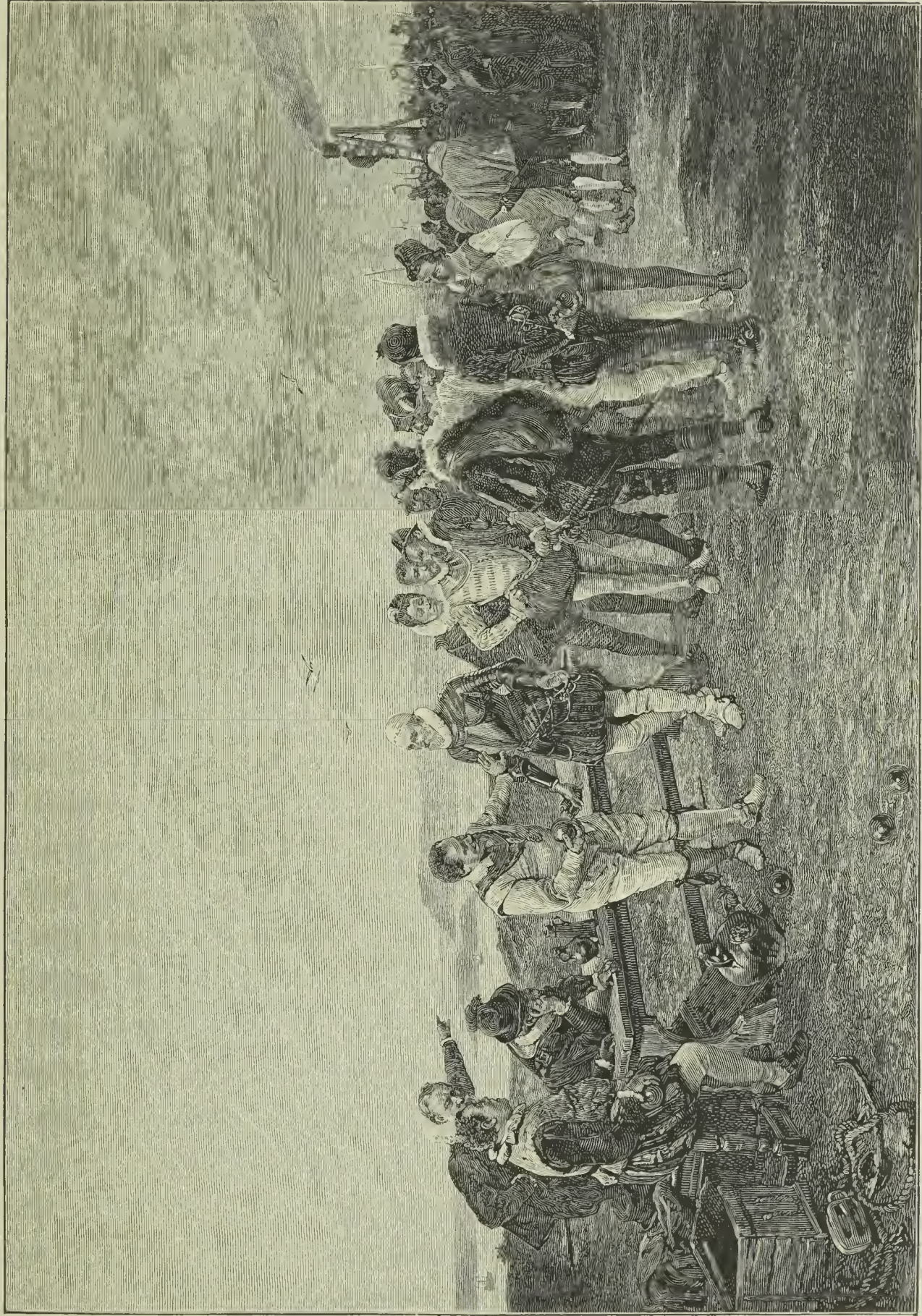
Lucas had another artist relative—Mr. John Templeton Lucas, and with him the young aspirant—after trying wood-carving with Mr. Gerard Robinson, to whom he owed his first instruction in figure-drawing, and a more fruitless attempt at sculpture—took several years of study. This was a preparation for the Royal Academy schools, where Mr. Seymour Lucas went through such routine as was to be had there, gaining little idea of any scheme of art, but nourishing his fancy the while with romance of his own choosing. He read Scott with delight and avidity,



FOR THE KING AND CAUSE.

(By Permission of Mr. J. K. Twinberrow.)

and gained in those days of chivalrous enthusiasm the taste for historical *genre* which has never left him. Cavaliers and Roundheads have certainly furnished the tritest and most conventional of all subjects for the most trivial of all artists; but with our Associate they were invested with a strong and sincere human interest. He studied the character of the time, and in the very costume he has always striven to attain a correctness and an ease which make the dress show as part of the man. Therefore the slight disparagement of the name “costume picture” is by no means to be cast upon his historical work—work which, however gay and gallant in subject, is gravely studious in method and preparation. In his Academy School days Mr. Seymour Lucas joined the Gilbert Sketching Club, where all his



THE ARMADA IN SIGHT.

(By Permission of Mr. Arthur Lucas, Publisher and Sole Registered Proprietor of the Copyright.)

romance and his pleasure in the past received more and more fostering. Out of this pleasant competition came his first sale, when Mr. Tooth (who has since bought many of the works of the pencil he first encouraged) gave him thirty shillings for a successful club drawing. Mr. Seymour Lucas's pleasure was by no means spoilt by the remembrance of the forty shillings which the models had cost him. A first cheque is treasured as an earnest of success to come in the fair and open market of the arts, and only pride itself could refuse to be delighted at the promise. Thenceforth the young painter went on in a decisive and unchanged way as a painter of masculine subjects from English history, in the days when history went bravely dressed in doublet and hose, looking now with the careless face of a Cavalier and now with the sour mien of a Roundhead—as Roundheads and Cavaliers were presented in the novels that charmed the young artist's mind and made him a Royalist for ever.

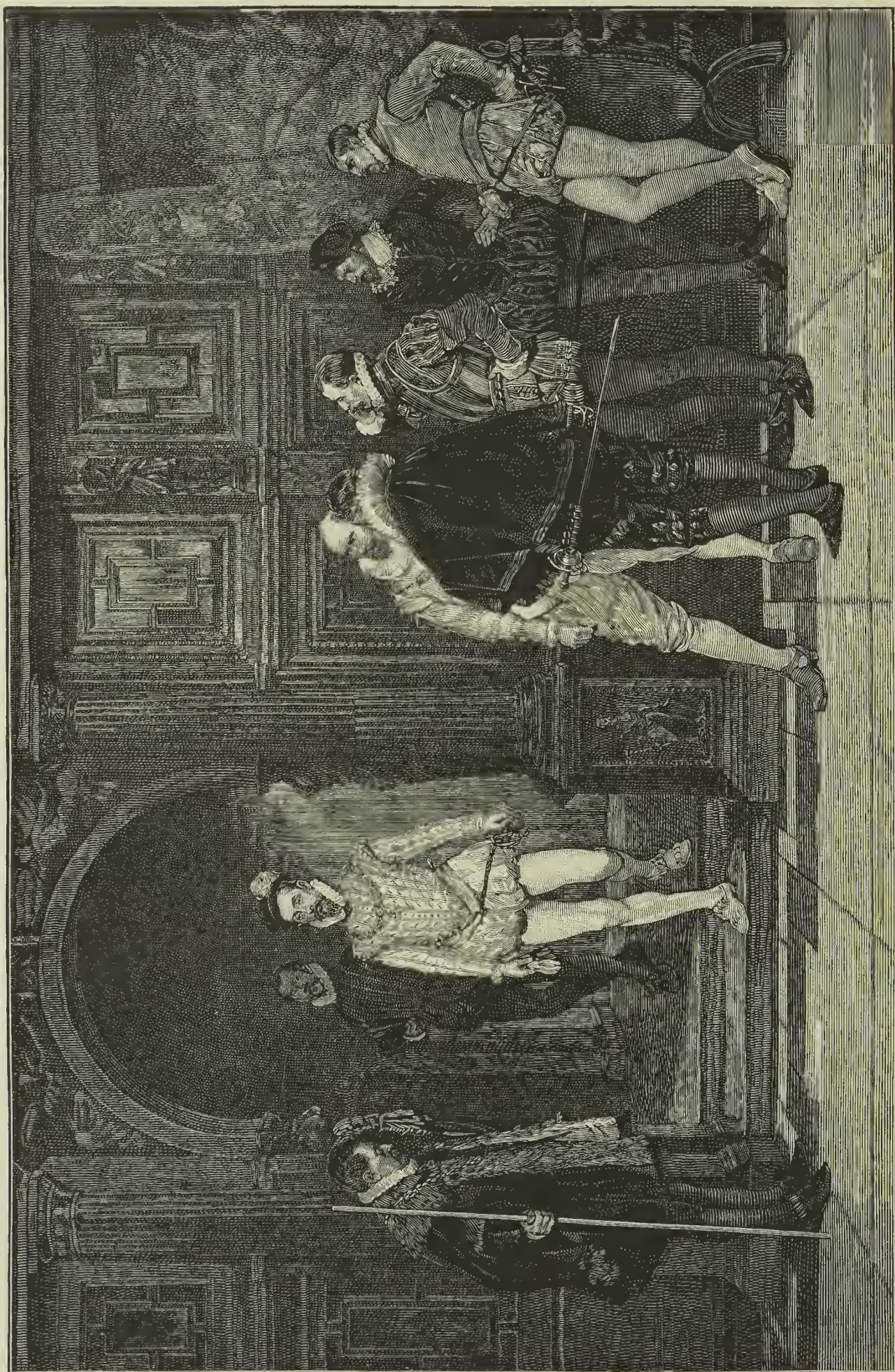
Mr. Seymour Lucas made his first hit at the Royal Academy with his "By Hook or by Crook," exhibited in 1875, in which the feminine interest, not common with him, was introduced. A maiden, whose father belongs to the Hanoverian party, is courted by a young Jacobite, who takes his farewell before going off to fight for his king. A brick wall, as well as the political difficulty, is between the lovers; but they enjoy their "sweet sorrow," in spite of the unsympathetic presence of the young soldier's servant waiting by. This picture was only the second its painter had sent in, but it was hung on the line, and his prices immediately changed so much for the better that he asked and received £100 for work which he would contentedly have offered for £20 the year before. In the same season he exhibited another canvas which had the same slight kind of subject—"Fleeced," where a young squire, unversed in the wicked ways of town, has been lightened of all his portable property by a gambling party, and left to his reflections in the small hours on the scene of his defeat. Next year's picture was "For the King and Cause." The time is after the fight at Edgehill, and a wounded gentleman is carried by his servants and retainers on the way towards his country house. In fear of his speedy death, they lay down his litter and summon help from within a closed gateway; but their call is in vain. The door remains closed, and the devoted Cavalier is doomed to end his days by the wayside. It was Civil War again in 1877, when Mr. Seymour Lucas—who continued to hold his own with the Hanging Committee—was represented by "Intercepted Despatches." Here he showed a Cromwellian messenger caught by two Royalists, who have him fast in the interior of a wayside house—him and his saddle, and all that can be made to give up the secrets of the enemy. They have tied the man to a chair, whence he twists round to see what will befall; and they have the saddle ripped open and the precious papers under inspection. In the same Academy were exhibited "The Burgomaster"—a Dutch subject—and "Debt and Danger," in which a Bond Street gallant of the Georgian age is looking out of the window to watch his duns out of sight before he can venture to sun himself in his favourite street. In the

following season came one of the painter's best successes—"An Ambuscade, Edgehill." Here is a company of the King's troops making their cautious way along a country road suspected of danger. An old soldier leads, with a wary look-out;



A WHIP FOR VAN TROMP.

and at his side a younger man can scarcely restrain his rasher courage. The movement of advance, with the expressiveness of care, is rendered with excellent effect. An easier subject—more of a "costume picture," in fact—in the same Academy was "As Dry as a Limekiln;" a Cavalier, very evidently a *bon vivant*, stands up by a once well-furnished table gazing into the empty cup he holds in



THE FAVOURITE.

hand. In "Unbreathed Memories" the artist introduced a female figure—a whole female figure, we believe, for the first time; and in "The Astrologer" an old student of the stars is seen poring over his celestial maps of destiny. "Drawing the Long Bow" shows an English soldier returned from the Thirty Years' War and taking his ease in an English inn, where he is astonishing his landlord with travellers' and warriors' tales in one.

A thoroughly successful picture belonging to this time, too, was the important "Gordon Riots," hung on the line in a place of special honour as a pendant to Lady Butler's "'Listed for the Connaught Rangers." Mr. Seymour Lucas's work that year attracted great attention; there was a power in the drawing, a firmness in the balance and action of the figures, which gave assurance of a draughtsman of uncommon ability. The scene is near Bloomsbury Square, where the houses of Lord Mansfield and others were looted and fired by the followers of the Protestant lord. The mob is in the distance, kept somewhat at bay by the troops, who are in the act of firing. Furniture and jewels, which the mob had flung from the windows, are lying in the street, with one or two of the wounded. Mr. Seymour Lucas refers us to the *Annual Register* of 1780, which has a full account of the events of those wild days. Referring to this episode it says: "A fifth desperate and infernal gang went to the elegant house of Lord Mansfield in Bloomsbury Square, which they, with the most unrelenting fury, set fire to and consumed. They began by breaking down the doors and windows, and from every part of the house flung the superb furniture into the street, where large fires were made to destroy it. They then proceeded to his lordship's law-library and destroyed some thousand volumes, with many capital manuscripts, mortgages, papers, and other deeds. The rich wardrobe of wearing apparel and some very capital pictures were also burned; and they afterwards forced their way into his lordship's wine cellars, and plentifully bestowed it upon the populace. A party of guards now arrived, and a magistrate read the Riot Act, and then was obliged to give orders for a detachment to fire, when about fourteen obeyed, and shot several men and women, and wounded others. They were ordered to fire again, which they did, without effect. This did not intimidate the mob; they began to pull the house down, and burn the floors, planks, spars, &c., and destroyed the outhouses and stables; so that in a short time the whole was consumed. Lord and Lady Mansfield made their escape through a back door a few minutes before the rioters broke in and took possession of the house." More terrible was the aspect of the night. "As soon as the day was drawing towards a close," says the same contemporary record, "one of the most dreadful spectacles this country ever beheld was exhibited. Let those who were not spectators of it judge what the inhabitants felt when they beheld at the same instant the flames ascending and rolling in clouds from the King's Bench and Fleet Prisons, from New Bridewell, from the toll-gate at Blackfriars Bridge, from houses in every quarter of the town, and particularly from the bottom and middle of Holborn, where the conflagration was horrible beyond description. The houses

that were first set on fire at this last-mentioned place both belonged to Mr. Langdale, an eminent distiller, and contained immense quantities of spirituous liquors. Six-and-thirty fires, all blazing at one time, and in different quarters of the City, were to be seen from one spot. During the whole night men, women, and children, were running up and down with such goods and effects as they wished most to preserve. The tremendous roar of the authors of these horrible scenes was heard at one instant, and at the next the dreadful reports of soldiers' muskets, firing in platoons. . . . In short, everything served to impress the mind with ideas of universal anarchy and approaching desolation. Two attempts, in the course of the day, were made upon the Bank; but the rioters were so much intimidated by the strength with which they beheld it guarded, that their attacks were but feebly conducted, and they were repulsed at the first fire from the military. They made an effort to break into the Pay Office likewise, and met the same fate. Several of them fell in these skirmishes, and many were wounded." Mr. Seymour Lucas made exact studies for the scene of his Gordon picture, and the work has a very remarkable look of reality.

Equally careful, but with hardly such fortunate results, was he with next year's canvas—"The Armada in Sight." For this he made his studies on the Hoe at Plymouth, with the calm waters of the most beautiful harbour in England, and Drake's Island in the middle distance. Here, too, the subject was one full of vigour, but not concerned with actual movement; but the Elizabethan hero and his companions are not presented with quite the same power as had been the last century troops. There is a certain stationariness in the principal groups which would seem to imply that the painter's heart was not altogether in his design. The subject is an excellent one, but it has not been altogether grasped with a strong grip. This, to quote the catalogue, which quotes Hume and Smollett, is the situation: "It was on the 19th of July that Fleming sailed into Plymouth and announced that he had seen the Spanish fleet off the Lizard. This intelligence was communicated to Drake as he and some of his officers were amusing themselves with bowls on the Hoe. It caused a lively sensation, and a great manifestation of alacrity to put to sea, which Drake laughingly checked by declaring that the match should be played out, as there was plenty of time to win the game and beat the Spaniards too." At about the same time appeared a slighter subject—"Reckoning Without his Host"—a Cavalier at an inn with his bill before him and an unexpected emptiness in the pockets which he fingers in vain.

In the year of the exhibition of the Armada picture Mr. Seymour Lucas began his study of a master whose influence has reformed his style and given him a new ideal of artistic execution. On the Studio-Sunday of 1881, when his own work was on view to his own friends, he saw in Mr. Long's studios a couple of copies from Velasquez, of rare excellence. He had, of course, seen not copies only but originals of Velasquez before, but it happened that these two studies made to him a kind of revelation of style in painting. Until then his ideal had been in the

talent of Vandyck, but from that moment the executive genius of the great Spaniard mastered him. After gazing at these momentous copies he met his own picture, in its place on Varnishing Day, with profound dissatisfaction. The "Armada" became a decidedly popular work, but to its painter it lacked what had suddenly become most precious in his eyes; and immediately after the opening of that year's Academy he was far from the madding crowd of Burlington House, copying Velasquez in the galleries of Madrid. The studies he brought home were invaluable to him, and before long he was once more in Spain, having made his plans for a longer stay, and steadier work there. Mr. Seymour Lucas's art-training had not prepared him for delight in and practice of style, a quality which has no place—except at long intervals a quite accidental one—in the Royal Academy schools. It may be said of many of our most popular elder painters that they work through a whole successful career without ever naming to themselves this power of their art. To our Associate it was, as it were, revealed at the moment when he could receive it; and from his first vow of allegiance to Velasquez the influence of the master has never abated with him. His first picture to show it, by a great advance of painter-like quality, was "Charles I. Before Gloucester," a picture full of dignity in the composition, and most picturesque in form and costume. Says Clarendon: "The King having summoned the town of Gloucester to surrender . . . there returned two citizens from the town (Major Pudsey and one Toby Jordan), with lean, pale, and ugly visages, and in garb so strange and unusual, that at once gave mirth to the most severe countenances and sadness to the most cheerful hearts; who concluded that such ambassadors could bring no less than a defiance." The artist has perfectly avoided any caricature or broad farce in the figures of his two Puritans, or in the restrained smiles of the King and his Council of War. After the second visit to Spain Mr. Seymour Lucas painted "The Favourite," exhibited in 1882, with "A Spy in the Camp" and "Disputed Strategy." The first-named shows a group of courtiers awaiting the coming forth of the King's favoured friend from an inner chamber. Envy, hatred, and any other passions inspired by the situation, are under fair control and disguise here, if we compare this picture with Mr. L. Pott's on the same subject, and bearing, if we mistake not, the same title, in which the favourite is watched for by the assassin and his hirers. Mr. Seymour Lucas gives us the comedy of the situation, and Mr. Pott, who has a very considerable power of violent expression, the melodrama. "Disputed Strategy" belongs to a series of the painter's works very distinct in the matter of size, being smaller, but also much more concentrated in the thought and work which go to the perfection of a composition. Officers in command are consulting at their improvised headquarters in a cottage, and on the rude table between them is a map of the fortifications of the town they are attacking. While the younger general strongly urges an attempt on a certain weak point, the elder is still dubious. Meanwhile the soldier set to keep guard comes in with a bad report; the generals have been long making up their minds, and their followers are suffering by their inaction. "A Spy in the

Camp" is a scene from the campaigns of Marlborough; a spy, disguised as a hawker, has been detected, and is brought forward by the grenadiers, from whom he tries to escape, while the general is scanning him through and through, and an inferior officer has pen and paper in hand to take down any facts that may be ascertained.

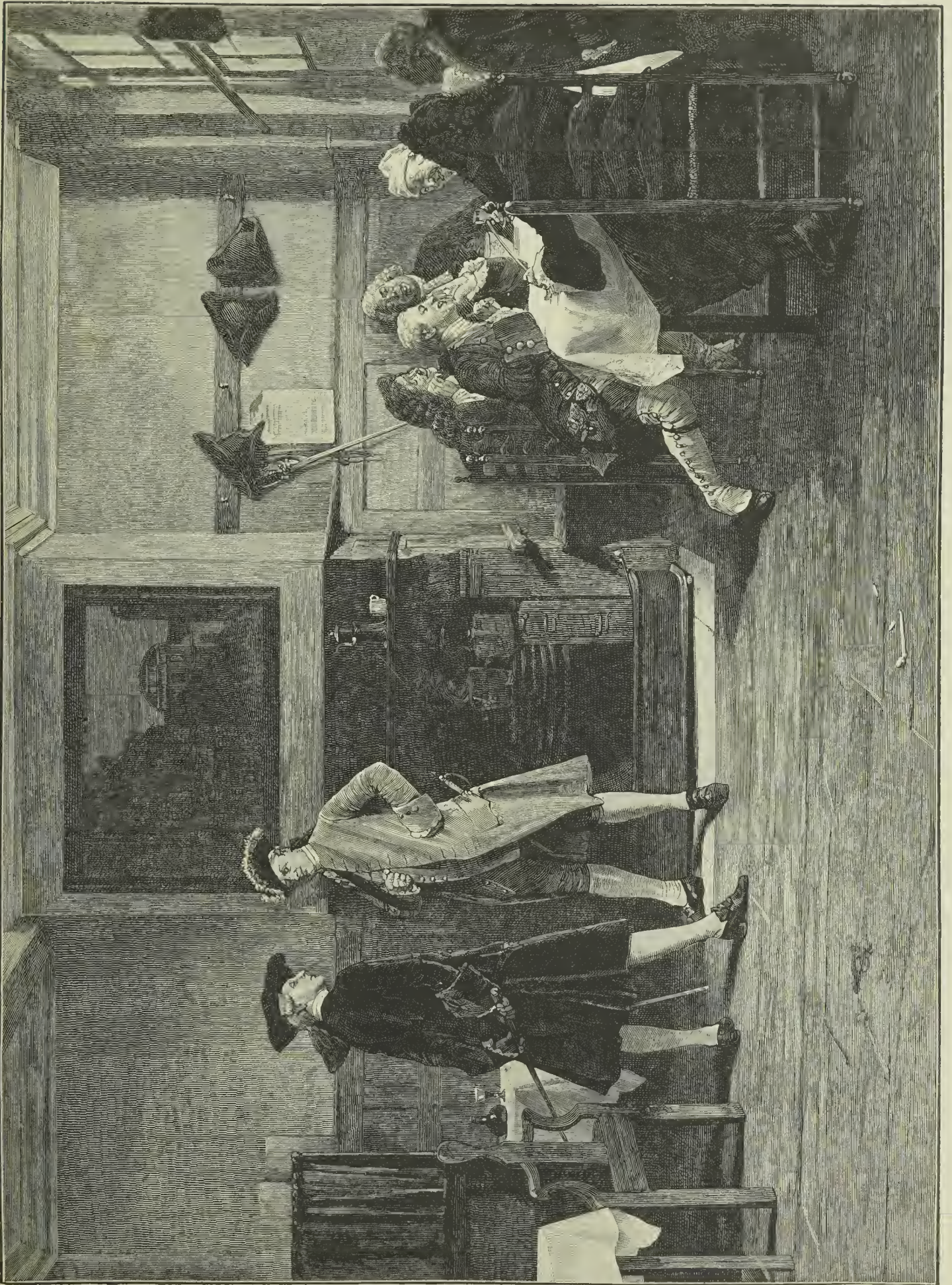
In 1883 appeared "My Country Cousin"—a clever little picture of two gentlemen



AFTER CULLODEN—REBEL HUNTING.

(Chantrey Bequest, 1884.)

in eighteenth-century costume at dinner—and "A Whip for Van Tromp." The latter is one of the painter's most successful works. It shows a group at the Admiralty in 1652, after the visit of the Dutch to English waters. The lords are consulting over the model of the ship that was to be a "whip" to encounter the defiant broom of the Dutch admiral. The seated figures in their dignified dress are exceedingly well posed, and the whole picture has thorough animation in spite of its general repose. Next year came "After Culloden." A French officer, brought over by the Pretender, is trying, after the disaster of Culloden, to make his way to the coast. On the road his horse has cast a shoe, and he stops at a village smithy, where the farrier is a sturdy Jacobite. The Hanoverian troops have tracked



THE LATEST SCANDAL.

the Frenchman to the forge, and appear on the scene just as the horse and the overcoat are there to bear witness to the hiding of the fugitive. Never, perhaps, has Mr. Seymour Lucas's square and solid draughtsmanship appeared to more advantage than in the excellent figures in this picture. "From the Field of Sedgmoor"—shows another fugitive—a poor agricultural labourer, who in his haste to escape from "Kirk's Lambs" has taken refuge in the wayside cottage of his sweetheart. He is exhausted with his flight, but the girl is alert at the bolted door. Outside there is furious work as the sabres of the cavalry are mowing down combatants and non-combatants alike by the roads and ditches. "During the day," says Macaulay, "the conquerors continued to chase the fugitives. The neighbouring villages long remembered with what a clatter of horse-hoofs and what a storm of curses the whirlwind of cavalry swept by." Here once more is a female figure, and a very sympathetic one, and the picture altogether has far more human emotion than the painter often allows himself. With it were two portraits. In the following year (1886) came "Peter the Great at Deptford." The terrible Czar who created the Russian navy is studying the *Lion* (of which there is now a model at Greenwich), and which was at Deptford at the time of Peter's visit. The artist has made most careful researches into the construction of the model. Our last illustration is of the eighteenth century *genre* picture that contains the painter's most brilliant, and indeed splendid, execution. Among Mr. Lucas's drawings in black-and-white are spirited designs for an equally spirited poem, published in the *Magazine of Art*, by Mr. Edmund Gosse, in which the story is told how some English buccaneers of Elizabethan times—better versed in the Protestant religion than in respect for international property—held their own against Spanish friars.

Mr. Seymour Lucas has his home at West Hampstead. His studio is reached down a wide flight of steps from the entrance-hall. Immediately within the outer door is a wind-porch, ingeniously constructed out of fine old panelling; the woodwork has the bloom upon it which age gives to chosen oak that has been undefiled by varnish or paint. The room itself is simple in design, and well proportioned; its decoration consists in clever adaptations of old woodwork to the requirements of the studio. A gallery made in this manner, which serves as a dressing-room for models, is both picturesque and useful. Its front is ornamented with a mask, carved by Mr. Lucas himself; the over-mantel is from an old inn at Oxford. The chief glory, however, of the studio, is the collection of armour, swords, and curios of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries. A pilgrim's staff, crowned with a mediæval head, and worn near the top by the constant pressure of the palmer's hand, must be unique. Two large wooden coffers contain a collection of costumes of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, both beautiful and curious; some of them have the rents and blood-stains that vouch a tragic story. The whole place is in admirable keeping with the phase of art which Mr. Seymour Lucas has taken for his own, and reflects much credit on its designer, Mr. Sydney Lee.



JOSEPH ISRAELS.

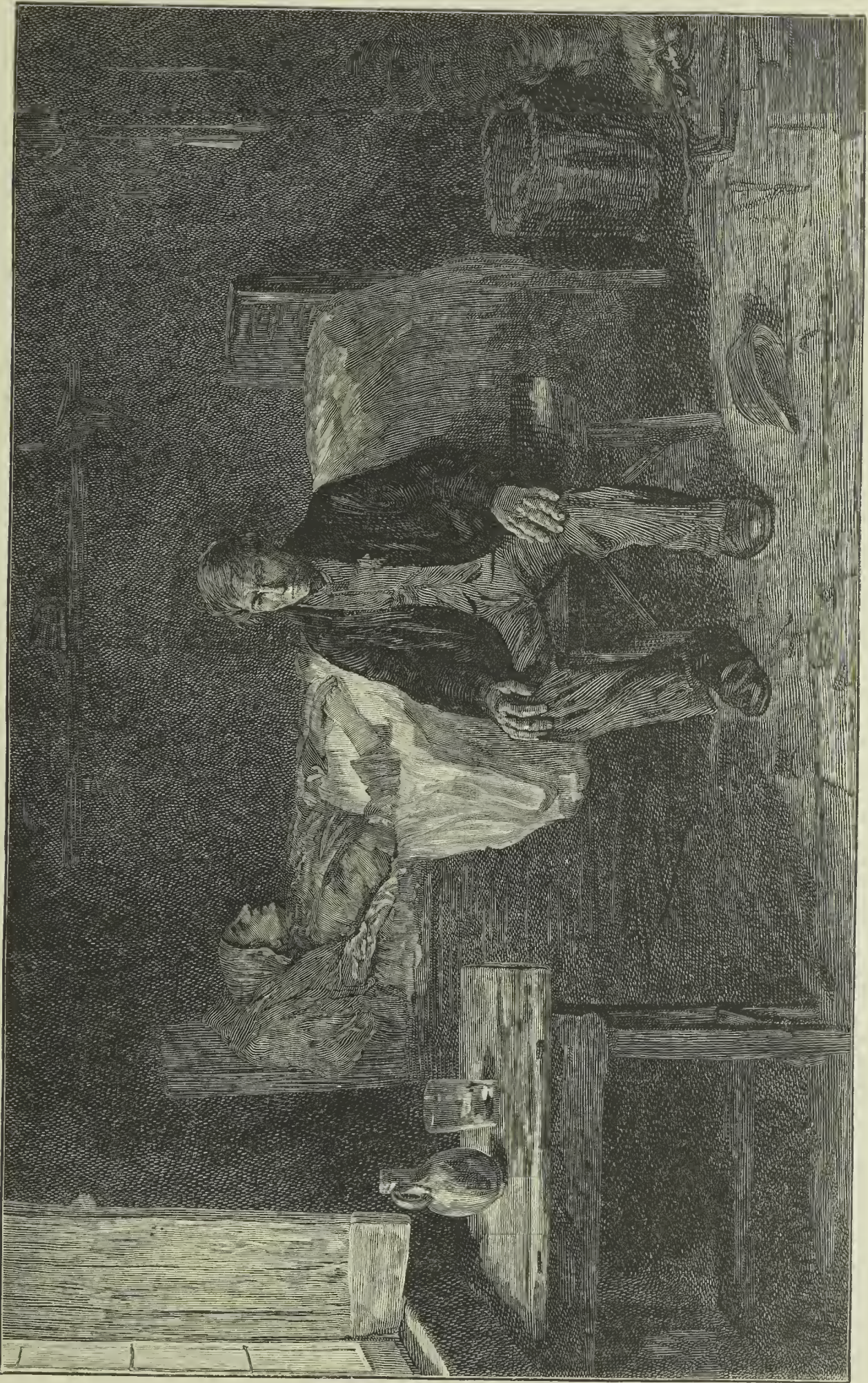


ANY imitators have failed to rob the work of this Dutch painter of its originality and freshness. He retains the initiative which belongs to him, and the fact that no one who has followed has rivalled him leaves him master of an art, most beautiful in conception, most pictorial in execution, of the true depths of which he himself keeps the key. The painter of the pathos of peasant life, Israels is, of course, one of those great artists (whether in letters or in line and colour) who show a special aspect of the world as it is interpreted by a special temperament. He has never professed to touch the whole range of human experience, but he proves himself great in as much as within the narrow part of the world's life to which he has devoted his studies he has found more variety and power, more significance and

humanity, than a less penetrating hand and heart would evoke from the whole various world of the happiness and sorrow of mankind, in the heights and glories of fortune and in the depths and simplicities of lowly life. With these heights and glories he has had no dealing. He has touched the notes of poverty and humility only, presenting the incidents of peasant life in which large tragedies are played out with little dramatic expression.

It is principally his perfect understanding of this reticence in the actions of the poor which has made M. Israels a true and great artist. He knows profoundly the curious habit of forbearing to appeal for sympathy which the poor acquire from the fact (a fact we have the courage to assert in contradiction to a very great deal of conventional assertion to the contrary) that there is extremely little interchange of sensibility in that class of mankind. That the poor give one another help and succour under the most difficult conditions is a happy and noble truth; but it is a misunderstanding of all their character and traditions to affirm that they have even a touch of the sympathy which comes with high education, and which makes the sorrows of others sink poignantly into the heart. Every one who knows the poor at all, and knows how to see with true eyes, has remarked the common kind of cheerfulness with which the most heartrending sicknesses, deaths, bereavements, and all sufferings are treated by them; how they seem to find a vulgar, but doubtless wholesome, comfort in funerals and in their more ghastly preliminaries, and how they are able to eat and drink and to make what mental cheer they ever enjoy in the immediate presence of frightful bodily agony. Now, the poor know each other quite well, and recognise these habits and traditions in each other. They will expect and accept difficult personal service, but they will not look for tenderness and a partaking of sorrows. And not looking for these things, they cease to make that natural unconscious appeal for them which consists in tears, pathos, and self-abandonment and all the indeliberate spontaneous drama of sorrow. The poor, as a class, have very little expression in their faces and very little expressiveness of voice or action. Their vocabulary is extremely limited, not only because of ignorance, but because of reluctance to use expressive or emotional words which will find no echo in the hearts about them. They describe their sorrows in a phraseology of almost grotesque conventionality. Their manifestation of feeling is inarticulate, and the feeling itself seems to be inarticulate too; it is formless, a passive endurance which has not learned the habit, so rooted in the nature of the literary classes, of formulating itself in mental sentences.

M. Israels is one of the few men living or dead who have shown us the labouring man and the labouring woman as they really are in labour, hope, and endurance. Their unconsciousness, their involuntary heroism, their abstention from that universal drama of the educated and the literary—the articulate—classes, have penetrated his mind and guided his hand throughout his long and varied presentment of the lives of the poor. For instance, in one of the most terrible and beautiful of his pictures—"Alone"—the absence of what is usually considered



ALONE.

expression and expressiveness is very remarkable. It is the interior of some lowly Dutch homestead, where, stretched very peacefully, in a kind of undemonstrative repose, lies a thin and pale old woman. She has this moment died. By her bed-side stand the poor and prosaic accompaniments of illness, and her old husband, who has been sitting up with her in the pathetic helplessness of his sex and state, turns in his chair with his two hands on his knees. He turns his back to her, and sits so with his inexpressive eyes fixed and his uneloquent body and limbs in an every-day attitude. Nothing of the wrung hands and the abandonment to grief of the educated and the "gentle." The old man has his sorrow full in the middle of his heart, but it is not formulated into the poignant thoughts of the rich man. Neither thought nor feeling has the acute dart which education and literary tradition give to the thought and feeling of their subjects and victims, though we know that much sentimentality will cry out at our averment. But, nevertheless, the old man is full of grief—to his whole capacity. And long after some neighbouring housewife has left her good man and her children to do charitably, but with a kind of prosaic excitement and pleasure, the last dreadful offices for the dead woman—ay, and for many and many a year to come—the widower will mourn sombrely and silently; he will go down into the grave mourning, but without any pathetic or tender habits of body or soul.

And this simple truthfulness—stronger to move us than the utmost effort of less sincere and observant sentiment could be—appears in everything that Israëls has painted. It is, of course, more striking in sad than in happy subjects; and, in painting the lives of the poor with their utter lack of the chief happiness and pleasures of the world, he has quite rightly chosen sad incidents as a general practice. But it is present with equal power, though with less emphasis, in brighter motives. Take, for instance, his picture "Expectation." Here is again a peasant Dutch interior. A young woman, not beautiful, modest, dressed with the austere absence of charm or grace which in most countries characterises the young matron of the peasant classes, sits at work alone. Close at her side is the still empty cradle; the hopeful industrious hands that have sewn its sheets and its covers are hastening to finish the swaddling clothes and the little coats. There is not a touch of drama, conscious or unconscious, in the picture. There is no upturning of joyful tearful eyes in prayer for safety and in thanksgiving for the coming gift. The young expectant mother makes no appeal for sympathy from men or angels or—a common form of appeal among the less simple—from herself. She is mentally and morally, as well as physically, alone with her rather austere happiness, and is not sparing a moment from her work to formulate her feelings. We will not say, for we do not hold, that this is the fullest, highest, or largest mind that a woman may be in; whatever may be thought of it, it is truly and simply the mind of a peasant woman. And the picture gives a strong impression of chaste and serious happiness. The spectator feels that he has been admitted into a quiet sanctuary of Nature, where her great process of reproduction is going forward with the gravity that

befits it, far from any hint of profane levities or more profane shame. It is a curious comment, by the way, on the frigid purity of the work and on the—well, the other kind of feeling on the part of the public—that after “Expectation” had been exhibited at Messrs. Goupil’s gallery, the title was abruptly changed in a manner that disguised the subject. People were given to understand that the picture represented a mother sewing by the side of a cradle bereft of—not awaiting—its little sleeper. The young peasant had lost her child, and as the death of a child is always popular and pleasing, especially to people who have never realised it, and who like ready-made feeling, doubtless M. Israels’ popularity gained by the alteration of the name.

Nevertheless, as we have said, this master has studied almost without intermission the sadness and mournfulness of lowly life. In his great picture of the “Wreck,” where the dead are being carried across the sands, amid the wind and wave, there is more than usual effectiveness and demonstrativeness of action; for a sudden violent catastrophe startles even the poor out of their habits of reserve; but here, as everywhere, the modesty of nature—of peasant nature—is not violated. And in innumerable scenes of sorrow, death, and pain, it is respected by the most delicate and consummate art. And now and then, as in the “Orphans of Katwijk” and the “Evening,” it is a theme neither sad nor happy of which Israels treats. He shows us the children of a Dutch charity sewing in their simplicity in a room where the very accessories speak seclusion and peace; and labourers faring homeward after their patient day in the patient fields—most hackneyed of motives, indeed, but one which has all possible freshness and directness under the master’s touch.

M. Israels is so great an artist that in writing of his work we reserve all mention of his *technique* to the last; but he is far too great an artist to allow us to omit a mention of it altogether. As a colourist his power is very wonderful, wielded as it is within limitations of grey and sombre tones. Variety, loveliness, and all qualities of distinction in colour are his, and there is a quite exquisite pleasure to be found in the tones and tints of his grey walls, smoke-embrowned, and the dim blues of some stuffs of the peasant’s weaving. His execution is altogether charming—impressionary in his slighter work, complete in his more deliberate; but, whether impressionary or complete, true and right, and therefore in a manner finished, from the first stroke. He has acquired a mastery over *technique* to which we should do no justice if we called it facile. Mastery should not look too easy. The execution of a picture should, as Mr. Coventry Patmore has cleverly said of verse, *feel* but not *suffer from* difficulties. In M. Israels’ work there is never any triumph of ease or dexterity, or rather there is no advertisement of the triumph. None the less is his power manifested, in composure, perfection, and accomplishment. And moreover, his manner is the converse of that of artists—whether in line or letters—who have a tight and tense form and expression, and only loose thinking and slovenly feeling behind it. His matter is solid and strong, and his



THE ORPHANS OF KATWIJK.

manner light and full of "touch." Needless to say that though inheriting much from the Dutch masters of the past, he is an intensely modern Dutchman; his pathos has modern profundity, and his *technique* a modern relaxation and mystery, quite unlike the explicit completeness of the older national school. He belongs to his time in all that is worthiest in the feeling and art of the age.





A FLOOD IN THE FENS.

(In the Collection of the late Captain Hill.)

R. W. MACBETH, A.R.A.

R. MACBETH is equally eminent in colour and in that most suggestive of all black-and-white arts, etching—the one pure art of line that is left since engraving has become somewhat adulterated, as it were, with all kinds of effects not peculiar to line. He has achieved his most popular fame as the broad and brilliant painter of the “Sacrifice,” but perhaps his finest genius is shown in the exquisite rightness and delicacy of his etched work. Perhaps other etchers have more mastery of this art as a kind of shorthand, to be interpreted by those who know the signs; and doubtless many among the French etchers of the quite opposite, or deliberate, school, have a more explicit completeness of execution; but for sensitive and poetic touch, for luminosity and harmony, no one living has a higher place than Mr. Macbeth. And this rare and beautiful sensibility, with an almost equally rare understanding of the limitations, and therefore of the powers, of the etched line, he has devoted to interpreting the most poetic works of modern English art.

But etching is not yet altogether popular, and Mr. Macbeth had already established himself as a painter before his etchings became famous. Perhaps the earliest very conspicuous picture by him was the “Lincolnshire Gang,” a work which made the singular attempt to combine pictorial presentation with a kind of blue-book report on the conditions of agricultural labour in the Fen country. Mr. Macbeth intended to make a beautiful realistic picture, and also to appeal to public feeling as to the equivalent of slavery which exists in the land of the free. It is



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LADY BOVNTIFVL

ROBERT W. MACGREGG, DRAUGHTSMAN

scarcely necessary to say that, despite all the fine qualities of the painter and all the good intentions of the philanthropist, the "Lincolnshire Gang" was neither a good picture nor an explicit text of social science. The presence of the slave-driver with his dogs and his whip needs a catalogue explanation, and the whole thing is part literature, part art. The painter shows us a yard with some straw-thatched sheds, under which men, women, and children, are just waking to the harsh blast of a horn. It is summer daybreak, and the field-hands, the homeless labourers, who are without rights as well as without homes, are to be driven afield with crack of whip and barking of dogs to their work until the evening. The short uneasy slumbers of people who rest in the chill dews upon straw and earth are brought to a rude close, and the sleepy children lean wearily against their mother's knees in a manner that brings reminiscences of Mrs. Browning's verses, applicable to these children of the fields, though written for the still sadder children of the factory and the streets:—

"They are leaning their young heads
against their mothers,
But that cannot stop their tears."



LANDING SARDINES AT LOW TIDE.

The central group of women and girls standing up ready for departure is a very noble one, so grave, patient, and upright are the attitudes; but here, as in the figure of the driver, with his two fierce dogs and his whip, and in that of a man running on the left, the imitation of Frederick Walker passes the limits of mere discipleship and derivation.

The next picture was far more legitimately a picture, seeking to point no moral, except the implicit moral of all labour. "Potato Harvest in the Fens" is the title, and women and children, as before, bear the chief part, being grouped high in the middle of the composition, in all attitudes of gathering, from the full standing position of the girl who has raised herself to fasten up her hair, to the kneeling and crouching of the pickers at her feet. The action of this girl, by the way, with her two arms uplifted, has as strong suggestions of Mason as the other picture showed of Walker. The time is late afternoon, and the baskets are being filled with the potatoes ploughed up in the furrows. In the background the ploughman sends his long lash curving against the sky to reach the leader of his team. The sky is windy, and holds a dark rain-cloud throughout; the figures are perfectly realistic in occupation and dress, but Greek in line—a combination invented by the genius of Mason. In the following year (1878) appeared "Sedge-

cutting in Wicken Fen, Cambridgeshire." In this beautiful picture Mr. Macbeth has more than ever caught the spirit of the country which nurtured the magical side of Lord Tennyson's landscape genius. The Fens inspired an altogether new note in English poetry, a note which all who have an ear for such spiritual notes recognise in such passages as—

"The long grey fields at night;
When from the dry dark wold the summer airs blow cool
On the oat-grass and the sword-grass and the bulrush in the pool."

And with a singular phase of poetry that sad English country has inspired a singular phase of art. Mr. Macbeth's feeling for sedge and fen and low sky is almost as admirable, fine, and sensitive as Lord Tennyson's. In this picture he has fewer figures, all having the dignity peculiar to the school. The sky is the grey characteristic sky of the place. In the catalogue he tells us "Sedge-cutting is one of the remnants of a fen industry, and Wicken Fen is the only remaining portion of a great fen district on which the sedge has free growth. This fen is now reduced to a small acreage by man and his agricultural improvements."

The artist lingered in the same regions to paint "The Flood in the Fens," taking a strong but gentle delight in the levels, the large horizons, the spaces of water, and the incidents of the local industries. But he was obviously obliged to go on with his peculiar kind of idealisation. In so far as concerns Nature only, the artist at work in England may still follow the facts to his heart's content. The national manner of money-making has not yet so changed the face of the country that art could not deal with it until such time as vanished prosperity should restore the blue, the gold, the green, and the crystal, to sky, sunshine, sward, and brook. Not that a true artist would wish—patriotism apart—to see that time; he would not wish to separate humanity from Nature, and he knows that the sights and sounds and scents of labour—the husbandman at toil, the sound of a pickaxe in some distant quarry of the hills, the odour of the smouldering weeds and leaves—should add to a landscape almost all its meaning and pathos. A true artist would not push on the work of banishing the peasant from the land, but, on the contrary, would send him back thither from the courts and alleys and factories of the town. Few people know—even now that Mr. Macbeth and many other artists have shown them—how beautiful ploughing and all other direct agricultural industries really are. That they are most beautiful and most various is, however, true, and the painter need not seek for a wild natural world for his picture. He may, as we have said, be as true to facts as he likes while he is dealing with the water, the meadows, and the hills of modern England. But it is otherwise when he comes to figures for his interest. Man's rural labour does not disfigure the land, but man himself—English man, at least—undoubtedly requires idealising, unless our national sentiment will allow us to reach some French painters' point of stoical indifference to the beautiful. Mr.

Macbeth is, of course, a figure-painter, and he deals with the British peasant in a manner which would fain be naturalistic but cannot; the subject is too unmanageably unpicturesque. In his studies of working gangs aroused from rest for the day's toil, of men and women at work ingathering the potato-harvest, and of people, cattle, and pigs, taking refuge from a flood, he has striven hard for realism of subject, and has succeeded with very pleasant effect; but in the figures them-



"She's ta'en her mantle her about,
And sat down by the shore."—THE MILLER'S SON.
(From "*British Ballads*.")

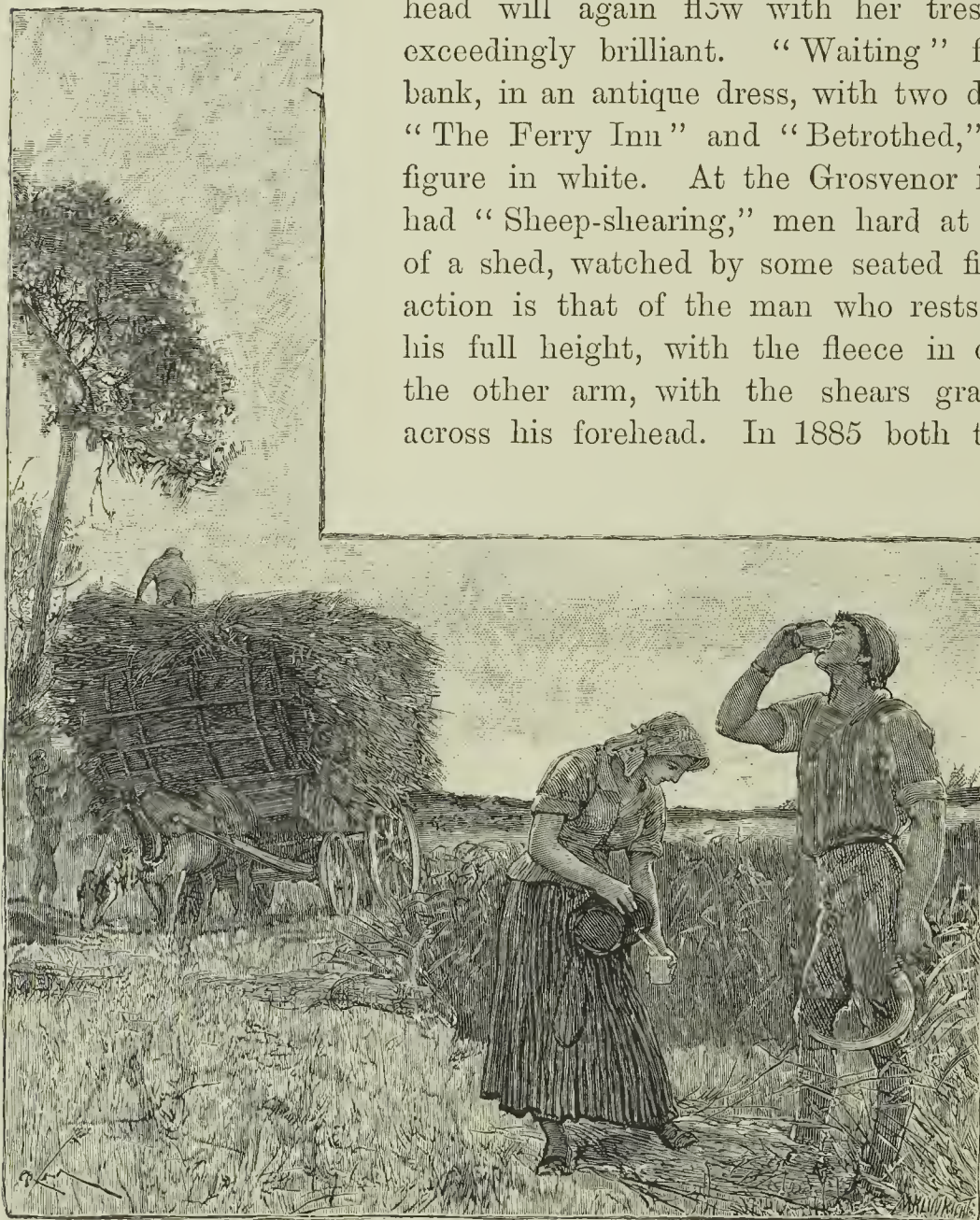
selves, in the types of feature and the character of expression, in the mould of limb and the turn of gesture, he has assuredly relied on other memories or other models than those of the Fen country. Heroic aspirations are evident in his work; and although he avoids, with an artist's tact, any absurdity of false refinement or prettiness, he has not been able to deny himself a certain refinement of his own, no less unreal, if more judicious. One of the great charms of his picture of "A Flood in the Fens" is its pleasing harmony of colours and its extreme brightness of tone; in the latter respect it is pushed up to a high point, the colours and tones striking a chord like that of an orchestra where the instruments are tuned up above concert-pitch.

Forsaking England for a time, Mr. Macbeth painted in 1879 his "Sardine Fishery," in which the illumination is particularly decorative. Women are mending nets upon the shore, and the sardine boats are setting sail from the Breton

harbour. Next year appeared "In Clover," girls visiting a horse in his stable, of which the floor is strewn with the honey-sweet homely flower; and in 1881 the artist had three pictures at the Grosvenor Gallery, and at Burlington House "The Ferry." This bright scene of smooth water and smooth sky has a graceful composition of country people of the early century making their transit from bank to bank. To 1883 belong "The Sacrifice" and "The Signal." That year the artist first exhibited as an Associate of the Academy, and his work justified his new honours. "The Sacrifice" shows a girl in the shop of an eighteenth-century *perruquier*. She has sold her magnificent red-gold hair, and sits patiently to be shorn, cheered doubtless by the thought that though she may sell the growth she

keeps the seed, and that before long her charming cropped head will again flow with her tresses. The picture is exceedingly brilliant. "Waiting" followed—a girl on a bank, in an antique dress, with two dogs at her side; also "The Ferry Inn" and "Betrothed," a study of a female figure in white. At the Grosvenor in 1883 Mr. Macbeth had "Sheep-shearing," men hard at work in the interior of a shed, watched by some seated figures. The principal action is that of the man who rests himself by rising to his full height, with the fleece in one hand, and draws the other arm, with the shears grasped in the fingers, across his forehead. In 1885 both this artist's contribu-

tions to the Academy—"The Miller and the Maid" and "Ripe October"—were criticised for a certain slovenliness of execution. The next year he had nothing at the Academy; and in 1887 he was represented by "Ambrosia," an exuberant Hebe of the tavern, red-haired and broad-armed, serving, with



"They've ta'en a weapon long and sharp
And cut him by the knee."—JOHN BARLEYCORN.
(From "British Ballads.")

smiles, some hungry traveller with a tray of oysters and the condiments that fit them so well.

Mr. Macbeth's work in black-and-white is too abundant to be noticed here in detail. Every Academy for many a year has had examples of his admirably beautiful work with the point. His interpretations of Mason, Pinwell, and Walker, are most famous, but his original designs have a grace all their own. Both his



"Smile, lady, smile! I will not set
Upon my brow the coronet,
Till thou wilt gather roses white
To wear around its gems of light."—THE RED FISHERMAN.
(From "*British Ballads*.")

"Lady Bountiful" and the pretty interior to which he gave the title "Here it is" inspired lines worthy of the painter's best qualities. To the former—the lovely and radiant lady in her furs going over the snow to succour her poor—Mr. Austin Dobson wrote:—

"St. Charity! In classic time
They would have carved her large, sublime,
Less mind than matter;
Lifting a horn that overflows
To men whose need (like Figaro's)
But makes them fatter.

“Or, in the neo-Dürer style,
 They would have made her grimly smile
 From wrecks symbolic;
 Symbol herself of grinding want,
 Hard, introspective, haggard, gaunt,
 And melancholic.

“Now, we have changed all that. To-day
 We treat her in a different way;
 We make her pretty;
 We send her tripping through the snow,
 To pour her pity on the woe
 Of some huge city.

“God speed! Kind heart, kind hand, kind eyes,
 Life to too many a one denies
 The joy of laughter,
 That we should grudge, when you go by,
 To wish your errand well, and cry
 Our blessing after!”

“Here it is!” presents a breakfast-table, with its graceful adornments and fresh Spring flowers, at which sits the slender lady of the house opening out the *Times*, with that happy interest which means that a woman’s vicarious ambition is on the alert for something to be found in its columns. The anonymous poem has rare grace and feeling:—

“With fans and china, flowers and kits,
 Lo! in that room alone she sits
 Where now they tread through shining lands
 The life of wedded hearts and hands;
 And, still the lover, still the bride,
 Wonder with each new morning tide
 To share each other’s days, and find
 Her growing first of womankind,
 And him the chief of men. Read on!
 The light that late so languid shone
 Now broadens trembling into day;
 For lo! among the quaint array
 In the long gallery’s radiant rows
 Your picture by your lover glows!
 Read on, O bride, with happy eyes,
 And bind your love with lighter ties,
 Silk over gold, a human twine
 To wreath and decorate the divine!
 Not singly of itself shall grow
 Your love, nor unattended go:
 Henceforward pride shall bear a part
 To bind that love about your heart;
 And you shall hear the note of praise
 Tuned to the song of married days.”

Other original etchings are “Coming from St. Ives’ Market” and “Study of a Classic Figure.” Mr. Macbeth has also interpreted with the point Titian’s



ROBERT W. MACBETH, PINX. ET SC.

"HERE IT IS!"

“Bacchus and Ariadne.” To the “British Ballads” he contributed a number of illustrations. The subject of the first, here reproduced, is a ballad from Buchan’s collection, in which are sung the fortunes of a young maiden supposed to have been forsaken by her lover. She sings a sweet enough lamentation, averring that—

“Some do mourn for oxen, . . .
And others mourn for kye,
And some do mourn for dowie death,
But none for love but I.”

And the refrain is ever—

“And cauld and shrill the wind blaws still
Between my love and me.”

Her love left her with the fondest vows, but since he sailed away in the *Goldspink* she has had no letters.

Next is Mr. Macbeth’s design for the weird ballad in which Praed describes the Abbot’s vision of “The Red Fisherman.” This Fisherman is no other than the Evil One, who casts baits into the abominable pool and catches souls with the things they love. With dainties and the jests and jollities of a feast he fishes up the Abbot’s brother, the Mayor of St. Edmund’s Bury; with the weapons and sights and sounds of battle he catches a knight whom the Abbot finds to be the cruel Duke of Gloucester; with a “bundle of beautiful things,” a peacock’s tail, silk and pearl, scarlet slippers, perfumes and love-letters, and a passionate song, the evil fisherman makes a cast for a lady’s soul, and the song was:—

“Smile, lady, smile! I will not set
Upon my brow the coronet
Till thou gather roses white
To wear around its gems of light.



“They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel, crawling foam.”—THE SANDS O’ DEE.

“Smile, lady, smile! I will not see
Rivers and Hastings bend the knee
Till those bewitching eyes of thine
Will bid me rise in bliss from mine.

“Smile, lady, smile! for who would win
A loveless throne through guilt and sin?
Or who would reign o’er vale and hill,
If woman’s heart were rebel still?”



‘He’s ta’en his mither by the hand, His six brothers also,
And they are on through Elmond’s wood As fast as they could go.’—YOUNG AIKIN.

“One jerk, and there a lady lay,
A lady wondrous fair;
But the rose of her lip had faded away,
And her cheek was as white and as cold as clay,
And torn was her raven hair.

“‘Ah ha!’ said the Fisher, in merry guise,
‘Her gallant was hooked before;’
And the Abbot heaved some piteous sighs,
For oft he had blessed those deep blue eyes—
The eyes of Mistress Shore!”

Next the trembling Abbot finds that new baits are being sought for; but one after another the Fisherman tosses them aside, looking for something which proves to

be a bishop's mitre. In mortal terror the Abbot, knowing for whom this is destined, falls on his knees and makes the sign of the Cross, just in time! The cock crows, and the red Fisherman is obliged to lock up his box of bait and fly. Mr. Macbeth has chosen the one sentimental passage from this most grisly story. His next two drawings are for Burns's "John Barleycorn" and for Kingsley's "Sands o' Dee;" and afterwards comes the illustration of "Young Aikin." In the words of Buchan, who has it in his collection, this fine ballad is, "to all appearance, very old, and agrees with the romantic history and times of Fergus II. It will be considered by all lovers of Scottish song as a great acquisition to their store of traditionary poetry. The heroine, Lady Margaret, a king's daughter, was stolen by her father's cup-bearer, who built for her a bower in which she was so artfully confined that no one could have discovered the place of her residence. In this bower she bare to her adopted husband seven sons, the oldest of whom was the means of releasing her from her dreary abode. On his arrival at the Court of his grandfather, whither he had gone



"GENTLE HERDSMAN, TELL TO ME."

to reconnoitre, the old man at once perceived such a family likeness in the face of this woodland boy as made him inquire after the fate of his long-lost daughter. She, with the rest of her sons, arrived at her father's palace, and like the prodigal, or long-lost son, was welcomed with joy and gladness." This same "little wee boy," whom Mr. Macbeth has made extremely robust in accordance with his energetic character, obtains his father's pardon also, and winds up by asking for "Christendoun" for himself and his brothers. The mother is ashamed to go within the church:—

"Then out it speaks the parish priest
And a sweet smile ga'e he:
'Come ben, come ben, my lily flower;
Present your babes to me.'

"Charles, Vincent, Sam, and Dick,
And likewise John and James;
They called the eldest young Aikin,
Which was his father's name."

The last illustration is from an old ballad, placed by Dr. Percy in his collection, which takes the form of a dialogue between a pilgrim and a herdsman. The scene is laid near Walsingham, in Norfolk, where there was formerly a shrine of the Blessed Virgin Mary, famous all over Europe, to which many pilgrimages were made. The wealthy brought rich offerings, and among the annual donors were the Earls of Northumberland. The shrine was connected with a priory of Augustinian Canons, founded about the middle of the twelfth century. Several English kings visited this spot. In 1538, when the monasteries were destroyed, the figure which had stood within the shrine was conveyed to Chelsea and burnt there before the Commissioners. The ballad opens with the courteous inquiry of the pilgrim as to the "right and ready way" to the town of Walsingham. The herdsman replies that the way is "hard for to be gon," to which the pilgrim urges that his sin is so grievous and ill that, if the way were thrice as long, it would not be enough for his offence. But, says the herdsman:—

"Thy yeares are young, thy face is faire,
Thy witts are weake, thy thoughts are grene;
Time hath not given thee leave, as yett,
For to commit so great a sinne."

"Yes, herdsman, yes, soe wouldst thou say,
If thou knewest soe much as I;
My witts, my thoughts, and all the rest
Have well deserved for to die."

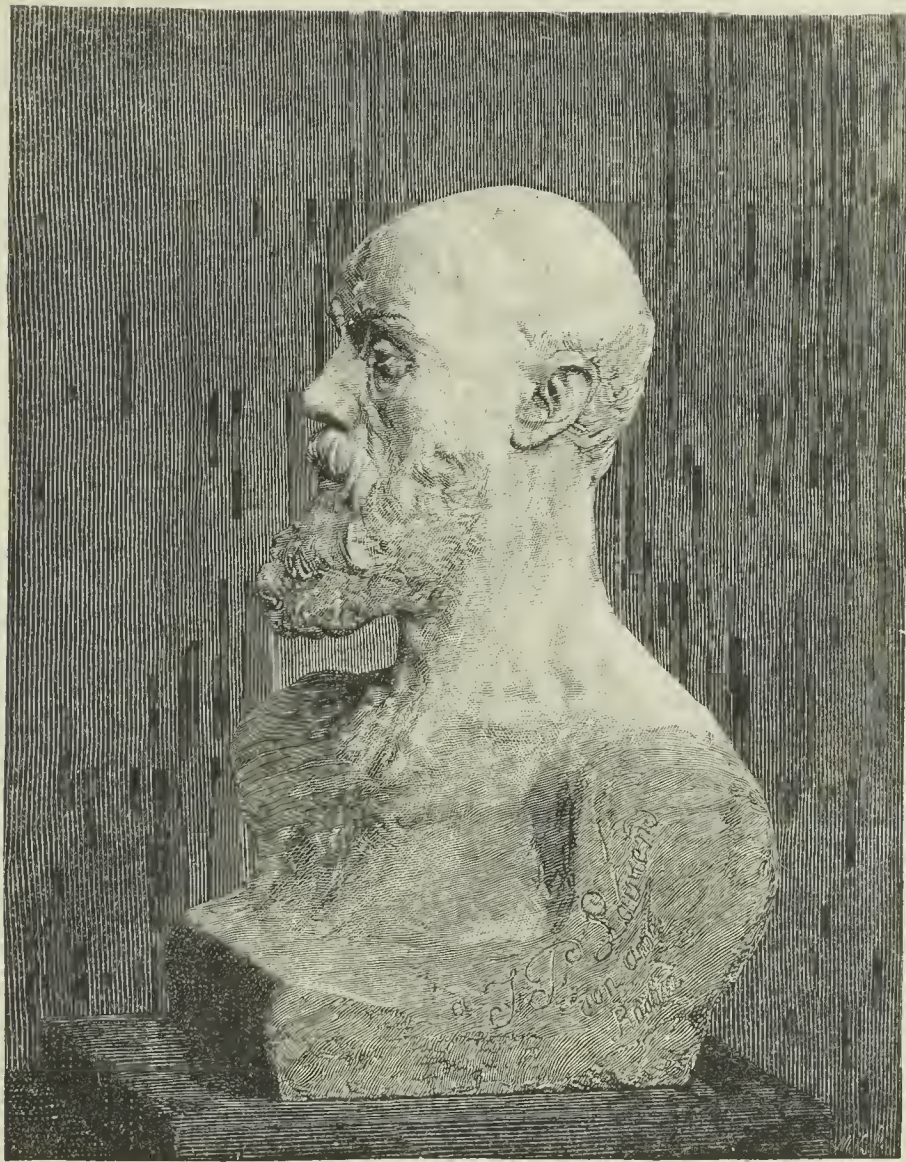
"I am not what I seem to bee,
My clothes and sexe do differ farr;
I am a woman, woe is me!
Born to greiffe and irksome care."

Then she tells him how she had a sincere and noble lover who tenderly loved her, so that growing proud and coy with the devotion of this "flower of noble knights," she wearied him with delays until he got to a secret place, and died without relief.

"Thus every day I fast and pray,
And ever will do till I die;
And gett me to some secrett place,
For soe did he, and soe will I."

The dialogue does not end in the sentimental and banal manner of the last century. The herdsman does not turn out to be the injured lover who, instead of dying, had taken to agricultural pursuits to distract his mind. Having heard the pilgrim's story he is evidently inclined to think that her sin does indeed merit the hardest penance she can do, and he directs her on the weary way to Our Lady of Walsingham.

"Now goe thy wayes, and God before!
For Hee must ever guide thee still;
Turne down that dale, the right-hand path,
And soe, faire pilgrim, fare thee well."



(Bronze by Auguste Rodin.)

JEAN-PAUL LAURENS.

THE list of the works of Jean-Paul Laurens is, like that of the works of Paul Delaroche, a series of catastrophes, a kind of martyrology. It is a perpetual 'fifth act.' Thus spoke M. Charles Blanc, as he passed in review M. Laurens' contributions to the International Exhibition of 1878, and every one was forced to admit, at least, the apparent truth of his statement; but when he went on to suggest that the painter's choice of subject was a proof of coldness of heart, and to see in the frequency of tragic themes an artifice by which the artist worked up his own emotions and those of others, he hazarded an opinion which M. Laurens' fine series of illustrations of the "Imitation" (1876) were by themselves sufficient to refute.

Executed in sepia very broadly washed, these drawings presented the same

interesting character of touch as marked the master's work with the brush. The head of Christ intended as a frontispiece had a genuine and mystical character, noticeable in all the designs. In two of the series—"The Meeting of Hildebrand and Bruno, Bishop of Toul," and "The Ghost of Marianne appearing to Herod the Great"—this mystical element was conjoined with a simplicity and soundness of style and a reality in the rendering which gave sobriety to an otherwise fantastic conception. The figure of Marianne, swathed and bound in graveclothes, was floating forwards—only her awful face exposed: Herod, at the sight of the terrible image, falling on his knees in anguish and terror. The pressure of the bands on the shroud which enveloped the figure was made to tell in a way which added to the fearful truth of the movement—the solemn and inevitable advance which M. Laurens had contrived to impress on the shade of the injured woman. In the "Meeting of Hildebrand and Bruno," another spirit prevailed: the profound peace of a saintly calm replaced the hideous nightmares of death and remorse, the silent shadows were lit with the beauty of holiness, its sacred influence spoke alike in the measured greeting of Hildebrand and in the absorbed quiet of St. Bruno. Throughout it was indeed plain that M. Laurens had not only read his text, but had caught and translated the peculiar spiritual accent of the "Imitation." Yet his interpretation did not show signs of long brooding and meditation; rather it was marked by an extraordinary air of spontaneity. It was as if the artist, being himself of a nature eminently susceptible to the moral influences of the "Imitation," had read the volume for the first time, with fervent admiration and surprise.

The longer one looked at this series of designs the more plainly did two questions present themselves: first, what was the explanation of the peculiar freshness and naïveté of impression which, rare enough in all classes of work, is especially rare in that which treats themes sufficiently elevated to have been worthy the mould of timeworn conventions? secondly, how came it that a man, whose every line and touch were laid with healthy skill, could dwell morbidly on visions of tragic death? Further, on examining the picture which M. Laurens had contributed to the Salon of 1876, the second question put itself even more imperatively. He had taken for his subject one of the designs suggested by the "Imitation"—"Francis Borgia before the Open Coffin of Queen Isabella." He showed the gifts of a colourist—gifts the character of which denoted, as plainly as his drawing and design, that he was of a temperament sane, healthy, robust, and full of that joy in his work which a healthy workman must feel. He manifested, in short, in the treatment of a morbid theme a character which, however grave and serious, could not be morbid. Two years later M. Ferdinand Fabre's "*Roman d'un Peintre*" gave the answers to our questions.

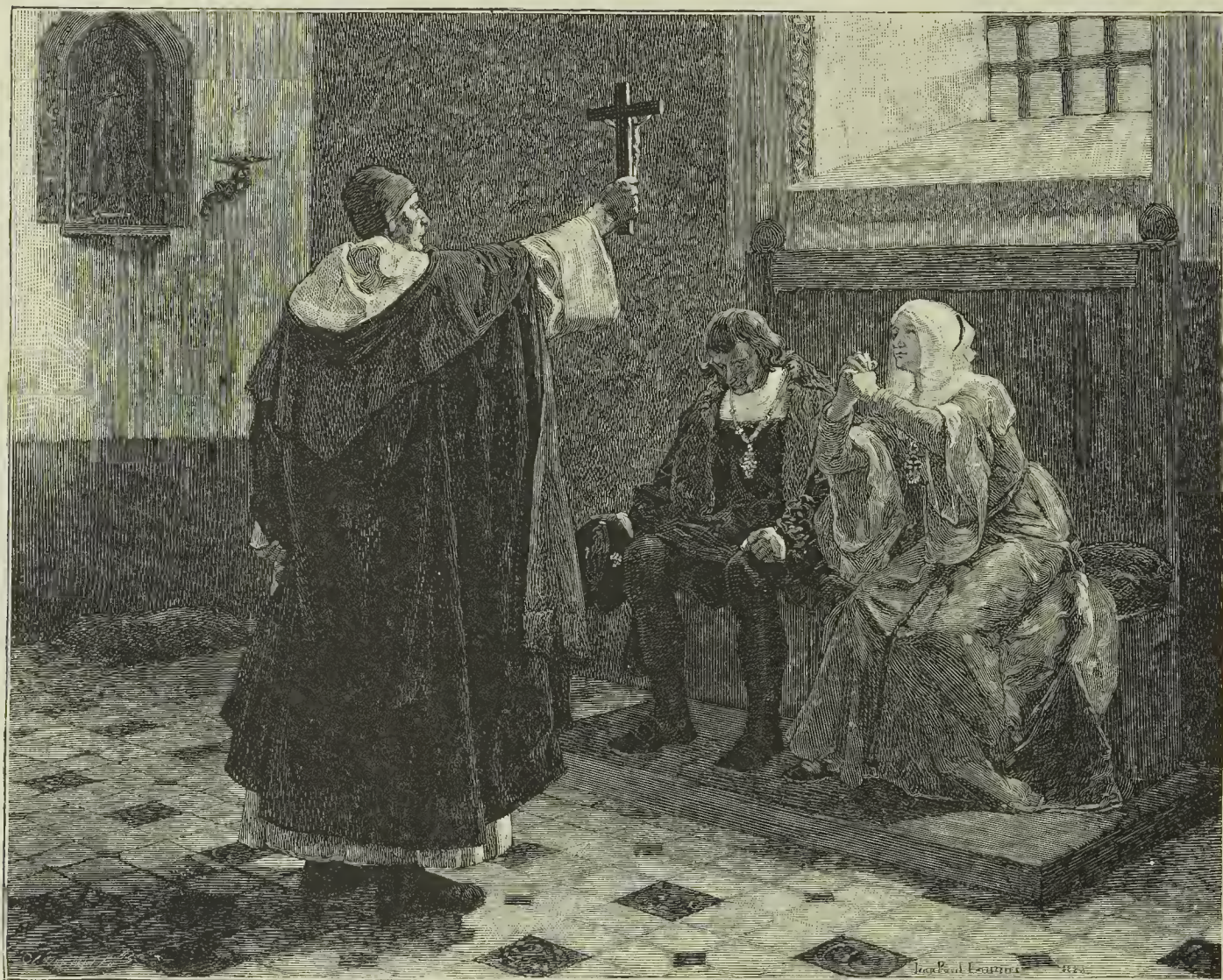
Jean-Paul Laurens was born in 1838, at Forquevaux, in the Lauraguais. A peasant by birth, having lost his mother at an early age, he was left much to himself, and, feeling little love for books, barely learnt to read and write at the village school. On her death-bed his mother had let fall a "Book of Hours,"

which the child seized on and secreted. Turning over the leaves he one day found an engraving of the "Nativity" of Carle Vanloo. This discovery excited him strangely. The sight of the design, wretched as it was, disturbed him. He shut up his book, and tried to forget what he had seen, but in vain. Next day, after having eagerly examined the engraving, he, though hardly able to trace a letter of the alphabet, began to draw. Then he tried to reproduce Nature, but a group of acacias in bloom baffled his utmost efforts, and, irritated by his failure, he returned in despair to the sports he had forsaken. But his vocation was too strong to be thus diverted, and in 1851 he quitted Forquevaux with a band of itinerant Italians who had been employed to decorate the parish church. At the first halt, in the little inn of Ste. Anne du Salat, an incident occurred which left indelible traces on his imagination. The room in which he slept with Buccaferata, his Italian master, opened into the chamber where the landlord's wife lay dead; disturbed by the misconduct of the servants, who should have kept watch by the corpse, the Italian drove them away and took their task upon himself. Struck by the strange beauty of the dead, Buccaferata set himself to reproduce her features, bidding his terrified pupil hold aloft the candle which should light his labours. Thus Laurens stood in agony till morning broke, and the experiences of that night continue to exercise their strange fascination on the mind of the grown man, who has become "le peintre des morts"—the painter of the dead.

Not only were Laurens' chances of professional instruction from his Italian companions infinitely small, but, for long years, instruction of any other kind was equally out of the question. They employed him as a servant, and it was not until he had passed two years in this bondage that he made his escape, and succeeded, after heroic efforts, in getting into the art-school of Toulouse. There he came in contact with the influences which were to shape his life. M. Willemsens, the director of the Toulouse school—who has left an honourable name as an artist—soon distinguished his merit. From him he received the teaching and encouragement of which he stood in need; and when, at last, Laurens was introduced into his family, he found in the intelligent interest and kindly counsels of Mme. Willemsens the stimulus needed for the development of his moral and intellectual nature.

In 1860 he left Toulouse for Paris. He had obtained from the town a yearly pension of sixty pounds, and, with his daily bread thus assured, was enabled to enter the *atelier* of Cogniet. As was the case with Millet, and in spite of the undoubted promise given by his studies, Laurens failed to obtain the honours of the Prix de Rome. His first success was obtained by his painting "The Death of Cato" (1863), which procured him the award of Honourable Mention from the jury of the Salon. His pension from the town of Toulouse was but of three years' duration; and thrown on his own resources, Laurens had recourse to all the shifts by which a man without name or fortune is reduced in order to live. But he never lost his hold on the class of work which alone would satisfy his secret

ambitions. In 1864 he exhibited "The Death of Tiberius," a work which passed without notice, and in which his remarkable personal qualities indeed were scarcely perceptible. His ill success, though, stimulated him to fresh efforts. About two years later, when M. Fabre made his acquaintance, he was living alone in two little garrets in the Rue de Chabrol. His picture of "Christ Crowned with Thorns" was in progress upon the easel; and in his portfolio he had a set of



CATHOLIC SOVEREIGNS BEFORE THE GRAND INQUISITOR.

illustrations of the Bible, one of which, a "Vision of Ezekiel," excited in his visitor an enthusiasm of honest admiration which brought him, once and for all, into friendly relations with the painter.

At this time Laurens' favourite books were, says M. Fabre, the Bible, Æschylus, and Shakespeare; but he also possessed an old edition of St. Augustine's "Confessions," Montesquieu's "Décadence des Romains," a Tacitus, and some odd volumes of a dictionary of history, which he had picked up about the quays. "One could scarcely believe," says M. Fabre, "with what force a work of genius would

tell on this young man of twenty-five . . . who came from his native village to the dazzling poetry of the Psalms, to the burning denunciations of the prophets, to the bitter disillusion of St. Augustine, to the 'Annals,' to the 'Prometheus Bound,' to the work of Shakespeare, immense as the ocean." In illustration of his extraordinary sensibility, M. Fabre relates that one night he read to him Corneille's "Cinna." In the middle of the monologue of Augustus he was interrupted by Laurens, who said, "Enough, enough; my head reels." M. Fabre saw that he was pale, and anxiously asked what ailed him. "Nothing," answered Laurens; and then touching the volume which the other held in his hand, he continued, "Too many things *there* have moved me. . . . It makes me ill. . . . Happy you who can admire so calmly. . . . I am not accustomed to it, and you know . . . !"

This anecdote furnishes the clue to the extraordinary vivacity and originality which stamp M. Laurens' treatment of those historical themes which seem outworn in other hands; even as the episode of Ste. Anne du Salat—the story of the drear night passed in holding aloft the torch which lighted the chamber of death—affords the explanation of the constant recurrence of similar themes in his work. An extraordinary persistency of impression and tenacity of purpose are dominant traits in M. Laurens' character: every incident of his career bears their stamp. Ill and discouraged in 1868, he sought restoration to health, not in foreign travel, but in a return to his native village. The constancy he has displayed in his family ties has marked his relations with friends. The last hours of Mme. Willemsens were tended by him with the devotion of a son; and in 1869 his marriage with her daughter but realised a hope cherished from boyhood.

The modest post of Professor of Drawing in a municipal school had enabled Laurens to take this step by assuring him a certain, if small, income. Each of the works which he produced in succession after the break occasioned by the terrible year of 1870 proved the steady growth of strength and skill. First came "St. Ambrose Instructing Honorius," "The Death of the Duc d'Enghien," "Pope Formosus and Stephen VII." (1872); then "The Pool of Bethesda" (1873) and "The Cardinal and St. Bruno" (1874)—two works which revealed the influence of a recent journey to Italy, and which brought their author the Cross of the Legion of Honour; then "The Excommunication" and "The Interdict" (1875), "Francis Borgia Before the Coffin of Queen Isabella" (1875), and "The Austrian Staff Before the Body of Marceau." At first, in the presentment of tragic situations, M. Laurens confined himself to their dramatic aspect. In "Before the Inquisitors" we see a monk arraigned before his theological judges, and showing very little sign of submission on the point in contest. The painter's admirably forcible rendering of the scene in which Stephen VII. anathematises the dead body of his predecessor is another work of the same class. "The Interdict," as regarded sense of drama, was a work even more complete in itself; and finally, in the "Marceau," M. Laurens displayed, in addition to the qualities which had

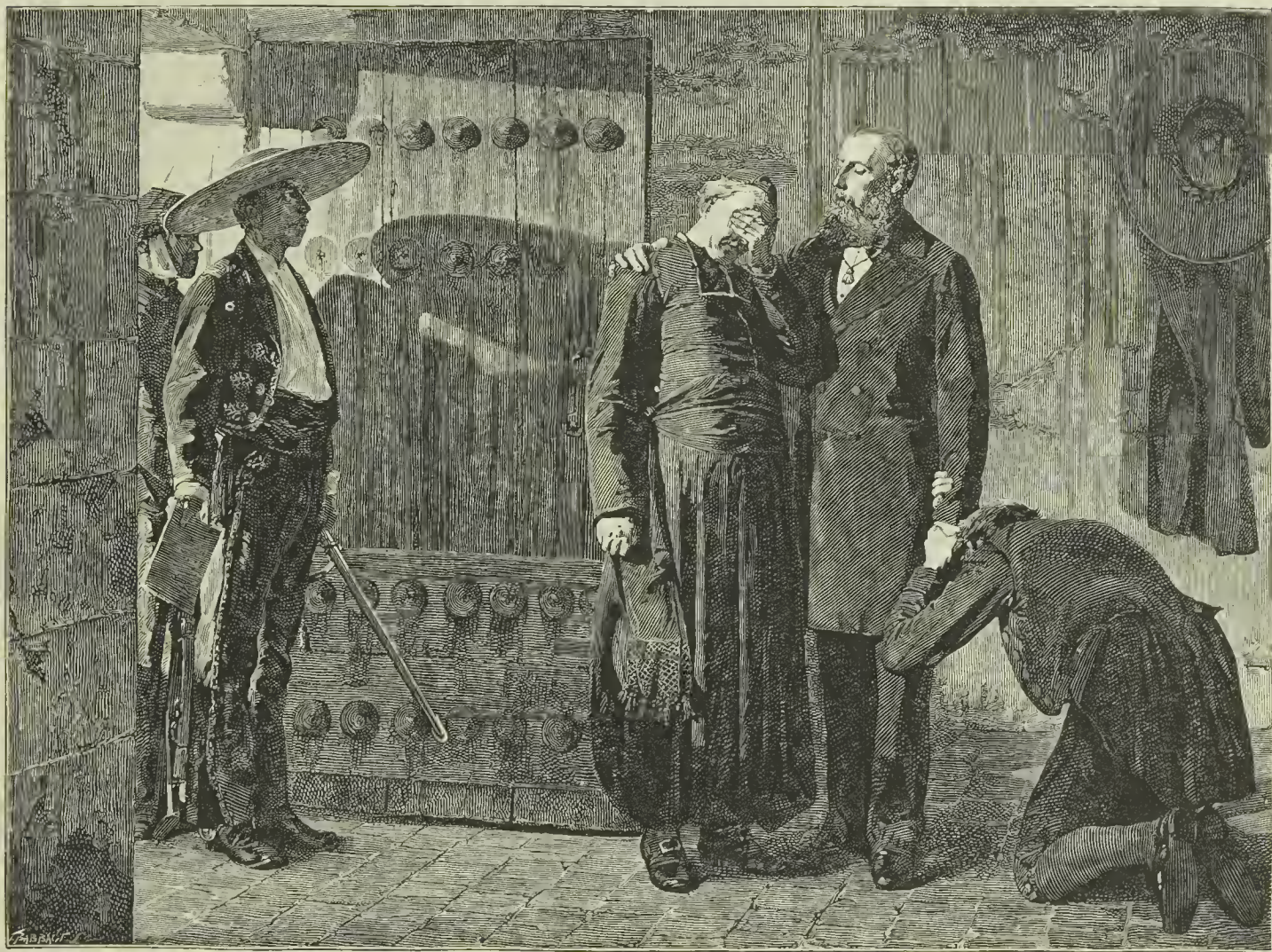
previously distinguished him, a capacity for analysing various shades of emotion, only suspected to be his by those who had studied his illustrations of "The Imitation." In this work M. Laurens proved himself a painter, an artist, and a man; his mastership could no longer be questioned, and he won the Prix du Salon.

In the following year the artist departed from his usual practice of dwelling on the most gloomy aspects of life, and painted "The Release of the Prisoners of Carcassonne," now in the Salon Triennial. "In the month of August, 1303," says the *livret*, "the people of Carcassonne and Albi, stirred by the preaching of Brother Bernard Délicieux, broke into the dungeons of the Inquisition, under the eyes of Jean de Pecquigny, the reformer of Languedoc." The picture did not and could not have the same measure of popular success as attended the exhibition of the "Marceau," because it could not appeal, as that work did, to the imagination even of the wholly untrained. But an extraordinary force of hue was obtained in the scarlet and crimson clothes of the Inquisitor's figure, which occupied the centre of the picture, by the juxtaposition of touches of green, such as Veronese loved, and of the yellow draperies of one of the Consuls. This yellow, again, found its full value in relief against the sombre brown of Bernard's garments; and thus the painter, by strengthening the blood reds and vermilions of the immediate foreground, put the red-brick walls of the background, which would otherwise have been overpowering, into their proper place. In "Catholic Sovereigns before the Grand Inquisitor"—the dramatic group that illustrates the ghostly supremacy in days when there was little flattering of kings—fine use is made of white in several tones and various illuminations.

It will be seen that as M. Laurens gained in power, his personal tendencies, as a colourist, asserted themselves more and more distinctly. Red, the hue which is susceptible of the greatest variety of modifications, took the leading place in his scheme of colour, contrasted usually, as in the "Marceau" and the "Prisoners," with brilliant yellows and flashes of white. In his "Honorius—Lower Empire" (1880) the child-emperor is draped in folds of scarlet, beneath which shows embroidered under-clothing of gold and black on fawn-colour; the scarlet of the mantle is spread by the dull red of the pillow; and over the throne, of ebony inlaid with gold and crimson and silver ornament, is thrown a cloth of silver, which plays the part of white in the general scheme. His portrait of a lady exhibited in the following year is also a study of reds, but of a different quality, and differently treated.

But M. Laurens had yet to feel the peculiar value and beauty of black, as a colour, in schemes in which primitives play a conspicuous part; and this seems to have been first brought home to him when carrying out, in 1882, his large canvas of "The Last Moments of the Emperor Maximilian," the original of our illustration. Black was, necessarily, the garb of his principal personage; and shortly afterwards we find him selecting black, employed in juxtaposition with white, as the point of departure in his last and greatest achievement—the mural paintings in the Panthéon. The earlier work was considered a failure. The death of Maximilian

was, it is true, acknowledged to be a page of history, but tragedy in a frockcoat shocked the popular taste so deeply that few would look a second time. The artist's materials did not, certainly, lend themselves readily to pictorial treatment: the emperor stands between his valet and his priest, the one kneeling and kissing his master's hand in the agony of farewell; to the right stands the priest—he would bid courage, but cannot for very anguish; the door is opened, the glare of



LAST MOMENTS OF THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN.

tropical sunlight floods the little room and brings out the three black-robed figures in startling contrast; the messenger of death is on the threshold, the orange and red of his uniform add to the savage character and bilious hue of the typical features seen beneath the broad shadow of the Mexican hat. In his face and the emperor's the whole story is told: the one is worn and channelled with lines of bitter experience, but resolute and nerved by the high courage which is one of the noblest products of civilisation; the other is unmoved, every muscle cast in a mould of stolid savagery. The sunlight effect was rendered with admirable force and truth; and it was on this effect that M. Laurens had to rely, so as to give,

by skilful massing of light and shade, somewhat of a pictorial aspect to the scene, over and above the incontestable merit which it acquired in virtue of his dramatic insight and powers of vigorous delineation. To look attentively at this presentment of the unfortunate victim of the Third Napoleon is never to forget something which M. Laurens alone has the gift to show.

And this is, after all, a thing to notice specially in respect of M. Laurens' work—it is impossible to forget it. Go to the Panthéon and look at the four compartments in which he has depicted the death of St. Genevieve and the miracles wrought at her tomb; put away accepted theories as to mural decoration; look only at the pictures on the wall before you; and you will bring something of it away. In a hall which occupies the first three divisions, on a bed raised above the crowd pressing from right and left to receive her blessing, lies the dying saint. The white linen which drapes her emaciated form is isolated by full tones of black and crimson. Here and there are passages in which—as in the figures of the woman and children leaning forward on the left of the central compartment—M. Laurens shows that his knowledge and skill in treating the nude equal the science and art which he displays in the construction and disposition of his draperies. The fourth compartment treats, as has been said, of the miracles wrought by the saint after death. A sick woman in her bed has been laid upon her tomb. On the left, priests stand and pray; on the right are kneeling friends. From above descends an angel, who lifts with his right hand the white coverings of the bed, whilst, with an authoritative gesture of his left, he bids “Believe and be healed.” The illumination of the two subjects is skilfully contrasted by the introduction of the lamps burning at the foot of the tomb in the second; and the quality of the whites—always beautiful with M. Laurens—is in this way finely varied under the changing play and character of the light. Nor can we detect, from end to end of this powerful work, a single figure or face which recalls a type of convention. The various shades of emotion which find a point of departure in the exalted mysticism of the dying saint are finely distinguished: the somewhat conventional solemnity of the ecclesiastics is contrasted with the bitter grief and awe of a few; the anxious faith of the aged, with the charming reverence of childhood; the elegant piety of noble dames, with the martial conviction of their cavaliers. There is no suspicion of masquerading in romantic garb: these people are not shadows, but belong to the world which exists not now only, but always.

In these noble designs, as in the long series of M. Laurens' previous work, every line he lays is a challenge to those who would restrict the artist in his choice of subject to the manners and customs of to-day. For those whom his pencil touches exist and live. Life, whose path he has persistently touched to within the very gates of the tomb, has become the servant of a magician who can now confer its gifts at will.



THE FUNERAL.

BASIL PEROFF.

PROBABLY the realistic, or naturalistic, school in art and literature began earlier in Russia than in any other country. Even in the first half of the present century Griboiedoff the dramatist, Kryloff the fabulist, the poets Poushkin and Lermontoff, the novelist Gogol, and others, had depicted entirely different phases of life from those attempted by their contemporaries.

After a long period of imitation and pseudo-classicism, a longing to give expression to national feeling and reality was manifested almost simultaneously in literature and painting. In painting, this aspiration was first betrayed purely in externals, and not, as in literature, in any revelation of their inner significance. Hence the pictures were at first quite as conventional as their predecessors, inasmuch as they did not attempt to portray any of the varied aspects of real life. They are even less known, out of Russia, than the literature of the same period. Venetianoff, who flourished at the beginning of the present century and is the

father of national painting, confesses in his memoirs "that his long experience of convention prevented him from following Nature." The real criminal was the St. Petersburg Academy; it corrupted not only Venetianoff and his pupils, but every other painter who worked under its auspices. Other conditions were needed to develop a really national school; and they revealed themselves in the second quarter of the present century in the Academy of Sculpture and Architecture originally established in Moscow by private enterprise. Just as the St. Petersburg Academy only sought to imitate Western examples, nor dreamed of creating anything individual and original, the Moscow foundation at once began to tend in the direction of personal and national creation. It was therefore not its fault if its pupils did not afterwards achieve anything remarkable.

The true representatives of latter-day realism are Fedotoff in St. Petersburg, and Peroff in Moscow, both belonging to the middle of the century, and only separated by an interval of some ten years. Fedotoff was a pupil of the famous Bruloff, the last able representative of the pseudo-classical tendency; and he was indebted for his realism, not to his master, but to the influence of the fabulist Kryloff. But Fedotoff was already a man grown when he began his studies, and attained to great skill neither in drawing nor in colouring. His work includes, with many drawings, a few pictures only; and these, their realism notwithstanding, contain a certain element of caricature.

Peroff far surpassed his predecessors. It was only now and then that he strayed from the paths of realism, nor was he inducted into them by a single influence—realistic expression became the object of his life. Moreover, he was better gifted and more skilful and accomplished than Fedotoff. He was born, educated, and brought up in the midst of every possible disadvantage. A son of Baron Krüdener, he was unable to bear his father's name, the Russian law forbidding the nobles to legitimise children born out of legal wedlock. The name of Peroff (*pero* is Russian for "pen") was bestowed upon him by his first teacher for progress in writing, and to distinguish him from another pupil who fidgeted his feet in class time, and who was nicknamed Boltoff (from the verb *boltat*—"to shake"). His father, on account of ill-health or the requirements of his office, or for other causes, was obliged to keep moving from one town to another: from Tobolsk, in Siberia (where Peroff was born in December, 1833), to Archangel; from thence to St. Petersburg; from St. Petersburg to the Baltic provinces, and finally to Samara and Nijni-Novgorod. Here he obtained the position of steward to an estate, and young Peroff found himself in that environment he afterwards painted, not once, but constantly. Like his father, he became a true friend to the peasants; the last years of his career are one long manifestation of love for them.

His first original work was religious. At seventeen, impressed by the Lenten services, he painted a "Crucifixion" from a living model hung to a wooden cross with ropes and rings. This picture to the contrary notwithstanding, his vocation from childhood had been *genre*, especially with reference to the lives of the poor and oppressed;

and soon after the "Crucifixion" he painted a "Beggar Asking Alms." He had then only just left Stoupin's studio in Arsamass, where, after finishing his course at the village school, he had studied drawing and painting. Seeing his decided talent for art, his parents resolved to send him to Moscow. There he entered the Academy, and lived for some time in the house of the superintendent of a girl's school. He was three years a student, and went away to be a drawing-master; but he was saved from this fate by his teacher, Vasilieff, who took him to his own house. As the professors were constantly quarrelling among themselves, they had no influence for good either on Peroff or on any of their other pupils. One would recommend a servile imitation of a great master, meaning himself; another would advise a deep and conscientious study of Nature; while nothing satisfied a third but literal and lifeless bodies. Though Peroff acquired from his teacher neither science of drawing nor feeling for colour, his own native observation supplied him with material, and unwearying labour enabled him to carry out his ideas. Thanks to these qualities, the pictures he sent to St. Petersburg were always medalled. Between 1850 and 1860 the intellectual world was awakening to a strong impulse towards nationalism after the period of stagnation and subordination under Nicholas. Even the Academy had begun to shake off the pseudo-classic, and to admit *genre* with other styles; and Peroff was medalled for "A Boy's Head" (1856), the "Village Magistrate," "His First Uniform," and the "Village Church" (1861). They were not without mistakes of drawing and perspective, they were mannered in the details, and the colouring was generally dry. But no other Russian, Fedotoff excepted, had painted such realistic stuff, and it is not astonishing that they were loudly praised and heartily admired. Many writers of distinction—more particularly those who treated the negative side of Russian life—hailed the young painter as the Gogol of Russian painting, or compared him with the dramatist Ostrovski and Pissemski the novelist. And, indeed, his characters were all studied from living people. They were there for any one to paint, though they had never been painted before.

Another set of motives he derived from the seamy side of peasant life, and the gross and sordid habits of the clergy (especially the monks), the bureaucracy, and the upper class in general. Amongst these are "An Easter Procession" (1861), and "*En route* for the Troïski" (1862). In the first he represents the start of a party of priests, with crosses and icones, from the house of a rich peasant, after a good, fat mid-day meal; in the second, a gang of monks tea-drinking at an inn, with a maid-servant hounding a lame soldier away from their table. Both were taken directly from life; but as the servants of the altar were displayed, not as angels, but as common clay, they were not long allowed to be exhibited. With these and kindred themes, however, he did more than sustain his reputation; he won the gold medal, and was sent to study abroad at the expense of the Academy.

He was consigned to Paris, where he at once set to work to paint the lives of the common people—the beggars, the ragmen, the street musicians. But he

soon saw "that he could do nothing without a profound study of local conditions." Then he began haunting the taverns, and sketching types wherever he found them;



THE DRAWING-MASTER.

but this did not help him either. He writes thus to the Academy:—"Being unacquainted with the character and moral life of the people, I am unable to complete a single picture. It seems to me less useful to devote a certain number of years

to the study of a foreign country than to study and work out the immense wealth that is hoarded in the villages and cities of my own." After a sufficient study of the *technique* of his art, he asked leave to return. The Academy agreed with him entirely; and he was allowed to retrace his steps sooner than is customary. He settled permanently in Moscow, devoted himself to painting Russian life, and began to produce such scenes as "The Dinner" (1866); "A Holy-day Feast," to which he afterwards added the figures of a general and his parvenu wife; an "Old Beggar" (1875); "The Funeral" (1865), which shows with inimitable truth a mother and her two children seated on the same sledge with the father's coffin; "The Last Wine Shop" (1868); "The Young Apprentice and the Parrot" (1866); and the "Scene on a Railway" (1868). At other times he painted episodes in city life, as "The Fountain" and "The Sledge;" or subjects from the life of poor ladies and unfortunates, as "The New Governess" (1866) and "Drowned" (1867); or from the life of poor clerks and teachers, as the "Post Office" (1866), and "The Drawing Master" patiently awaiting his high-born pupils in a richly-furnished room. For some of these he was elected Academician; with others he took first prizes both at St. Petersburg and Moscow.

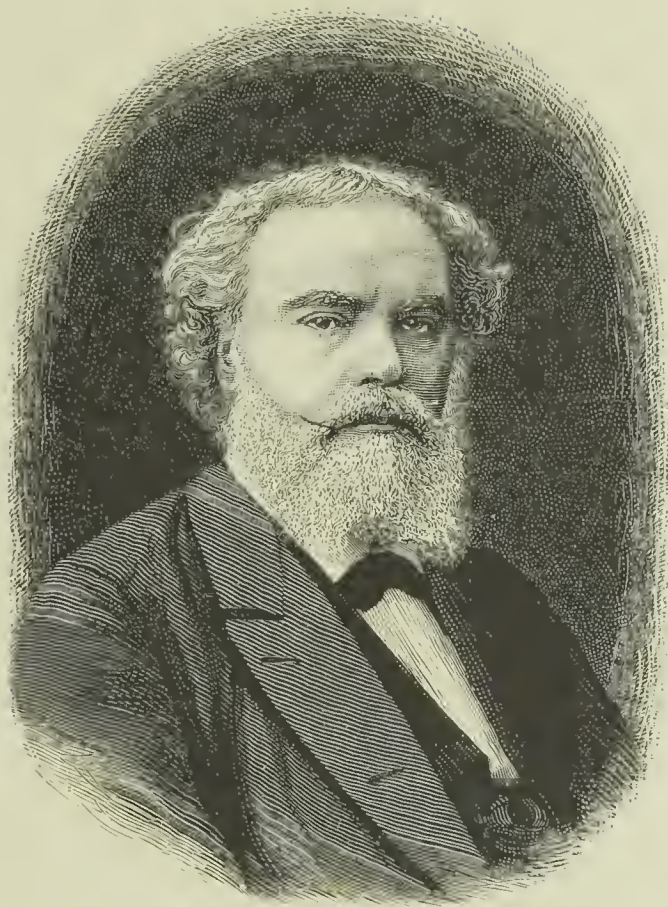
In 1867, however, Peroff, under the influence of a dream, suddenly painted a picture called "Christ and His Mother by the Sea of Life." He is not the only one in whom we do find this abrupt transition from realism to mysticism; it is also the case with Gogol and Leo Tolstoï. Both began by painting every-day life with extreme truthfulness, and afterwards threw themselves into religious thought to the point of denying their former work. Peroff never reached such a pass as this; but he lingered long by the way, and busied himself almost exclusively with portraiture, save for his "Autumn," his "Eavesdropper," and "The Bridal Eve." The portraits painted at this time (1870-72) are remarkable. They will always survive as striking examples of Russian portraiture, not merely for their resemblance and naturalness, but especially as the presentments of famous men: of Pissemiski, Ostrovsky, Pogodin, Dostoïevsky, Maïkoff, Dahl, Turgenieff, the brothers Rubinstein, and Stepanoff the artist. They were the first works in which Peroff attempted life-size figures: before them he had painted on a small scale, like Meissonier. But, however fine his portraits, they are in no sense creations, but simply excellent studies from Nature.

His next departure was as a painter of peculiarities, when he produced "A Fowler," "A Fisherman," "The Shooting Party," "A Pigeon Fancier," and "The Botanist;" these, like his portraits, rank with his best achievements in expression and technical execution. But he still continued to paint the life of peasants and the poor in general, though not, it must be allowed, with the old success; and all the while he was engrossed in what was then the burning questions of the relations between the old and the new generations. This conflict of thought resulted, among others, in "The Students and the Monk" (1871); "Bazaroff's Grave," from Turgenieff's "Pères et Enfants" (1874), and others, many of them merely unfinished

sketches. From 1876 he ceased to exhibit, and devoted himself to the preparation of a set of sketches on motives from the revolt of Pugatcheff. He was constantly engrossed in the conflict between the new and old orders of things, not in the present only, but also in the past; and in its latest phase he recognised that the strength lay with the innovators. Speaking generally, his historical work is excellent in detail, but the *ensemble* says nothing, and leaves the spectator indifferent. Dissatisfied with his results, he again began to paint religion, allegory, and folk-lore: the "Garden of Gethsemane," a "Descent from the Cross," "Spring," "The Snow Maiden" (from a Russian story), and "The Czarevitch Ivan and the Grey Wolf." A simpler, a less ambitious historical essay was "The False Demetrius and the Monk Pymen." But he was never satisfied with anything he did. Art-critics explained the alteration in his taste in various ways. Some thought it caused by one or other of his external circumstances—the death of his first wife, his appointment to a chair in the Moscow Academy, the progress of phthisis. Others attributed it to more occult causes: as, for instance, the change in the mental attitude of society itself, which, after being on fire for great reforms, was entering upon a time of moral lassitude, and even stagnation. And, again, it was said that, though all his life he had denied the ideal, in the end his nature had overcome him and obliged him to yield.

But he had not really changed; he had only been diverted by various causes and circumstances to the consideration of other questions. The posthumous exhibition demonstrated that the statement as to the decay of his talent was premature. No Russian painter has rendered three different aspects of the national life with such perfection, and none has better expressed the hidden significance and the characteristics of Russian society in the past reigns. Should the time ever come to illustrate the secret life of the nation in the third quarter of the century, there can be no better illustrations than Peroff's sketches and pictures. Whatever the question agitating society, it was always reflected in his work. If he often painted the dark side of life, it was not that he went out of his way to look for it, but because it confronted him at every step. That he was no servile copyist of Nature is the reason his pictures are so natural and produce so powerful an impression. This cannot be said of certain of his pupils, who have often something unnatural in their conceptions and ideas. The one who has approached him nearest is Vladimir Makovski.

The question frequently arose in criticism, why Peroff did not paint this or that other aspect of Russian life? It is surely enough that he painted what no other Russian had ever touched before. He was right to avoid what he neither knew nor understood; and had he not done so, there can be no doubt that his naturalistic work would have been still more frigid than his essays in history, allegory, and pietism.



ALEXANDRE CABANEL.

HIS master of what we may call the penultimate French manner is the companion in painting of M. Gérôme, a disciple in the same school and a teacher of the same technical principles. His work holds a position between the elevated art of Ingres and Delacroix and the painter-like *savoir-faire* of the younger generation: between the grave achievements, on the one hand, of men who considered subject in painting—thought, emotion, and incident—as altogether worthy of an artist's research, who aimed at lofty things, and who were learned rather than dexterous in execution, and, on the other hand, the successes, the triumphs, the manipulative victories of those contemporary artists in whose eyes painting is self-complete, and not only independent of the interest of subject, but even better without it. M. Cabanel, and those like him, carry dexterity to a point which has never been surpassed in its own qualities. If many artists may be divided into two classes—those who aim at reproducing

Nature literally for Nature's sake, and those whose object is to make a picture for a picture's sake, M. Cabanel may be said to take the middle place of one who seeks to produce a nature idealised, and a picture with its art at once consummated and effaced. Those of our readers who are not familiar with his art can best represent it to themselves by imagining it as that of a Leighton translated into French, and pushed a little further—refinement refined upon. Lucid faces of women with waves of impalpable hair flickering upon the white brows, the breeding, the bearing, and the dress of a Parisian *mondaine*—these are among the graceful visions which his name evokes; for M. Cabanel has done much work in portraiture. But whether in historical incidents, or in picturesque groups, or in portraits, one quality is manifest, and this is completeness. His art is complete in its beauty and in its science.

M. Cabanel was born at Montpellier, in the department of L'Hérault, in 1823. At sixteen years of age he was victor in the local art competition at his native place, a success which gained him a scholarship for the pursuit of his studies in Paris. From the moment this first step was taken his devotion to his art never abated for a day; he never faltered in his confidence, or flagged in his aspirations and his labour. From such whole-hearted devotion have resulted two things—his own work and his teaching. The sum of his labours is very considerable, and the extent of his influence is to be marked throughout the world of French art. He has had, perhaps, a larger number of pupils, and pupils of higher talent, and of more distinguished position, than any other living master can boast. In 1875 he won the *grand Prix de Rome* by his picture of "Christ in the Prætorium." From the Villa Médicis, whither this studentship took him, his principal works sent home were "The Preaching of St. John the Baptist," now at the Museum of Montpellier, the artist's native place; "The Death of Moses," which was received with acclamation at the Salon of 1852, and a "Velléda" (also at Montpellier). To the same early part of his career belong also a series of twelve compositions representing the months of the year; these were placed in the Hall of Caryatides in the ancient Hôtel de Ville, destroyed by the fires of the Commune, and established him as an historical painter, at the same time that a fine portrait of a lady and her child fixed his position among the foremost portrait-painters of his time.

The gravest subjects still occupied M. Cabanel's exquisitely graceful pencil. At the Universal Exhibition of 1855 he chose to be represented by "The Glorification of St. Louis," which is now at the Luxembourg, and by "Christians Discovering the Body of a Martyr on the Banks of the Tiber," which latter gained for the artist a medal of the first class and the cross of the Legion of Honour. To a less solemn class of subjects belong a picture painted in illustration of that poet whom artists of all nations have delighted to honour—"Othello Relating his Adventures to Desdemona," "Michelangelo Visited in his Studio by Pope Julius II.," and "Aglaë and Boniface." These were M. Cabanel's contribution to the Salon of 1857; and the two following years were absorbed by the production of some of those

mural paintings to which the luxurious and brilliant elegance of his work seems specially adapted. In all times beauty has been considered the first requisite for the success and fitness of such adornments to secular architecture at least; the great



DESDEMONA.

Venetians, for instance, who are the masters for all time of this branch of art, were above all painters beautiful, their work being a banquet of colour, of noble harmonies of tone, and of lovely form. Severity would especially be out of place

on the walls of a Parisian hotel, though science is always appropriate, and in science this master's work never fails. Two magnificent houses were thus decorated by him



TAMAR AND ABSALOM.

at about this time, one of them having a large ceiling painted with a beautiful allegorical composition, "The Dream of Life," and types of the four elements over four doorways. In 1861 M. Cabanel combined the religious, the mythological, and

the mediæval in his choice of subjects, his three principal pictures being "St Mary Magdalen," "A Nymph Carried off by a Faun," and "A Florentine Poet." The second of these works is remarkable as containing one of the prettiest female faces in modern art, while the third is a fascinating composition of Florentines sitting or lying on long garden seats listening to the improvisation of a poet; a refined and delicate happiness is expressed by this charming group. Two portraits of ladies—Mme. Pereire (for whose house were executed some of the mural paintings of which we have spoken) and Mrs. Ridgway—attracted at the same time great attention by their distinction of style; but perhaps M. Cabanel's greatest success in this way was reached in 1863, when he exhibited the portrait of Mme. de Clermont-Tonnerre. In the same year appeared "The Florentine," a female study in costume, and one of the artist's most celebrated works, "The Birth of Venus." The goddess is represented, not as rising erect from the sea, but as rolled upon the beach by the long wave which is just retreating from her hair; the picture is full of grace, and, it need scarcely be said, much more French than Greek in feeling, the attitude being conscious and the face arch in expression.

In 1864 M. Cabanel was appointed Member of the Institute and raised to officer's rank in the Legion of Honour, and in the following year he exhibited his portrait of the Emperor Napoleon III. It is said that Hippolyte Flandrin had produced a noble portrait of the Emperor, but that the work fell out of favour on account of the sombre and brooding expression which the painter had given his model. In the system of the Second Empire the expression of a portrait was an important matter; to look happy was a point of some moment. Poor Flandrin's picture was suppressed; it was placed in several public institutions, but banished from each successively, and the artist's last days were saddened by the failure of a work which the best critics of his time had pronounced to be superb; its ultimate fate is matter of conjecture—it has disappeared. To M. Cabanel thereupon was entrusted the production of a portrait which should be more expressive of the stability, suavity, and prosperity of the Empire, and he not only succeeded in this, but produced a work which was in many solid qualities the finest example of his talent. A brilliant female portrait—that of Mme. de Ganay—being exhibited at the same time, the two successes won for the artist the medal of honour. "Ruth and Boaz" was painted in 1866, and this, though one of M. Cabanel's most interesting and expressive works, has never appeared in any public gallery; in the same year the artist completed his decoration of Mme. Pereire's house by painting six panels of "The Hours," in the large drawing-room. Needless to say that at the International Exhibitions M. Cabanel has carried off considerable honours; that of 1867 gave him its medal of honour for "Paradise Lost," a work which was executed for the Museum Maximilianeum at Munich, and the same distinction was awarded him in Paris some years ago. "The Death of Francesca da Rimini and Paolo Malatesta" is the only figure-subject which occurs for some years among a large number of portraits; but in 1873 the artist accomplished one of his most important works in

decorative design, the "Triumph of Flora," which was painted on the ceiling of the great staircase of the Pavillon de Flore. A remarkable Scriptural work followed; this was "The First Ecstasy of St. John the Baptist." The saint is represented as a child, thin, brown, and ascetic, rapt in a kind of trance, the hollow eyes being fixed, and the hair erect, and the effect of the whole being rather terrible than happy. The same Salon contained portraits as usual, that of Mme. Welles de Lavalette being especially admired. In this picture a slight affectation of attitude



CLÉOPÂTRE.

—two fingers of the right hand playing with the ring-finger of the left—is in keeping with the character of the attractive and unusual face.

"Tamar and Absalom" marked another of the artist's returns to Biblical themes. It differs from the artist's usual work, inasmuch as the colour is strong and positive, and full of sudden contrasts and combinations. He paints habitually with so limited, moderate, and subdued a palette that the change was the more remarkable. It was received by contemporary critics as evincing the artist's sympathy with the movement begun by Fortuny and followed by Regnault and others, and his readiness to renounce upon occasion the academic or official grey with which every one who knows French art is familiar. In the same Salon appeared "The Triumph of Venus," an ethereal study from the nude which was probably intended for a protest against a fashion for which M. Cabanel had less tolerance than for that of rainbow colour—excessive realism. His Venus, surrounded by doves, is going up towards a temple of which the marble whiteness appears

against a pale blue sky. The goddess, holding a rose-coloured drapery, looks round with a languid smile; her head with its long fair hair is full of the beauty of which M. Cabanel is so complete a master. Of more vigorous quality was the portrait (that of Mme. de Gargan) contributed by him to the same exhibition. "The Shulamite," from the "Song of Songs," was his Salon picture in 1876, and "Lucretia and Sextus Tarquinius" in 1877.

In the latter year M. Cabanel completed his great works for the left transept of the Pantheon at Paris. These must be considered the most truly national of all his paintings, being inspired by a religious veneration for the canonised king of ancient France, Louis IX. They consist of four large compositions, the last being a frieze of immense length which surmounts the three great pictures. The subjects are the principal events of the king's life: in the first he is a child receiving his instruction from his mother, Blanche of Castille, who is surrounded by her counsellors in the work of her son's education—the savants and prelates of her court; in the second Louis is dispensing justice and directing the foundation of the national institutions which rendered his name glorious; in the third he is in his tent, on crusade; some Saracens enter in the hopes of propitiating the king by presenting him with the spoils of their own sovereign whom they have murdered. The frieze is a processional composition showing Louis walking barefoot carrying the relics of the Saviour. With these are a number of portraits—those of Mr. W. Mackay and of Mme. Louis Adam being among the number—and at least one important composition, "The Sleeplessness of Phædra." M. Cabanel, like Sarah Bernhardt, has inevitably imbued his Racine with modern sentiment. The time, we take it, has gone by when either actor or painter can give form to the massive and monumental emotions of classic literature. Genius may do much, as with Rachel and Ingres; but Poussin and the Champmeslé are of necessity the contemporaries of Corneille and Racine.

In his "Cléopâtre," exhibited in the Salon of 1887, he portrays the Egyptian queen after the battle of Actium, intently watching in a chamber of her palace the effects of potent poisons administered to condemned slaves, so that she may choose for herself that which kills with least suffering.

Our list of the master's works has been a long one, nevertheless it comprises barely half of his achievements; for besides the pictures we have mentioned, all of which have been publicly exhibited, his untiring pencil has produced a mass of work which has been taken straight from the painter's studio to the rooms of its possessors. Nor is there any sign of failing in the productive power of an artist who has so long pleased and flattered the world, and whose studio has been one of the most important schools in Paris.



A ZUCCA-SELLER.

LUDWIG PASSINI.

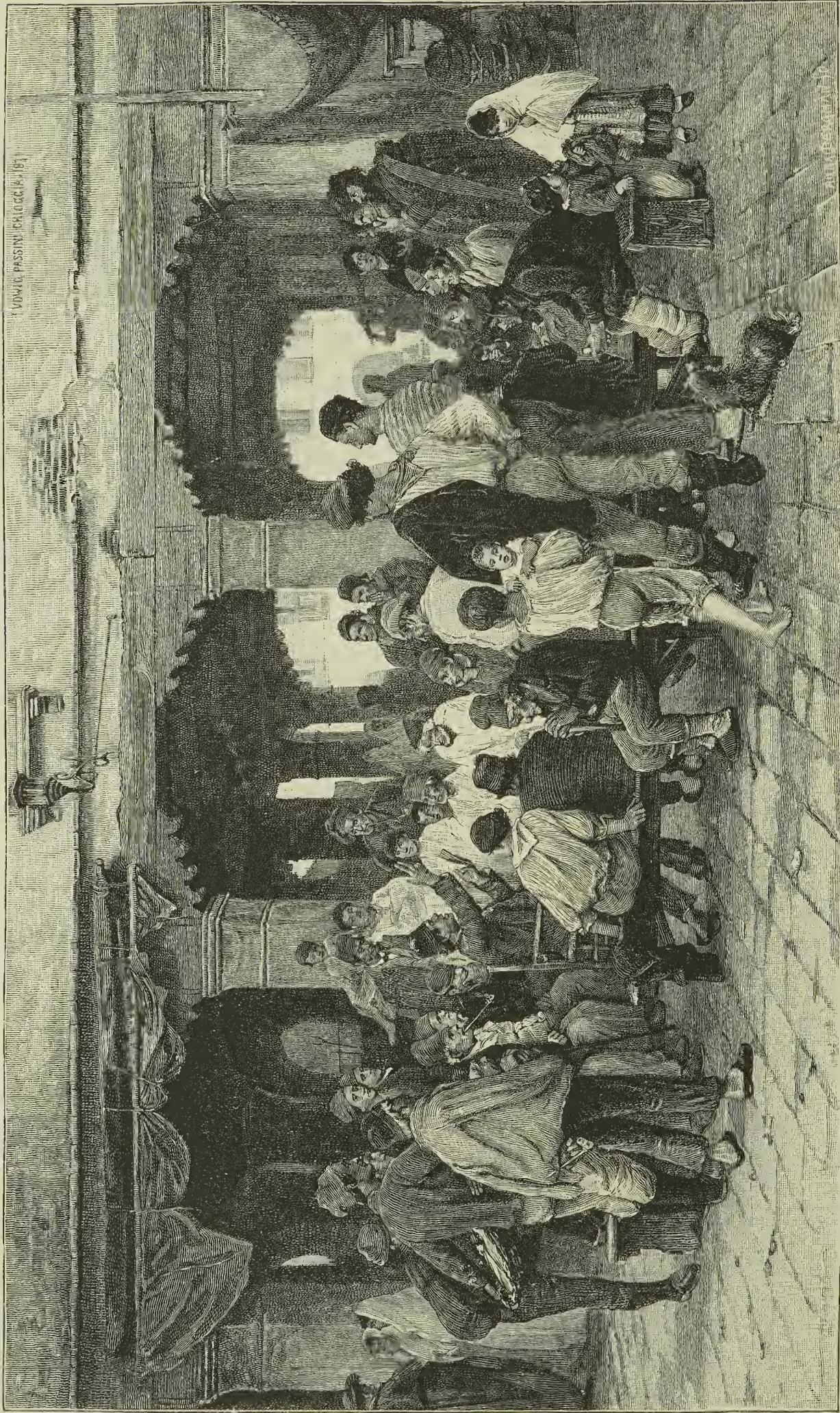
ALTHOUGH his surname is Italian, M. Ludwig Passini is an Austrian subject. He was born in Vienna on the 9th of July, 1832. Both as painter and engraver, his father's talents obtained wide recognition in that city. And doubtless from the father came those first influences that directed the son to choose an artistic career. It was the habit of Passini père always to carry a sketch-book, which daily walks in town or country enabled him to replenish. Some object picturesque and fresh—a face, a figure, or perhaps the charming details of a landscape—noted and portrayed upon the spot, were constantly brought home as the best game from such excursions, in which the boy joined. Deeper things, however, than mere lessons in speed and precision of draughtsmanship were learnt by young Passini when, in company with his father, he took these walks. He was then taught the significance of that supreme rule in art which commands painter and poet to draw their inspiration direct from Nature, to look at the core of things, to look searchingly and with the eyes of the soul. How well Passini profited by this teaching all his pictures prove.

But if he learnt these lessons, it was by chance; they were not imparted to him with intention. For his father wished him to become an architect. In Vienna

architects thrived, while painters went hungry. To be a rich *Oberbaurath* was surely better than to be a breadless Michelangelo. This conviction caused Passini *père* to place his son at a first-rate technical school where he should get a sound mathematical training. It was a mistake. The boy detested figures; he made advance in nothing but in drawing. He was an artist born: an artist he needs must be. And when Passini saw the futility of forcing his son to walk in a wrong road, he yielded and sent him to study at the Academy, under Führich.

Not long, however, could young Passini enjoy this great advantage. The year 1848 brought with it trouble and the calamities of war; the bayonet, not the brush, had to be handled then. Passini's father, dismayed by the general blight that had fallen upon art and commerce, moved, in 1850, with his family to Trieste. Coming thither, his son bravely started upon his artistic career, and then first knew the pleasures, hazards, and excitements of an independent life. A year's practice in painting portraits and scenery gave him at least greater skill and a firmer trust in his powers. Yet he must soon have felt that not in such an atmosphere could they ripen or expand. Trieste must have appeared to him a dry field for an artist who aimed high, or he would not so soon have left it, against his father's wish, for the loveliest of all lovely cities, Venice. What a great moment in his life must this have been! Walking alone, wide-eyed, through silent church and palace, face to face with those radiant treasures on their walls, may not the boy of nineteen have aspired to join the glorious company of Venetian painters, those mighty ones who have made eternal day for Venice, to keep touch with them, not as disciple, but as colleague?

In our estimate of Passini we should attach importance to this visit to Venice, and to the time when it occurred. It is pleasant to think that Venice made him what he is, to think that she put his spirit into action, that she drew out, directed his powers. At all events, in a very critical period of his life, the young painter could have had no finer nor more potent stimulus than by being placed amid the lights and colours of Venice, and near her playful, friendly, naïf people. Work in the studio of a fellow-countryman kept him at first constantly employed. Werner just then was doing much profitable hackwork—painting florid views of Venice for the dealers, or even for the shop windows, to catch *forestieri*. He soon saw Passini's talent, and commissioned him to put figures into these scenes. They worked together for a while with fair success; and this employment first led Passini to watch and study Venetian folk. Now he could very closely remark picturesque types and detect what was charming, characteristic, and significant in the people's life and ways. Werner took him thence to Dalmatia, where they met Karl Haag, from whose influence Passini drew great profit. In 1855 he left Werner and went to Rome, finding there not only friends but fortune. No doubt he had his full share of checks and disappointments in his combat to come out from the crowd and get a footing upon the golden path to success. An artist's life in its beginning has always more cloud than sunlight in it; and surely Passini's



A TASSO READER.

time of early endeavour cannot have been without gloom. That can scarcely have been a red-letter day for him when some smart American put his nose round the studio-door and made this query: "Oil-colour or water-colour?" "Water-colour." "Oh! good-morning!" And the visitor vanished.

But before many years were over Passini obtained fortune and a place among notable painters in Rome. The picture of "Boys Playing Poggi" achieved great success in 1863, and in that same year the artist made the acquaintance of the lady who afterwards became his wife, Mlle. Warschauer, the daughter of a wealthy Berlin banker. This marriage brought him to the Prussian capital and into contact with many distinguished men there; with Liszt among others. The great pianist became his friend; and to him Passini may partly owe his highly cultivated taste in music. Nine years elapsed before he made Venice his permanent home. Of that time the greater portion was spent in Rome in the production of several remarkable pictures, mostly of Roman clerical life. These all showed the artist's singular faculty for individualisation, for giving to each face on his canvas a character of its own, for making his work charm by its truthfulness, humour, *naïveté*. Now the subject would be some naughty young novice arraigned before his stern abbot for the awful crime of having lit a cigar in the sacristy; or, again, the painter exhibited portly prelates sitting in their cathedral stalls, wrapped in a mist of incense; or boys on the rack before their grim ghostly adviser, whose question in Bible history not the cleverest of them all could answer. With such scenes Passini steadily increased his reputation as a fine *genre* painter. One of his larger pictures, when exhibited in Paris, obtained the *grande médaille d'or*, while another won for him a like distinction in Berlin.

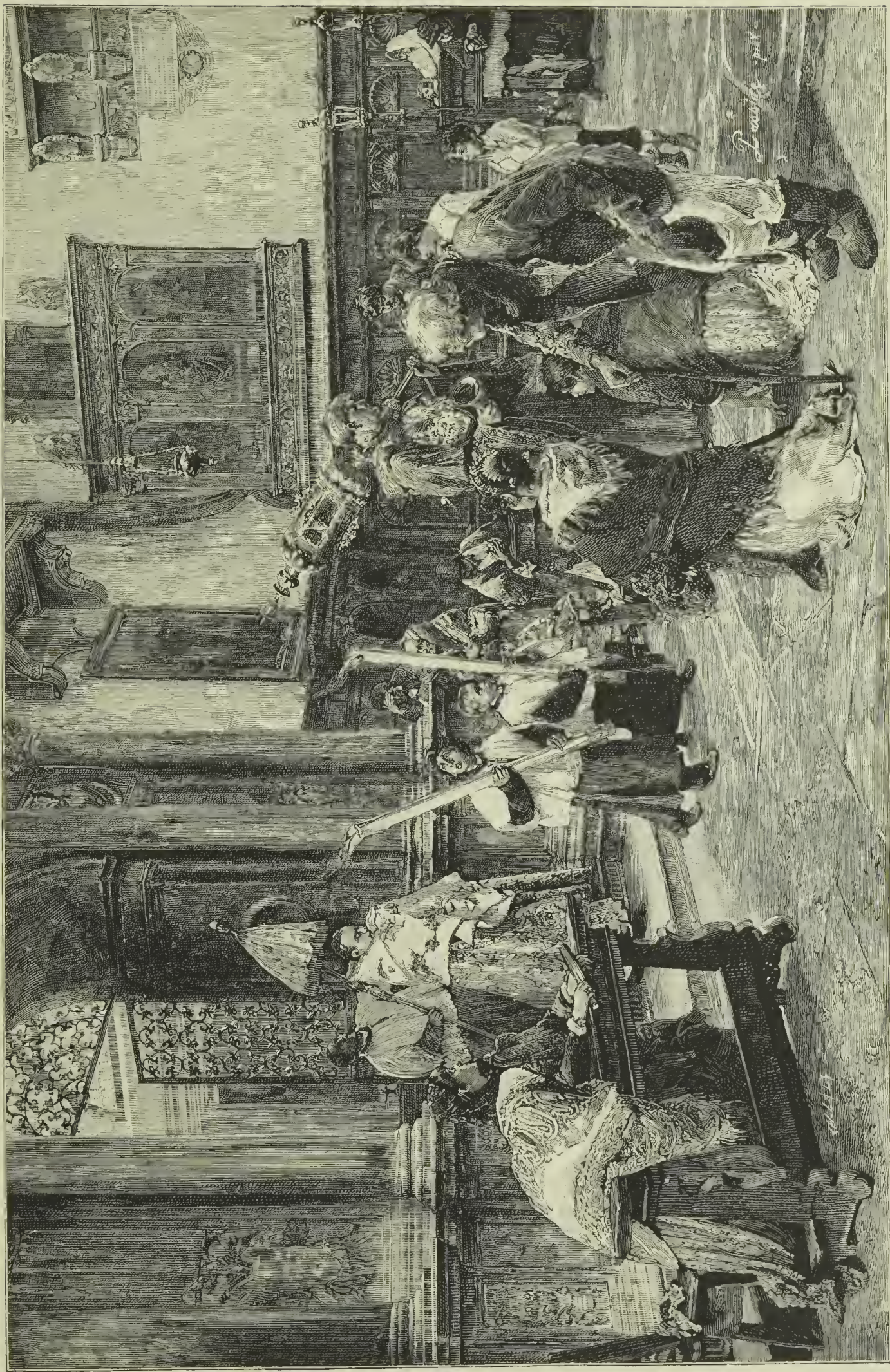
Before he grew weary of Rome, and before deciding to settle in peaceful Venice, he had made brief visits to the City on the Lagoons; and there, in 1871, he produced his masterpiece, the "Tasso Reader." Twenty years previously, when once at Chioggia with Werner and others, this scene had stamped itself upon his memory, and he had longed to paint it. Now the opportunity had arrived. Learning from a brother artist that the reader he remembered having seen at Chioggia had not yet become a figure in history, but still entertained fisher-folk there with daily outdoor lectures from Italian poets, Passini hastily started for the island, and took lodging at a carpenter's, just opposite the scene which he rapidly transferred to his canvas. Each day, unobserved at first, he watched and worked with feverish zeal. The good-humoured *popolani* were won over by his own singular charm and kindness of manner to do their part in making his picture a success by willingly remaining stationary, as if under a photographer's lens. And thus it has something of almost photographic accuracy and realism. Every detail of the scene is closely reproduced. All Chioggian types are here: types of youth and age; the athletic young fisherman, with jacket hung, hussar-fashion, on his shoulder, wooden clogs, and coarse brown socks pulled over his trousers; the grey-beards in their red caps; even a restless baby, reduced to silence

by the melodies in this reader's rough-edged volume. He declaims well, and has now reached a glorious passage. Not a few of the listeners know by heart the lines he is reading—the tale of Erminia among the shepherds, of Armida's palace, of Clorinda's death; they have sung them to a strange, plaintive melody years ago, while waiting on the lagoons in moonlight for wind to fill their sails. What a revelation we get here of a people's life; what an evidence of its culture, of its intelligence, of its innate sensibility for the finer pleasures, is afforded by this group of bronzed seafarers, eagerly listening to poetry in their humble market, fanned by Adriatic breezes and lulled by the surge of breakers! The picture contains all the poetry of Venetian popular life. Nor is it a disparagement of England to say that such a poem could never be suggested by Billingsgate or by Yarmouth. Who there would suffer any enthusiast to read passages aloud from "Hamlet" or from the "Faëry Queen"? Perhaps General Booth, or a sub-lieutenant in the Skeleton Army might more readily be heard. The Chioggian reader and General Booth are each of them ministrants to popular emotion, but with very different instruments they touch their public and achieve their effects.

Settled at last in the city of his heart—for not Rome or Berlin could ever satisfy him after Venice—Passini continued to produce truthful and vivid studies of Venetian folk life. He set the example that has since been so successfully followed by others. His remarkable faculty for the arrangement and the individualisation of his figures which was evident in the "Tasso Reader" is again discernible in such pictures as "At Mass" and the "Procession of the Host." The last-named shows the interior of the Frari church, where a priest is leaving the sacristy to take the holy wafer to some dying person. It was painted for a certain exalted personage, whose critical eye was hurt by the figure on the left. The old woman's face is there turned from the spectator; and the exalted personage wished to see it. But Passini could not alter this, even though the suggestion came from so distinguished a quarter; and after a final ineffectual attempt on the part of the exalted personage to secure it, notwithstanding its one offending figure, the picture passed into a dealer's hands.

Of the smaller outdoor scenes which Passini has hitherto painted none can surpass his admirable "Zucca-Seller." It is a very delicate piece of *genre* work. Who that has ever watched life in any *rio* of Venice does not remember just such an old fruit merchant as this one who is bargaining from his boat, full of gourds, with a group of garrulous women?

Passini is an indefatigable worker. None of that Epicurean languor of spirit which Venice begets and fosters can ever touch him. Hindered at times by ill-health, he spends all the bright days of winter and spring in his large studio at the Palazzo Vendramin. Many visitors in Venice have delightful memories of a visit to him there, when he shows them some of his numerous studies for other pictures that will surely be as successful as "Die Neugierige," which at the Berlin Exhibition recently found such signal favour. Nor will they forget one childish



THE PROCESSION OF THE HOST.

face to be seen upon his easel, a hasty sketch, done for a friend's album, of a little girl, into whose eyes the artist had infused some of the glory of Venetian sunlight. And the remembrance abides for ever of pleasant talk with him in a cool, green garden near his home upon the Grand Canal.

Were it not that he uses water-colour, Englishmen might probably be as familiar with his work as they are with the vivid Venetian scenes of Van Haanen and of Henry Woods. It is Englishmen alone who are the losers. Passini cares



AT MASS.

little for favour with the crowd; nor is he ever likely to believe that immortality for the artist hangs from a nail in the walls of Burlington House. Austria, at any rate, is proud to number him with her most famous artists, while, among European painters of *genre*, his position is certainly with the first.

Space just permits us to close with a comparison. It is clear that the serious art-critic delights in comparisons. One lately told the ingenuous public that "beauty was in some way like jam." Those who are far from aspiring to the halo of sweetness and light that crowns any serious art-critic want their simile nevertheless. And though comparisons are odious, perhaps Passini will not resent it if we liken him to a forerunner, to Carpaccio. Diversity of methods, if you will; but the same spirit. Both are examples of spirits finely touched to fine issues. Carpaccio worked in oil; Passini uses water-colour. Carpaccio dealt with fantastic legends, with dragons and basilisks, with whatever he felt inclined to treat in his own quaint, individual fashion. And Passini portrays calm scenes of Venetian popular life which reveal

the manners and customs of an irresistibly charming race. But in all Carpaccio's work you feel the man; his friendship for humanity, his joy in his work, the resolve to make his own bright, kindly spirit influence all. There Passini resembles him—in spirit, in his perception of what should be seized and shown if a picture is to move human sympathy. Only to the best painters and poets is given this power to look deep, and to rouse in us by one magical touch fresh pity and goodwill for mankind. Kindliness and a certain radiant sincerity mark the manner of Carpaccio. These qualities may with equal truth be attributed to Ludwig Passini, for they are eminent in his work. And those who have the privilege of his friendship will know that they are equally eminent in the man.





FRONTISPIECE TO THE FABLES OF LA FONTAINE: THE GENIUS OF FABLE.

(By kind Permission of Messrs. Boussod, Valadon, and Co.)

GUSTAVE MOREAU.

T
 HERE is in the personality as well as in the works of Gustave Moreau something of the attraction of the enigma. Living the life of a recluse, refusing to communicate even to his most intimate friends anything more than the most meagre details of his early life and training, he has yet occupied the French public, and raised the hottest discussions during the last twenty years on the value of his art. For from time to time he has disappeared from the gaze of the *profanum vulgus*, shunning, like some other artists of kindred temperament, the rough and searching criticism of the un-

sympathetic, and, from his point of view, the uninitiated. Yet few, even among his severest critics, refuse to accord him a high place among the most original, the most earnest, creative artists of modern France.

It was known that he was born about the year 1828, and that, at the age of twenty-one years, he competed in vain for the *prix de Rome*. His early manner was founded on that of Eugène Delacroix, and still more on the style of an imitator of that master, Chassériau, for whom Moreau has always professed high admiration. His art was to a great extent metamorphosed—or rather it first developed its true tendencies—after a sojourn in Italy, where he devoted himself with enthusiasm to the study of the early Florentines and Venetians, and of the later Lombard school developed under the influence of Leonardo da Vinci. After the masters of these schools he made a number of inspired and highly-wrought copies, and from their influence he has never shaken, or indeed sought to shake, himself loose. Andrea Mantegna, and perhaps even in a higher degree Leonardo, in that which appertains to the essence of his art and his mode of conception, have been his chief ideals; though others among the great Quattrocentists and Cinquecentists have also left their traces, and among them the Florentine Antonio Pollajuolo, and even the fantastic Ferrarese painter Dosso Dossi. The extent of the influence exercised by the Old Masters on Moreau, and the question whether their fascination has crushed him or he has succeeded in absorbing and reproducing their great qualities, has always been the main point of dispute which has divided the French critics.

It was the famous “*Œdipe et le Sphinx*,” exhibited at the Salon of 1864, which first exposed the painter to the fierce light of criticism, and at the same time established his reputation as a distinct and interesting personality in modern art. The conception of the subject is an original one. Œdipus has penetrated into the lair of the Sphinx, a cave walled in by high perpendicular rocks, and on the floor of which still palpitate the limbs of the victims. Here he stands motionless, as if all life, save thought only, were arrested; for the Sphinx has leapt on to his breast, and remains—motionless too—clinging to his draperies, and gazing with fierce intentness full into his eyes. The monster is conceived on somewhat too small a scale, and her form suggests rather the wild cat than the lioness; it is crowned, however, with a head whose faultless classical beauty enhances the contrast of its terrible hungry glance. Œdipus, whose semi-nude form suggests rather the study of Mantegna and Pollajuolo than the influence of the Greek ideal, returns her gaze with a resolute yet half-dreamy expression, revealing the consciousness, yet not the fear, of the destruction which may be impending. He sees and weighs the danger, though the terrible fixed gaze of the Sphinx, like that of a snake, has cast over him a weird fascination. In the remarkable subtlety with which the mortal duel is thus realised in its very essence, the sharp contrast between the unnatural calm of Œdipus—face to face with death—and the questioning eagerness and menace of the monster, rather than in the somewhat archaic style and the curious detail, lies the real charm of this strange picture. It contains, however, some exquisite if

fantastic passages of colour, such as those shown in the wings of the Sphinx; but the pallid silvery tones of the carnations, and the want of suppleness in their rendering—here, as elsewhere in the painter's works, a noticeable mannerism—detract from the pictorial qualities of the design, though they may perhaps be held to enhance its mysterious aspect. The flood-gates of criticism were let loose on this work; some accused the artist of having composed a mere pastiche of Mantegna, Pollajuolo, Vinci, and Luini; while others, with perhaps equal though more generous exaggeration, professed to recognise in him the legitimate successor of the great Italian Quattrocentists. The more discriminating recognised its penetrating and subtle charm, the originality and genuineness of its inspiration.

The "Œdipe" was followed by "Jason et Médée" and the "Jeune Homme et la Mort" (1865), and by an "Enlèvement d'Europe" and a "Prométhée" (1869); the last a strange conception—mystic, *raffinée*, and not, it must be owned, easily intelligible, or at any rate open to many interpretations. A work full of the subtlest fascination, if in some respects technically incomplete, is the "Jeune Fille avec la Tête d'Orphée." It illustrates the legend that, after the death of Orpheus at the hands of Thracian Mænads, his severed head and lyre were wafted to the shores of Lesbos, and there piously interred. A young girl, clad in richly embroidered draperies of a fashion half-classical, half-Oriental, and combining exquisitely harmonised tints of blue and green, stands, holding on a lyre of ivory, elaborately painted and wrought, the head of Orpheus—of godlike beauty even in its bloodless and deathly pallor. She gazes down on it with an expression of boundless though subdued pity. The landscape, in its strange, unreal beauty, suggests more than ever Leonardo, whose influence is also revealed in the subtle and pathetic conception of the maiden, with its enigmatical charm stimulating the gazer to seek the interpretation of the fascinating riddle.

Moreau became subsequently very intermittent in his contributions to the annual Salons; despairing, perhaps, of success in convincing the public, and arousing a real sympathy for his refined and penetrating if fantastic and *cherché* art. Among his later productions, the "Hercule avec l'Hydre de Lerne" (1876), the "Salomé" (1876), the "Hélène," and the "Galathée" were perhaps better understood and more widely appreciated than his earlier works. The "Hélène," though it would be vain to attempt to judge the picture by the ordinary standards of criticism, and fault might be found with both drawing and arrangement, is yet a conception of extraordinary power. The fair Helen stands out—a lovely vision rather than a reality—against the dark heaven: pale, calm, and unconscious of the exterior world, she gazes fixedly into vacancy. Beneath her, grovelling as it were at her feet, are seen the Greeks and Trojans—an indistinct bloodstained mass, the agitated lines of which are in strong contrast with her statuesque attitude and impressive loveliness. Never, perhaps, in modern art has the true conception of Helen of Troy—the passive nature of the terribly gifted being whom fate makes the unresisting instrument of its decrees—been so absolutely realised. To attain this end all else



THE HEAD OF ORPHEUS.

(Luxembourg.)

has been sacrificed, and in this case rightly sacrificed. The "Galathée," too, is charming as a conception of the bright sea-nymph, joying in her ever-fresh youth and free from the burdening thoughts and woes of mortality; though the picture is somewhat marred by the accessories—coral and seaweed—which are treated in somewhat childishly emphatic fashion.

Another work, the "David," has more recently attracted renewed attention, which it owes to the supremely beautiful etching after it executed by M. Félix Bracquemond, for whom it earned the only "Médaille d'Honneur" accorded in any branch of the fine arts at the Salon of 1884. The aged king, wearing a high tiara, robed with great splendour in a fashion approaching the Assyrian mode, and holding a lily-crowned sceptre, appears seated on a magnificent throne of fantastic shape. At his feet is an angel, harp in hand, with bright-plumed wings and long flowing hair, round which plays an effulgence of rays—an embodiment, perhaps, of the divinely inspired genius of the Psalmist. The accessories show the same almost barbaric profusion and splendour as the adornment of the figures; to such a degree, indeed, as to produce at first a dazzling and confusing effect. A penetrating and subtle power is shown in the conception and delineation of David, who, though the light of his being burns low, appears yet possessed with the divine spirit, and is about, in one supreme outburst, to prophesy the advent of a new era, of a new law, then to awake the strings of his harp no more. Such would appear to be the true interpretation of this strange composition, which, however, defies strict analysis or, indeed, an absolutely certain exposition of its motive: yet it rivets the gazer by the extraordinary intensity and pathos of the rendering. The essential elements of the subject have been seized, as it were, by intuition, and stand forth vividly through all the weird, over-wrought surroundings, leaving us in doubt how far these have aided the painter as symbols or modes of expression, or whether a subject so pathetically conceived would not have gained by simpler treatment.

A quite distinct side of Moreau's genius is shown in the way in which he treats subjects of an Oriental as apart from a merely Biblical character. It is not the marvellous *impressionisme* of Japan—whose great influence on modern art in its latest phases has not been altogether for good—which has fascinated him, but the more subtle and less-understood art of Persia in its bloom. Almost alone, among Europeans, he has succeeded in reproducing the vein of melancholy yet sensuous poetry, the subtle character, of an art which is as absolutely distinct in spirit and sentiment from anything European, as is the poetic art of the East from that of the West. By this it is not so much meant that Moreau has merely imitated the outward manner of the art of Persia, as that he has rather absorbed and reproduced its true spirit and essence. A notable example of this power, among others, was a water-colour drawing—"Une Péri"—a fantastic half-conventional figure of exquisite beauty, floating in the air, and framed in a conventional border of Oriental design. This appeared with a number of the artist's works at the Universal Exhibition of 1878. More recently still, at an exhibition

of water-colours illustrating the Fables of La Fontaine, executed by the most renowned artists of France for M. Roux, of Marseilles, Moreau triumphed with a series of upwards of thirty designs, magnificent in colour, and of remarkable though not highly-laboured *technique*: showing, indeed, over this medium a greater technical mastery than he had exhibited as an oil painter. Many of these drawings are conceived in the same rare spirit of true Orientality already indicated, which appeared in such subjects in nowise out of place—strange and daring as the notion of giving to the fables an Eastern garb may at first seem—but rather lent to them a unique charm. Indeed, more than any previous works, these designs contributed to enhance Moreau's reputation with the French public. A whole series of remarkable works in various stages remain in the studio of the painter, who purposes, at some future period, to submit them to public criticism, but apparently seeks to postpone the ordeal as long as possible. Among them is one canvas of special importance—"Ulysses and the Suitors."

With Edward Burne Jones Gustave Moreau has been most often compared, and those in France who occupy themselves with the developments of English art are fond of styling the former "le Gustave Moreau Anglais." Though many striking points of contact between the two artists no doubt exist, there are, nevertheless, between the spirit and mode of conception of their works the most radical differences. Both have studiously shunned all subjects dealing with the everyday realities of modern life; though the art of both is in a sense pre-eminently modern, and is tinged with that peculiar melancholy which seems an inseparable characteristic of all the higher art of the century. Both have begun by seeking to clothe their ideas in the forms of the early Italian Renaissance, and both have sought a part of their effects in the strange and fantastic character of the accessories in which they revel, and with which they seek to stimulate the imagination; in the exquisite and subtly combined passages of local colour with which they seek to adorn their works. But here the parallel, which, it will be seen, is one rather of outward resemblance than of real similarity of temperament, ceases. Moreau conceives vividly and with intense energy, though not precisely dramatically in the accepted significance of the term: he may, no doubt, be designated a painter of unsubstantial visions rather than of realities; but he is at least strongly possessed and convinced by those which he seeks to evoke, and makes everything—drawing, style, and *technique*—subservient to his efforts to render his conceptions concrete and visible. In this quality, though in this alone, he perhaps resembles Blake more closely than any other creative artist, though his art remains essentially that of the painter, and does not, like that of the Englishman, become a symbol only—a kind of hieroglyphic language devoted to the pictorial expression of ideas and beliefs, rather than to the representation of actions and things. Moreau not so much merely imitates the outward characteristics and mannerisms of his prototypes the Quattrocentists, as he seeks to transfuse them into himself, and possess himself of the spirit with which they conceived and painted. His art cannot be termed either

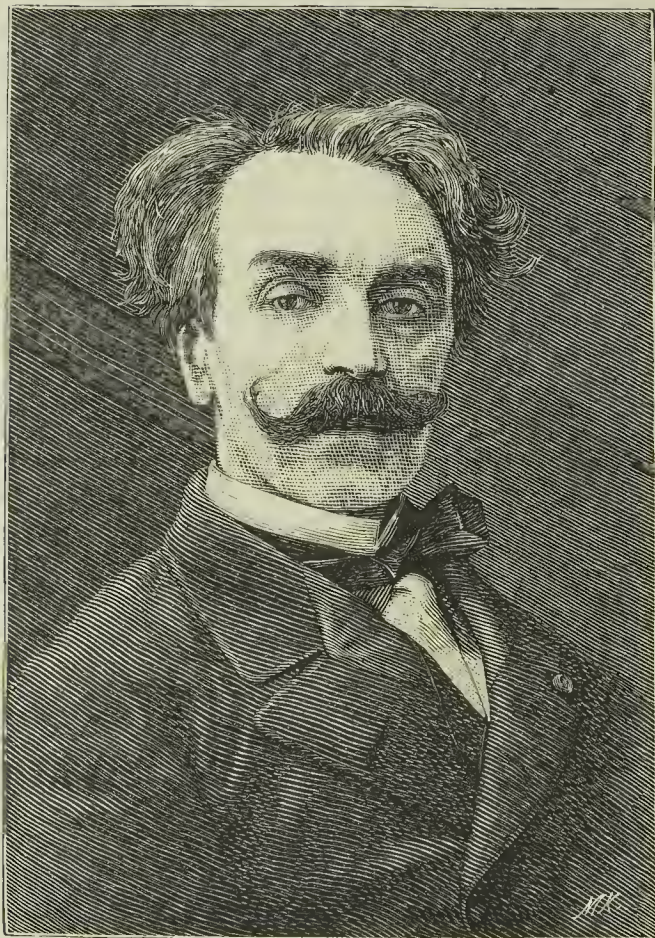


DAVID.

(By Permission of M. Georges Petit.)

purely decorative or monumental in character, but must be said to occupy a place apart: its defects being such as are sufficiently evident to all, while its higher significance and unique charm require for their comprehension an intuition and sympathy which belong to few. Hence his creations will perhaps never command general appreciation, notwithstanding their many exquisite qualities; and, indeed, while his temperament is too ardent and aspiring to permit him to bid for the popular approval by the usual means, he lacks undoubtedly some of the nobler and more robust qualities which enable art of the highest class finally to break down all temporary obstacles and compel universal respect and admiration. To dwell further on his technical deficiencies—many of which are deliberately adopted, and are inherent to his method—would be an ungrateful, and perhaps, in his case, an unnecessary task. It has been said—and in some respects with justice—that his drawing and rendering of the nude are sometimes deficient in accuracy, power, and suppleness; that, notwithstanding the many exquisite passages of local colour with which his works abound, they are often wanting in general tone and breadth of effect. That is, no doubt, a grave indictment to bring against a painter; but, even if we are compelled to admit its partial truth, it should weigh less heavily against Moreau's success than that of most artists, seeing what is the aim and scope of his art, and the peculiar and exceptional position he has taken up. It has been sought to show what he is at his best: even at his worst he may be sometimes unsuccessful, and fantastic to the verge of grotesqueness, but he is never conscious, affected, or insincere; and it may be truly said that the higher he soars, the more truly and surely does his inspiration support him.

It is to be regretted that his art is little known and less understood in England, where, it is believed, few or none of his typical works have appeared. At one of the first exhibitions held at the Grosvenor Gallery was shown "*L'Apparition*," a large water-colour design representing Herod enthroned, to whom appears floating in the air a terrible vision—the transfigured head of St. John the Baptist. This is not to be confounded with the oil-painting "*Salomé*," though the general conception is somewhat similar. It is in all respects one of Moreau's most fantastic and least successful works, one, indeed, on which it would not be fair to found any appreciation of his powers.



*Veuillez agréer Monsieur
l'assurance de mes sentiments
distingués*

J. L. Gérôme

(From a Photograph by M. Ed. Mulnier, of Paris.)

JEAN LÉON GÉRÔME.

THE French school is, in respect to its outward and striking characteristics, definitely divided into the rough painters and the smooth, the impressionary and the deliberate, the dexterous and the careful. Completeness and finish are comprised in the method and aims of both, but they are attained by different ways; the smooth painters try for that finish which Mr. Ruskin has described as an added truth, while the rough painters desire to master that which is implied in the first and freest touch upon the virgin canvas—the completeness of truth of relation and tone, which

makes painting finished from the beginning. The very leader and king of the class first mentioned is M. Gérôme, who paints with the evenness of miniature work upon ivory. Tight, close, clean, are his forms and his colour—the latter never offending by inharmoniousness, but never, on the other hand, delighting by special harmony; never ugly, it is also hardly ever beautiful, and certainly never mysterious. To pass from manner to matter—from the mere technical to the more general interest of his pictures, we are compelled to allude to the consideration which suggests itself at once to all who know this master's works—the consideration as to their questionable signification and effect. In our opinion, the difference between innocent art and immoral is exactly the difference between Nature and vice. If an artist merely paints Nature unveiled, he works singly and simply in the cause of natural truth; but if he paints the same Nature in a vicious relation or with evil allusion, his pictures come under dramatic laws. There is infinite difficulty in applying these laws logically to any kind of art. If the world of human passion and crime is to be closed to the art of painting, it can scarcely be allowed to remain open to that of letters, while to close it to these would be to destroy at a blow all the great literatures of the world. But if it is difficult to judge by logic, it is not so difficult to judge by feeling; and we believe that the feeling of few will altogether exculpate the painter of “Phryne before her Judges,” and of several scenes of Eastern life. Upon this subject Mr. Hamerton has said: “If he is immoral, it is not from irresistible impulses, but consciously and coldly. So with his love of the horrible—there is no violence, no expression of repulsion.” This is undeniably true; M. Gérôme paints death and vice coolly, and with the same polish and deliberation; and it is one of the most revolting secrets of the human heart that somewhere in its depths the kind of vice which is usually called immorality is found allied, not to love, but to cruelty—a noble and generous affectionateness being the opposite and the contradiction of both equally. When M. Gérôme paints death it is not in the dignity and solemnity of suffering, but almost invariably in its abject humiliations. In Shakespeare's tragedy Cæsar dies in modesty and silence; in Gérôme's picture he lies in a heap of indefinable ignominy. In his pictures, too, a sentinel smokes his pipe before the severed heads of the Beys at the Cairo mosque; Ney lies riddled with shot by a dreary wall, while his tall hat has rolled off grotesquely, and the firing party retires with swinging step; the gladiators at the point of death, yet in the vigour of life, shout their last servile salutation to the huge luxurious Emperor sitting in the shade; at the door of the masked ball the duellist dies for a word; and so forth. And not human death only, but human life, he treats with a disrespect more cynical than Swift's. He has, for instance, painted a row of beautiful women for sale in an Oriental slave-market; a merchant is examining the soundness of their teeth. His Phryne does not stand in the simplicity of her times before judges to whom beauty was a solemn religion; she casts up her arms to hide her face with an action which the word *pudeur* alone can express—and *pudeur* is not Greek, but

Parisian. Of the expressions of the judges and bystanders in this picture we altogether decline to speak. But such remarks as we have here made on this master's subjects could scarcely be avoided, unless we had confined ourselves to technicalities.

Jean Léon Gérôme was born at Vesoul, Haute-Saône, in 1824. After a course of study in his native place, he went to Paris in 1841 and became the pupil of Paul Delaroche, with whom he travelled to Rome three years later. We need scarcely say that in a country where art owes so much to discipline and tradition the choice of a master is of almost equal importance with the pupil's individuality.



THE TURKISH BATH.

The disciple is for a time unmistakably marked with the teacher's sign; he has chosen to be so, and would not exchange the manner which shows him to be a legitimate learner for the wildest of the freaks of originality which gain notoriety so quickly in England. The state of pupillage over, individual character is not slow to assert itself under the French system, but it almost always does so within certain limits—limits which are not observed under the impersonal teaching supplied by Government art-schools. The fact, too, of the comparatively early success achieved by artists brought up in Continental studios is certainly owing to the fact that an immense quantity of time is saved by that single supervision and training—directed to one end and followed in one manner—which a succession of “visi-

tors” cannot supply. M. Gérôme would certainly not have developed so quickly or so completely into one of the most perfect painters of his country had he not been taught by Delaroche. M. Gérôme's choice of a master had been determined by one of those happy incidents which have saved more than one undeveloped artist from the obscurity which seemed to await them. It is said that the young Gérôme's love of drawing and his success in the local school had been rewarded by his father with the present of a supply of colours from Paris. The child immediately set to work on a copy of one of Décamp's pictures which chanced to have strayed to the remote provincial town; a friend of Delaroche was struck with the goodness of the young beginner's copy, and resolved that the budding talent should be fostered and trained in Paris, and in the studio of the foremost painter of the time. This, as we have said, was ultimately effected. Even when Delaroche, horrified at the death of one of his young students in a duel which had resulted from a studio quarrel, resolved to have no more pupils, there was no parting between him and the greatest of them all. After the return from Italy, M. Gérôme is said to have assisted his master in designing the celebrated “Passage of the Alps by Charlemagne,” now at Versailles. In 1847 appeared the new painter's first picture—“The Cock-Fight,”

which won the third medal at the Salon; "Anacreon" followed soon, and the "Age of Augustus," purchased by the Government. It was at about this time that a Government commission induced him to enter into competition, in the decoration of the Church of St. Séverin, with the pious painter Hippolyte Flandrin, whose pure enthusiasm had led him to offer his heart wholly to the service of religion. Side by side with this artist's dedicated work M. Gérôme's "Last Communion of



THE PRISONER.

St. Jerome" appeared wanting in the sentiment necessary for the subject. It was after this comparative failure that he entered upon that course of Oriental life which has had so marked an influence upon his art. In 1863 he was made Professor at the École des Beaux Arts, and among his other honours may be mentioned two second-class medals, one gained in 1848 and the other in 1855, the decoration of the Legion of Honour, obtained in 1855, and the commandership in 1878. Besides these distinctions, he obtained by one of the most noteworthy of all his works the supreme award of the Medal of Honour—not one of the medals granted at each Salon, but a special prize which is not given every year, nor necessarily for many years, but only from time to time, as occasion may arise, and as an altogether

exceptional mark of merit. Strange to say, the picture—"Frederick the Great"—by which M. Gérôme won the Medal of Honour is not to be found in any of the published lists of the artist's works to which we have referred; it has, nevertheless, we believe, been more than once in England. The artist here has shown the great and trivial King flying to his flute at the instant of his return from hunting—his dusty dress, his dusty dogs forgotten in the absorbing passion of fluting; his intentness is expressed with most intelligent humour; the human figure and the tired dogs are drawn with exquisiteness of precision and the grasp of solid power; while the execution throughout is of that perfect kind which is impalpable. It is allowable to prefer a manner which betrays the impulses of the mind by the strokes of the brush; but this is not M. Gérôme's manner; and in his own way he is supreme. Never has his execution appeared at such a point of faultlessness as in every passage and detail of the "Frederick." A much less celebrated and a slighter masterpiece of his is the "Santon at the Door of a Mosque"—a wonder of imitative skill and of illuminative effect, and the model of those pictures of Oriental shoes and slippers which have become rather common of late. Among the artist's other works not already alluded to here are "The Wife of Candaules," "The Seventh of December, 1815," "Promenade of the Harem," "L'Éminence Grise" (which may be translated "The Cardinal in Grey"—a scene at the court of the all-powerful Franciscan or grey friar who bore that name), "Women Bathing," "The Turkish Bath," "A Bashi-Bazouk," "The Bull-Fighter," "A Portrait of the Tragedian Rachel," "A Lioness meeting a Jaguar" (which was painted for the author and art-critic Théophile Gautier), and a number of Oriental landscapes. "The Prisoner," which we engrave, is one of his best known and most brilliant works. On the lucid water and in the limpid light of the Bosphorus a boat with dark figures goes on its way with a captive upon his back, bound hand and foot. One of his captors mocks him with some shrill Oriental song, to the sound of a lute. These are in oils; in fresco he has executed the "Death of St. Jerome," already referred to, and the "Plague at Marseilles" in the Church of St. Séverin, and other mural paintings in the ancient refectory of St. Martin-des-Champs; in sculpture he has produced "The Gladiators," and "Anacreon, Bacchus, and Love." Though he has done so many good things, however, he is distinctively a painter of figures and interiors, his landscapes being of inferior merit.



EMILE WALTERS. PINK.

THE MADNESS OF HUGO VAN DER GOES.

L. MONZIES. SCULPT.



(From a Sketch by the Artist.)

EMILE WAUTERS.

IT is a curious fact that, priding ourselves as we do on our non-insularity in the matter of art and art knowledge, we in England should know little more of one of the greatest of living history painters than his name. Though still a young man—for he has hardly yet reached the middle age—Emile Wauters has for nearly twenty years enjoyed a European reputation. Yet we here have heard but little more than the faint intermittent echo of that name, and that only when his work at the Salons of Paris or Brussels has challenged the attention of the whole art-world, and laid the critic's vocabulary of praise under heavy contribution. Under these circumstances we have deemed it more useful to devote the present article to a biographical rather than a critical notice of the man and his principal works, leaving in some other hand an analytical inquiry into his school, his style, and his methods; thus placing for the first time before the English reader the simple history of his achievement, his long record of continuous success. We shall thus be enabled to form at least a second-hand estimate of the powers of the artist who has now, with the gradual retirement of Gallait, won for himself the premier place in the

modern Flemish school, and who, judging by the ever-increasing virility of his handling and the subtlety of his *technique*, has not yet reached the highest point to which he is destined to attain.

Born in Brussels in 1848, Emile Wauters early evinced his passion for art, and while still a boy determined to become a painter. He entered the studio of M. Portaels, and for three years associated with the brilliant group who were his fellow-students. At the end of that time M. Godecharle, son of the famous

sculptor and a friend of the family, struck with young Wauters' remarkable progress, sent him to Paris to receive the benefit of M. Gérôme's counsel and instruction. Here the picture of "The Battle of Hastings: the Finding of Harold by Edith"—a work of precocious talent—was begun. In 1868 M. Wauters was sent to study in Italy, again by the kindness of M. Godecharle, but although he visited all the chief cities in succession, returning by way of Bavaria, and brought back a vast number of sketches and studies as the result of his journey, his sojourn amongst the Italian masters happily exerted no undue influence upon his purely national feelings and methods.

The following year he ex-



A VILLAGER OF ERZEN.

(From the Artist's Sketch-book.)

hibited at the Brussels Salon his "Great Nave of St. Mark's" and "The Battle of Hastings," both of singular merit. The former was purchased by the King of the Belgians, and the latter by Mr. Löwenstein, of whose collection it is still an important feature. The artist's youth was the only disqualification for the medal that the general verdict declared should be his; but his claims were not allowed to go unrecognised, for the Minister of the Fine Arts summoned him to his chamber and officially offered him as compensation the Government invitation to attend the opening of the Suez Canal. Alexandria, Port Said, Ismailia, and Cairo, were visited in turn, and three weeks were spent in the latter town amid *fêtes* and rejoicings of all kinds; a brilliant experience, one fraught with consequences for

an impressionable and enthusiastic young painter. But just as the party were starting up the Nile as the guests of the Viceroy, the sad news reached him of Mme. Wauters' dangerous illness, and, hastening home, he only arrived in time to close her eyes.

In 1870, when he was only twenty-two years of age, his great historical picture of "Mary of Burgundy entreating the Sheriffs of Ghent to pardon her Coun-



MARY OF BURGUNDY ENTREATING THE SHERIFFS OF GHENT TO PARDON HER COUNCILLORS
HUGONET AND HUMBERCOURT. (Liège Museum.)

cillors Hugonet and Humbercourt" was finished, and, being exhibited, created a perfect *furor*. Equal success attended it when it was shown at the London International Exhibition in the following year. It was regarded as the most important work of the Belgian school, and called forth the following criticism from a contemporary:—"There is much to be learnt from this remarkable picture. Few things in its way are more masterly than the grouping, lighting, and character of the citizens. . . . It is a work of great power, wherein the artist dismisses all the paraphernalia of false effect—indeed, a conception which few men would venture to realise, without a well-grounded consciousness of power to carry it out in its full force." The picture was bought by the Belgian

Government for the Liège Museum, where it now is. Great as was this achievement, M. Wauters succeeded in eclipsing his former efforts with "The Madness of Hugo Van der Goes," which became the sensation of the Brussels Salon of 1872. This life-size picture, which was etched by M. Monzies, is perhaps the best-known of all his works. We are shown with extraordinary pathos and power Van Eyck's unfortunate pupil, who for love's sake, lost his reason and took refuge in a monastery. Here all remedies and restoratives were applied, but none with good or sedative effect save the singing of the choristers. All the heads in this admirable composition are fine, especially—as it should be—that of the madman himself. The livid but noble face, bearing eloquent witness to that poignant grief which unhinged his reason; the eyes, looking without seeing, no longer "the windows of the mind;" the beautifully-drawn hands, with their nervous, convulsive grasp; and the grey robe, with many a trace of the wearer's recent paroxysm—these first arrest the attention of the beholder. Then are arrayed, with consummate skill, the "brother" who, with excellent action and with but half attention, directs the singing; another, who closely watches its effects; the choristers, and finally the players and the prayers, who complete a composition which, considered either artistically or psychologically, is nothing less than a triumph. The picture was immediately purchased by the State for the Brussels Museum, and the gold medal that was awarded to it was replaced at the king's command by the Grand Cross of the Order of Leopold. On the strength of this success M. Wauters was commissioned by the town to decorate the Lions' Staircase in the Hôtel de Ville with two large works representing respectively "Mary of Burgundy swearing to respect the Communal Rights of Brussels, 1477"—M. Wauters is evidently fond of long, resounding titles—and "The Armed Citizens of Brussels demanding the Charter from Duke John IV. of Brabant," a commission which was not completed till 1877. Then followed three distinctions in rapid succession. Contributing to the Vienna International Exhibition in 1873, he was elected a member of the Imperial Academy in that city; in 1875 he gained a "second-class" medal at the Paris Salon; and the following year his portrait of the son of M. Somzée, leaning on a hoop, won him a "rappel" of the same order. At the Paris International Exhibition of 1878 the jury awarded him the third of the medals of honour by twenty-three votes out of thirty-one, a distinction which carried with it the nomination of Chevalier of the Legion of Honour; but it is said that the friends of Alfred Stevens, offended at what they considered a slight to the older man, prevailed upon M. Rolin Jacquemy, the Minister, to withhold his consent to the award. M. Wauters thereupon marked his sense of the injustice he suffered by refusing the great commissions that had been offered him to decorate with frescoes the Palais des Beaux-Arts and the Palais de Justice in Brussels. In the meantime balm to a limited extent was applied to his wounded pride by his election to the Academy of Madrid.



MARY OF BURGUNDY SWEARING TO RESPECT THE COMMUNAL RIGHTS OF BRUSSELS, 1477.

(Hôtel de Ville, Brussels.)

For the next two years M. Wauters devoted himself to the painting of full-length portraits, and in 1879 received a medal of honour from the Munich International Exhibition. In 1880, the jubilee of Belgian Independence, he held aloof from the national exhibition, and, gathering a collection of some fifty of his works into his studio, he threw it open to the public, receiving some ten thousand of his countrymen and many foreign visitors—prominent among whom was M. Munkaczy, who came from Paris to “render homage to the young artist’s genius.” Of the portraits then exhibited, the most admirable were “Mme. Judic as Niniche;” “Mme. Somzée,” leaning on the keyboard of her piano; and “Master Somzée” on horseback by the sea-shore. The two latter, being again exhibited at the Berlin Salon in 1883, gained the medal of honour. The next year M. Wauters was again an exhibitor at the Paris Salon, and on this occasion was created an Officer of the Legion of Honour.

Four years previously, in 1880, the artist had been commissioned by a specially formed company to paint a panorama for Vienna of the Austrian victory at the battle of Custozza; but, partly for fear of wounding Italian susceptibilities, and partly impatient of the conventionality which somehow inevitably selects battle-scenes for the subjects of panoramas, Wauters cast about for some less hackneyed matter. At that time Prince Rudolph was on the eve of departure for Egypt, and Wauters, stirred by a lively recollection of the delights of his former visit to the East, decided to travel in his train, hoping, by welding habits and customs, architecture and costumes, flora and vegetation, into a comprehensive, harmonious whole, to produce a work entirely original in design and interesting in subject. May and June, amidst the torrid heat, were passed in Cairo in company with his brother, Professor A. J. Wauters, and during that time some seventy studies were made. In six months from that time, having been assisted only by a couple of pupils, he produced in Brussels the vast work, “Cairo and the Banks of the Nile,” a canvas 380 feet long by 49 feet high! It was exhibited in Brussels for a month, after being “opened” by the king and queen, and then was transferred to Vienna, where the emperor performed for it the same good offices. It was afterwards exhibited at Munich, and again at Brussels, and then was transported to the Hague. In 1882 another large work, but this time only 26 feet long, for the same company, proceeded from his brush. It represented “Sobieski and his Staff before Besieged Vienna,” and whilst it was in progress the Academy of Belgium conferred upon the painter the chair rendered vacant by the death of Verboeckhoven.

Placing his house in an agent’s hands for disposal—for he had determined to settle down in one of the great art centres, Paris or London—M. Wauters set out for Spain. There he stood entranced before the mighty work of Velasquez, who for him—Fleming that he is—forms, together with Van Dyck and Franz Hals, the great trinity of his artistic worship and belief. Then he passed over to Tangiers, spending five months in making studies, and producing among other

work, "The Morocco Fisherman," "The Great Mosque," and, best known of all, "Serpent-Charmers of Sokko." After a long tour in Austria and Germany he returned to his native city—forgetting apparently his former intention of quitting it; and, sending to the Antwerp International Exhibition eight portraits and his large "Cairo, from the Bridge of Kasr-el-Nil," a work immediately purchased by the city, he carried off the medal of honour. This same picture was sent to our Royal Academy in 1884, when the artist experienced the novel sensation of finding himself skied, and his work, in consequence of its multitude of tiny figures, entirely invisible to either critic or public!

Returning once more to Brussels, he completed the portrait of his father, in the uniform of captain of the "Chasseurs Eclaireurs," and his two masterpieces of portraiture, the late Baron and Baroness Goffinet, the last-named being probably the finest work the artist has produced. Not many months later M. Wauters for the second time held an exhibition of some twenty-five of his works in his splendid studio, which the king opened in person, creating the artist on the occasion Commander of his Order; and immediately afterwards he received a commission from the Chamber of Deputies to decorate the



ACHMED: A STUDY IN TANGIERS.
(From the Artist's Sketch-book.)

staircase of the Palais des Beaux-Arts and to paint full-length portraits of the king and queen. This was followed by an intimation from Munich that he had been elected an honorary member of the Academy of that city—an event which closes, for the present, one of the most brilliant records of which living artists can boast. It is not easy to imagine what further honour the still youthful painter can look for, save that recognition and justice in London, which even the ordinary second-rate "outsider" is justified in claiming, and generally obtains.

M. Wauters is an inveterate sketcher, and one of consummate skill, whether with chalk or pencil-point; and from some of his sketch-books, which he has kindly placed at our disposal, have been drawn the accompanying facsimile studies. His rapidity at this work is extraordinary—the portrait of himself having been drawn before a mirror in the course of a few minutes. To his figures of the Arabs, and of Flemish peasants, as well as to his drawings of hands and draperies

—all of them, in spite of appearances, impressions of the moment rapidly recorded—special attention may profitably be paid, for few things from the hands of modern masters are more instructive or will more worthily repay study than these entirely correct sketches, whether regarded for their precision or character, or as examples of facility in the use of the crayon or pencil.





A STUDY.

LUDWIG KNAUS.

IT was in Berlin, at the Exhibition of 1852, that the name of Ludwig Knaus first became conspicuous in the world of art by a picture which occupied the place of honour in the large room of the gallery. Its salient characteristics were an originality contemptuous of all tradition, and a remorseless energy of characterisation, in beauty and in ugliness alike. These qualities are the test of the master; so that it is easy to recognise his work, and to comprehend and define the scope and function of his art.

Knaus, like his rivals, Vautier and Defregger, was a rebel against convention. Like Vautier, he studied at Düsseldorf, under the somewhat jejune and monotonous influence of Sohn and Schadow; and, like Vautier, he separated himself from his masters, and joined the younger members, who, under Lessing and Webber, were protesting against the academic influence. The school which at one time represented, somewhat tamely and sentimentally, the art of Germany, had sunk into a weakly and mannered decadence whose expression was composed of stereotyped figures and situations or of a cheap and shallow morality. Knaus was by nature



A PEASANT BOY.

a "naturalist," and he strove to paint what he saw, for a time even exaggerating ugliness to escape from the finicking prettiness that distinguished his school. His first picture was painted in defiance of all the dogmas of Düsseldorf, and moved one critic to call the painter "a sans-culotte genius." The nickname is unjust. Knaus is no sans-culotte; he is a true homely German who hates the artificial as most Germans do. He may now be regarded as the head of the Düsseldorf school in its second phase of development. He may also be regarded as having done for German art what Fritz Reuter did for its literature: set forth, that is, with good-humoured satire, simple methods, and amiable frankness of expression, the peculiarities of the solid, stolid, slow-witted, but by no means stupid or wholly humourless German peasant. Thanks to Auerbach, peasant tales had come into fashion when Knaus began to paint; and it is more than probable that the artist was not quite unaffected by an influence so much in

harmony with his own mental characteristics. But it is an important point, and one that must never be lost sight of, that while he is a thoroughly German painter in his choice of theme and mode of mental treatment, he is indebted to a very considerable degree to France for his technical practice and accomplishment. For many years he resided in the French capital studying under the best masters, a fact his countrymen would gladly ignore. To this training he owes it that his fame is not merely German but cosmopolitan. As a French critic has well said: "If it be at all possible for a man to have two fatherlands, Knaus is the man: he is French with his mind, German with his heart." When a Frenchman after 1870 speaks thus of a German, we may be pretty sure that he is not guilty of exaggeration. All the same it must not be forgotten that before going to Paris Knaus had already struck the keynote of his individual talent, and that so strongly that he



"VENTRE AFFAMÉ N'A POINT D'OREILLES."

(From the Etching by A. Gilbert.)

was obliged to go forth from Germany, which in those days looked with even greater suspicion than now on any person departing out of the established track, and measured whatever is personal and original by a standard at once pedantic and conventional.

The story of Ludwig Knaus's life is altogether tranquil and fortunate. Nature and circumstances were at one to caress him. He had no obstacles to overcome, nothing to do but paint his best and think his pleasantest within the limitations peculiar to his talent. The son of an artisan, he was born at Wiesbaden (October 10, 1829), and grew up in poverty and a petty and paltry environment. His artistic sense was nourished only in the natural world about him and the prints in the booksellers' windows. From babyhood upwards he delighted in drawing, and his parents always seem to have encouraged his liking, and to have resolved that art should be his line of life. While yet a mere lad he was sent to the Academy of Düsseldorf. Here his inclination and ability gained him friends and won him acceptance from the first. He wasted no time in tentative efforts. His first picture, painted at Düsseldorf, was an anticipation of those since painted in Paris and Berlin.

There is always a theme or story in Knaus's works, and this, the secret of his popularity, has placed him among the first of living genre-painters. His material is the life of men, and especially of those of the humbler classes, their joy and sorrow, their work and play, their vices and virtues. Like most delineators of the peasant in art and literature alike, he considers them from an optimistic, slightly idealised point of view: with none of the solemn earnestness that distinguishes the work of J.-F. Millet, but with some comprehension of the reverse of the medal.

It was in 1853 that Knaus quitted Düsseldorf for Paris. Before leaving, however, he had finished some pictures which in tone and treatment still rank among his best. These include "The Fire in the Village," "The Funeral Procession through the Wood," and "The Thief at Market." A tendency to exaggerate, to lay on his effects too heavily (a very German fault), was modified by Knaus's residence in Paris. It lasted seven years, and was followed by a year-long stay in Italy, which produced no impression upon him at all.

In Imperial Paris, with its cosmopolitan tone in all artistic matters, Knaus's talents found generous recognition, and his "Jugglers" was one of the features of the Salon of 1855. In Paris, too, were painted his "Day after the Feast in a Village Tavern," his "Shoemaker's Apprentices," his "Ventre Affamé n'a Point d'Oreilles," his "Golden Wedding," his "Christening," and "Child Gathering Flowers"—the three last familiar in endless reproductions of every kind. A less important picture, "A Scene in the Tuileries Gardens," is the work that represents him in the gallery of contemporary painters at the Luxembourg.

After a while Knaus began to find—or fancy he found—his inspiration thinning and his material running out. His peasant maids, he thought, were getting touched with *Parisine*—the subtle essence which Nestor Roqueplan discovered and

analysed; and with this fear upon him he struck his tents and decamped. After some hesitation as to site, he settled in Berlin. His first years there were marked by a curious decadence in his art. It was as if the Prussian atmosphere had proved noxious to its primary qualities of simplicity and directness. Happily he was aware of this, and in 1865 he once more struck his tents and returned to Düsseldorf. From that moment his art assumed new vigour. Here he painted, besides other well-known works, his three *capilavori*, which emphasise what may be regarded as the three sides of his genius, his love for children, his humorous portrayal of peasant life, his rare power of dramatic presentation. These are "The Children's Festival," "His Serene Excellency *en Voyage*," and "The Funeral."

"The Children's Festival" was painted twice, once realistically, and again with rococo properties as a sort of pictorial jest. It is a charming picture, breathing physical gaiety and satisfaction, instinct with the happy easy spirit of country life. "His Serene Excellency *en Voyage*" is a bit of humour that would not have disgraced Hogarth, so shrewd are its insight into character and its expression of national peculiarities. The scene is somewhere in pre-Bismarckian Germany. His Serene Excellency, making the round of his minute dominions, has come upon a certain village whose chief men, headed by the schoolmaster and his flock, come forth to welcome the father of his people. His Serenity is accompanied by two flippant adjutants; but we can



NURSE AND NURSELING.

see that the villagers consider their sovereign, as one of another and a better race, with almost religious reverence. The burgomaster is nearly expiring with fear of the dread moment when he must open his mouth in the set speech that has been so anxiously prepared. The schoolmaster at the head of his charges, who will presently burst into a nasal rendering of the national hymn, is a type of modesty and servility, of moral excellence and mental limpness, from the bald crown of his head to the tips of his country-made boots; but while we laugh at him we pity and like. The children, some twenty in number, are delightful in variety and naturalness of expression. One boy displays his reverence in a fit of nervous weeping, while another approves his loyalty by administering a harangue to the first, and a third is moved to even greater loudness than is his wont. The girls are better equal to the occasion. They gape in mild wonder, but they do their staring more gracefully and less

obtrusively, and their nervousness is not without a certain charm. The only villager not awestruck and dumbfounded by the honour of the visit is a dog, who



MUDLARKS.

runs across the road, barking loudly. In this picture can be studied Knaus's excellence in composition. The eye turns naturally to the principal figure, his

Serenity, towards whom all heads are directed, and who is the centre of everybody's thoughts. There is no division or diversion of interest to side scenes and secondary incidents, a peculiarity distinctive of all Knaus's work, which is always well composed and well balanced. In his "Funeral" there is a touching note of tragedy. It is cast in a winter landscape under an ashen sky. In the courtyard of the house of death the snow lies deep; and here are assembled the funeral train. The chief mourner, an old man whose dearest has been taken from him, broken in spirit, crushed with sorrow, totters down the steps of his desolate home. The school children are singing a chorale; it is evident he does not hear it. A young woman looks up at him with a face of true pity; some of the bystanders are indifferent, some are merely curious. But the artist does not suffer the eye to be distracted from the main *motif*. It falls first upon the gruesome black coffin, and is carried thence to the chief mourner, and so to the vital point of the scene. There is no element of relief, no suggestion of the ideal, no touch of the hope beyond the grave.

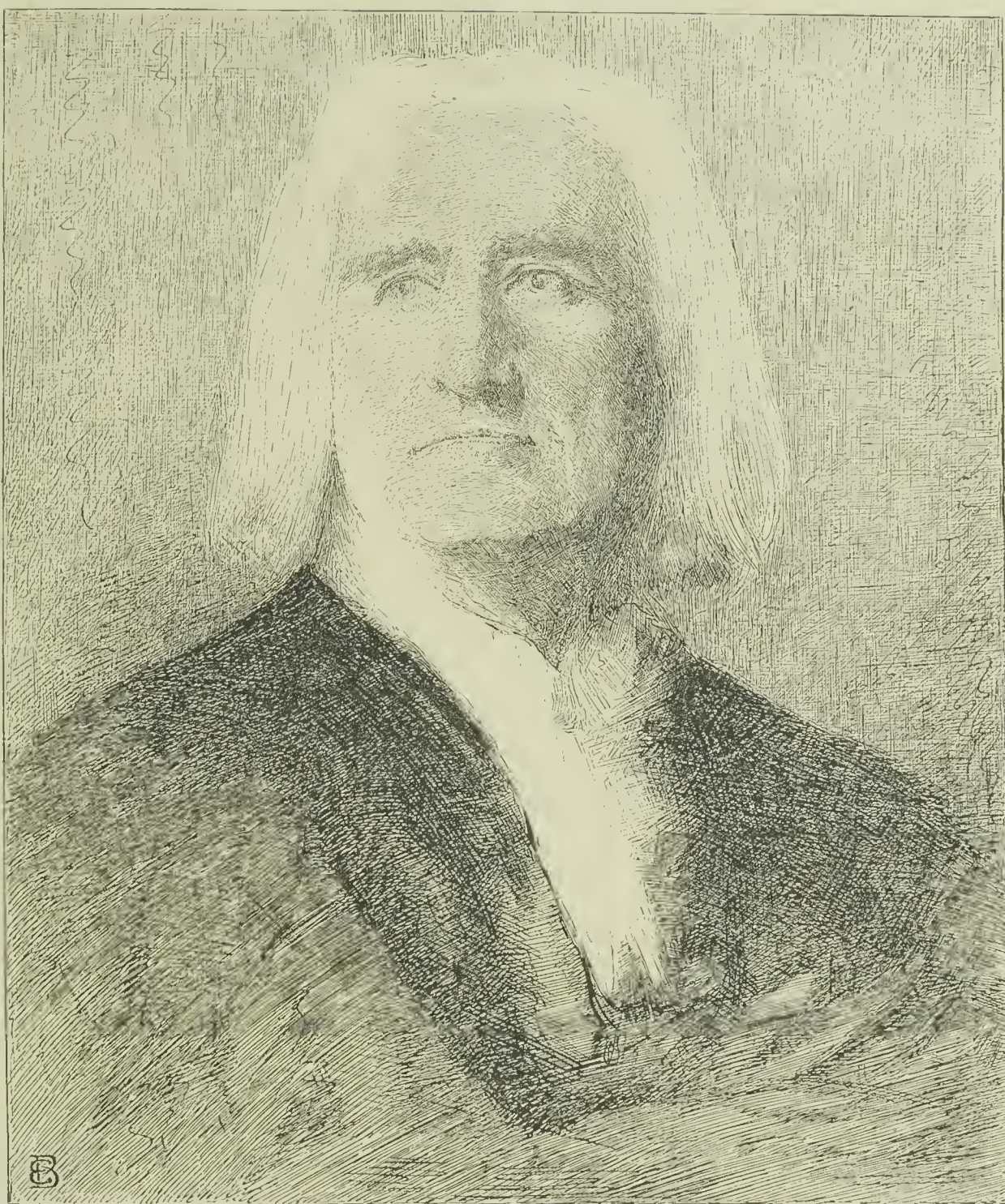
But it is not often that Knaus is thus dark of mood. Another example, "Behind the Scenes," is perhaps more characteristic of his achievement than "The Funeral." It is a picture of strollers which has few equals in modern art. The clown, his face painted into comic lines, is feeding the baby; in front the performance goes on; to the right a country gallant is dallying with the player queen; the whole an admirable confusion of squalor and seriousness and gaiety. It is seldom, I should note, that Knaus paints pictures so crowded and so full as this. By preference he deals with groups of not more than two or three figures, and it is perhaps in these that his peculiar genius for focusing a passing psychological moment is best expressed. His children are always inimitable, so amiably droll, so deliciously ingenuous, so absolutely unconventional. Such, for instance, the beggar boy who has stolen some carrots and laughs with glee over his booty; such the elder sister nursing her younger brother, and like the good little housewife she is, knitting gravely the while, to her nurseling's immense despite; such the two shoemaker apprentices, one airing his master's baby, the other sent on an errand, and both preferring to kill time by playing cards. These scenes and their like are all so natural they seem familiar; you cannot refrain from an impression that you have seen them somewhere before.

Denaturalised Nature and sophisticated man have no place in Knaus' pictorial cosmos. Neither has he evolved (like his artistic rivals Defregger and Vautier) a conventional type of face for use at certain moments and in certain connections and situations. He is always novel and fresh. He has a retentive memory for form and expression, and his object is to catch *au vif* the varying shades of human emotion. Strength and depth of individualisation is the corner-stone of his art; the interest of his work is an interest apart from that of paint. Indeed, his colour, as with most Germans, is his weak point. It is heavy, wanting in sparkle and richness alike, often meagre, sometimes crude. As a French critic has well

remarked in the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*, Knaus will never be numbered with “les virtuoses de la touche. Yet all the same he will always take rank with artists of the first class by reason of his merits as a painter of expression.” If he had painted nothing but his early “Jugglers in a Barn” and his recent “Peasants in Council,” he would still have proved himself a master of accurate, shrewd, and delicate observation. As our specimens will show, he is, within certain limits, an admirable draughtsman, but his drawing is at times careless; his forms are often angular; too frequently his costume seem bodiless if not empty. All his attention is devoted to facial expression.

Long years ago, to Prussianise the arts and make the Prussian capital an artistic centre, it was proposed that a number of *ateliers* on the French system should be opened in Berlin. In 1874 two such studios were established, and the direction of one was confided to Knaus. It has not been popular or useful: the master’s art is too individual to be communicable; it has settled him, too, once more in an environment not wholly congenial. Still, what he now is, that he will remain all his life long, an admirable delineator of elementary human emotions, a kindly satirist of human weakness, a sympathetic spectator of human griefs.





FRANZ LISZT.

(Drawn in Pastels by Franz Lenbach. From a Sketch by Edgar Barclay.)

FRANZ LENBACH.



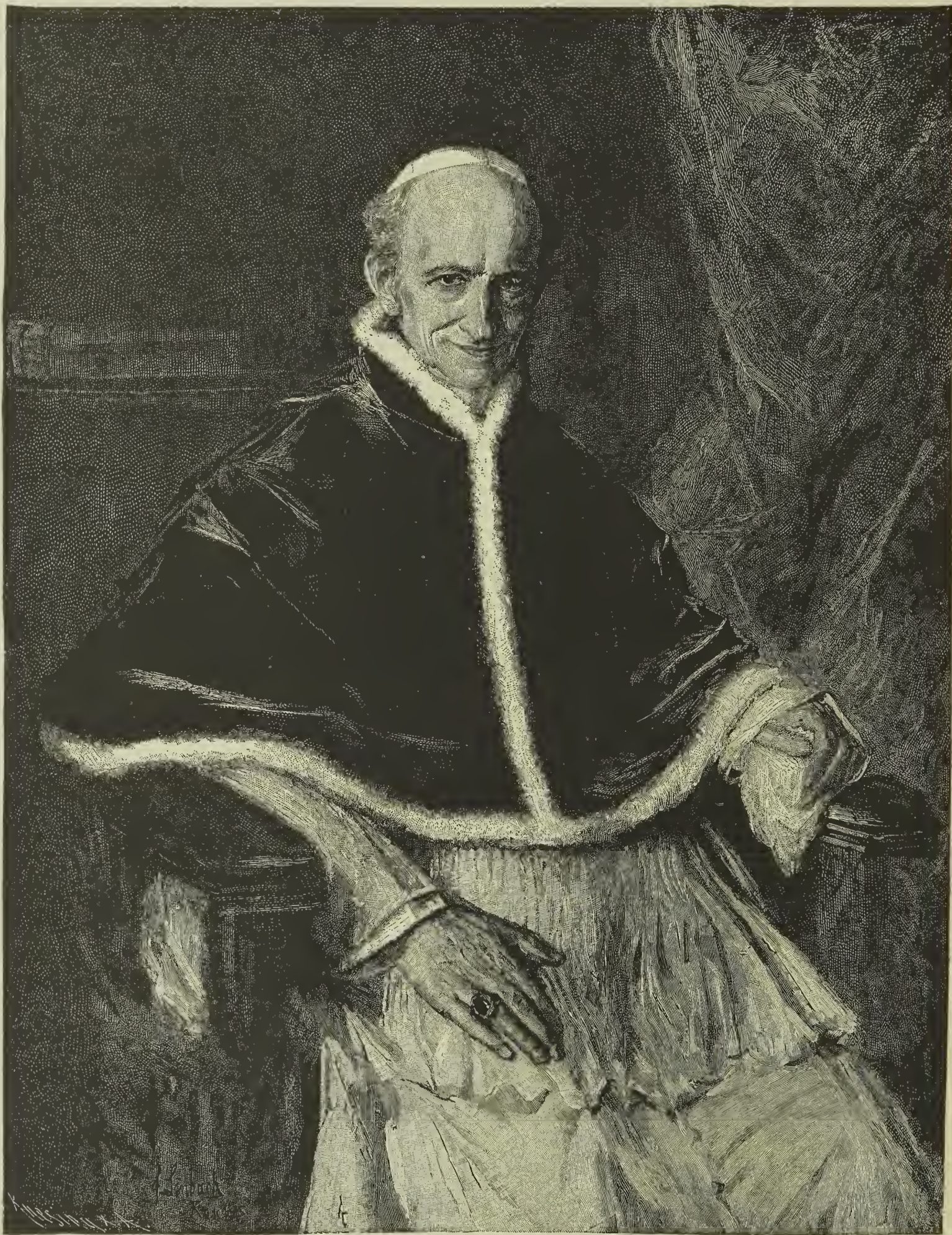
AMONG the portrait-painters of modern Germany the first place belongs incontestably to Franz Lenbach; and, indeed, in the grave and noble style which he affects, and which is that which in former days raised the art of portraiture to the very first rank, it would be difficult, at the present moment, to find his superior in Europe. In saying this, no disrespect

is meant to the really great portrait-painters of modern France: men for the most part either little known, or exciting but a languid interest in England—such, for instance, as the mighty Bonnat; Paul Baudry, hardly surpassed even in this branch of his art; the grave and pathetic painter-sculptor, Paul Dubois; the exquisitely subtle Elie Delaunay; or Bastien-Lepage, unrivalled in the delineation in a small space of the essence of a personality, no less than of its material envelope. Each of these is pre-eminent in its own way, and has certain qualities of technical power, grace, and refinement to which the German does not lay claim, or which he rather purposely relegates to the background. Perhaps his mode of looking at humanity, and his endeavour, above all things, to evolve the main outlines of a human personality, are nearer to those of our own Watts than to the aim of any other modern; though the *technique* of the two painters is widely different. Both, however, are distinguished for largeness of view, and for a power which amounts to genius, of expressing the more permanent and essential side of a personality distinguished in politics, art, or letters.

Herr Lenbach has never willingly undertaken the delineation of feminine loveliness, either scorning a task which is rather that of the painter *par excellence* than that of the psychologist and the diviner, or justly judging his powers to be unsuited to the undertaking. In such portraits of women as he has produced, though they are not lacking in his usual qualities of breadth and dignity, we find just a shade of that conventionality, that *emphase*, which are so conspicuously absent from his greater works in the category of male portraiture. To a somewhat celebrated friend of his, noted for her commanding beauty and her fanatical worship of Wagner, he is said to have replied, when she expressed a wish to sit to him: "Your beauty has in it nothing which inspires my art; if you were an old man, upon whom time and suffering had set their mark, how much more willingly would I have undertaken the task!" Although Herr Lenbach has attained the first rank in one branch only of his profession, and is in so far inferior to the great French and English painters with whom we have paralleled him—all of whom have attained very high rank in other branches of their art—he has essayed other styles also, with fair, though not transcendent, success. Some early specimens of his excursions into landscape and *genre* are contained in the gallery of Count Schack, of Munich, who also numbers among his treasures many portraits, as well as an unrivalled series of copies by the artist after works of the Old Masters.

If we take into consideration his original works only, it is not to the category of the splendid painters of *portraits d'apparat* that Franz Lenbach belongs. He has little kinship in point of view with the majesty and outward magnificence of Titian, with the exuberance and cheerful brilliancy of Rubens, or with the aristocratic charm and gentle melancholy of Van Dyck: that is to say, with the more usual moods of these great men; for they, too, have shown how fully capable they were, on occasion, of sacrificing everything to a due understanding and expression of the idiosyncrasy of the model. Neither does Herr Lenbach altogether belong to that

class of portraitists whose aim it is, above all things, to seize upon salient outward characteristics, and infuse into their creations the suggestion of life and movement; who strive especially to show us human beings through whose veins the blood yet seems to course, upon whose lips the breath yet seems to linger. Such was the incomparable realist, Velasquez, to whom the moderns and especially those of the Latin schools, have vowed an almost fanatical adoration; such, too, that supreme master of the brush, Franz Hals; such our own Gainsborough; and such also, in his own way, was the great *pastelliste*, Quentin de la Tour. Rather should we place Franz Lenbach in a category which might be made to include such various painters as Jan Van Eyck, Antonello da Messina, Giovanni Bellini, the younger Holbein, Lorenzo Lotto, Il Moretto, and especially Moroni and Rembrandt; to which class, as portrait-painters, even Leonardo da Vinci and Raphael may be said to belong. These have, each in his different way and with the widely-varying *technique* of their age and school, sought, above all things, to penetrate the outer mask of the personality which they attempt to present, and to attain, besides a reproduction of the purely physical type and character, such a suggestion of the mental characteristics and general idiosyncrasy as almost to open a window into the soul, and to lure on the gazer to an attempt at unravelling the life and destiny of the being portrayed. The first and greatest aim of such painters is, not so much to produce such an image as will cause the beholder to exclaim, "It lives and breathes, it will step down from the canvas and walk," as we are tempted to do before a sombre cavalier of Velasquez, or a Dutch *élégant* of Franz Hals. It is rather to guide us in divining the very workings of the mind, as in the marvellous "Leonardo Loredano" of G. Bellini—that unrivalled picture of unsubdued mental force, galvanising into vigour a worn, emaciated body; to enable us to study both the individuals and types of a period, as in the Windsor series of nobles and worthies by Hans Holbein; to inspire us with an irresistible sympathy, such as a Giambattista Moroni commands for his "Tailor" or "Schoolmaster." There can be little doubt which is the higher, the subtler achievement, the one to attain which the most triumphant technical skill is insufficient without the intuition of genius. Though we have ventured, in order to illustrate our meaning, to cast the great protagonists of portraiture roughly into the divisions above indicated, it must not be understood that we would deny to the greatest among them a measure of each distinctive quality which has served to mark out the attempted division; but only that their most distinguishing characteristics are such as we have sought to indicate. It is, then, under the last division that we must class Franz Lenbach. In his determination, above all things, to set before us the man, not only as a living being, but chiefly as a personality, distinctive no less for its mental than its physical characteristics, and having its place as a factor of the humanity of the time, he has, with almost undue severity, sought to subdue and eliminate the charms of colour which his copies of well-nigh magic power would lead us to believe that he must possess; deeming, rightly or wrongly, that the grave subjects chiefly



HIS HOLINESS POPE LEO XIII.

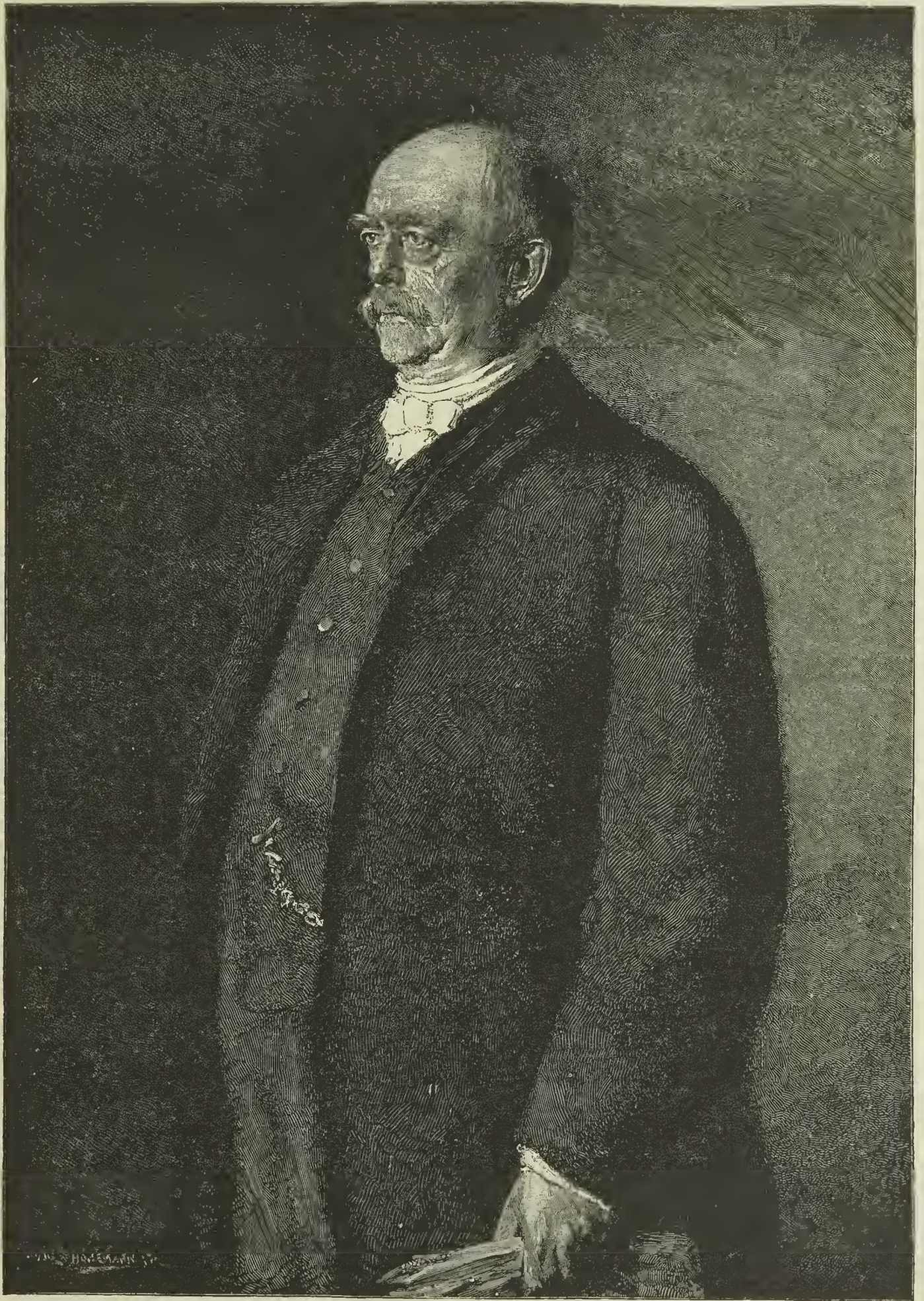
affected by him would lose dignity and character by a richer treatment. His rendering of the carnations is certainly open to the charge of a want of freshness and charm; the tones being often unduly brown and muddy, and the general handling, although remarkable for breadth and freedom, being distinguished by a certain looseness which detracts from the power and certainty of the effect. In this respect, however, his latest pictures show a marked improvement.

Among the earlier of his works which excited general notice and admiration was his own portrait, exhibited in Paris in 1867, and now in the Schack Gallery. Although it is low in tone, and almost achromatic—so much so, indeed, as to have exposed the painter to the reproach of aiming at a wilful *pastiche* of certain Old Masters—it has an irresistible truth and charm; the homely features are illumined by the penetrating, kindly glance, while over the whole is thrown a vein of gentle, contemplative melancholy which recalls, though without any suggestion of imitation, the sympathetic creations of Moroni and his master Il Moretto, to which we have more than once referred. Less completely satisfactory, though admirable in conception and insight, are the two presentments in the same gallery of its owner, Count Schack, though these are the definite outcome of the very numerous efforts of the painter to satisfy himself by the production of an adequate portrait of his earliest patron.

The Wagner villa at Bayreuth contains, among other works from his hand, a bold and striking sketch of the Abbé Liszt (re-drawn, and here engraved), in which has been suggested rather the power than the rare refinement and charm which characterised the features of the great virtuoso. But it is by his portraits of German statesmen, warriors, and intellectual leaders that Herr Lenbach has won his chief renown. Lysippus was not more exalted above his compeers as the portrait-sculptor in ordinary of Alexander the Great, than is Franz Lenbach as the painter *par excellence* of the great diplomatic conqueror, Prince Bismarck. Among the earlier of the series of well-known portraits, one of the best known is the admirable half-length of the Prince, in a civilian costume, and holding a felt hat, to which the equally remarkable portrait of Count Moltke forms a pendant. Both appeared at the Munich Exhibition of 1879, and after having been shown in many places, have found a final and highly appropriate resting-place in the National Gallery of Berlin. Most recent, and perhaps most remarkable of all, are some portraits of the great soldier-diplomatist, executed from sketches made at a number of sittings which the Prince, conquering for the nonce his pronounced aversion to such inflictions, vouchsafed to accord to his favourite painter at Varzin. Apart from the noble vigour and simplicity of these works and their unsurpassable characterisation, they acquire an added interest from the fact that they had their origin, it is said, in a desire expressed by Pope Leo XIII. to possess a portrait of his great opponent in the “Kulturkampf” commenced with his predecessor. No incident more piquant or appropriate could mark the close of this strange contest, the only one from which the founder of German unity has not issued absolutely triumphant. The Prince, in

the most important of these last portraits (which we reproduce), is represented standing at ease in the civilian costume of a Prussian country gentleman, loose, capacious, and convenient. Though his features show unmistakable evidence of the wear and tear resulting from hard work, advancing years, and acute suffering, the expression is still one of indomitable energy, tempered by calm self-reliance; and it is conveyed without an approach to over-emphasis or conventionality. Another portrait of the same series represents the Prince with his features seen in the half-shadow of a huge overhanging hat. Still later in date is the admirable portrait of Pope Leo XIII., of which an engraving accompanies the present article. It is in a manner the artist's official portrait of the Pope, diplomatic, patient, the courteous listener to many phrases of longer construction than belongs to the communications of ordinary life. Even more interesting is the drawing which Herr Lenbach made of the same sitter—just the head in profile, the face being uplifted with a beautiful look of life, and of the watchfulness which is implied in the name and function of a Bishop. Leo XIII. does not photograph well, nor is his variable face easy for the painter; but the drawing in question in itself supplies everything that is wanting to all the portraits of the Pope yet attempted.

At the Paris Universal Exhibition of 1878, although one whole class of the painter's works was necessarily excluded, he was represented by four canvases, among which was one of his masterpieces, the admirable presentment of Dr. Döllinger. This is unsurpassed for subtlety among the artist's productions, and may take rank among the great achievements in portraiture of modern times, though its attractions lie entirely in the pathos and keen psychological power of the delineation, and are not in any degree due to charm of colour or virtuosity of execution. To the mind of Englishmen Lenbach has done no more interesting work than his portraits of Mr. Gladstone. The chief of these, which shows the statesman seated at a writing-table, in three-quarters, with one hand pointed downwards with a curious action, the Bavarian has painted in competition with our chief English artists—Sir John Millais, Mr. Watts, and Mr. Frank Holl. The difference of interpretation among these many portraits is striking, but none of the English three differ from one another as they differ from the portrait by the South German. Their variations are such as arise from a mere difference of mental mood, whereas Herr Lenbach approaches the subject with the impulse of altogether a different mental temperament. His portrait is almost startling from the emphasis with which it renders points in Mr. Gladstone's personality which have impressed the artist—have almost taken him by surprise. These are the pre-occupied and excitable expression, due chiefly to the enormous dilatation of the pupils, which leave nothing of the iris but a rim, and a straightness of downward lines in the forms of the figure, in the hair, and in the long tapering hand. That slightly *égaré* look, which arises from ceaseless and various activity of rapid thought, both Sir John Millais and Mr. Frank Holl have recorded with the moderate interest which perhaps they took in it; Herr Lenbach has obviously been profoundly interested in it, and his picture



OTTO VON BISMARCK

shows us more of it perhaps than we should have seen for ourselves. Hence the effect of exaggeration which will, at all events, strike all persons of Liberal politics who look at his portrait of the great statesman. But besides this picture there is a very curious study made by Herr Lenbach when Mr. Gladstone and Dr. Döllinger were together in his studio at Munich. A certain look of caricature, which we must confess is apparent in this sketch at first sight, is in fact no more than the impression produced upon us by his vivid and emphatic habit and power of vision. Most interesting is this combination of two portraits so strong with character. Moreover, it marks for theologians a curious passage in the history of the time—the conjunction of the author of “Vaticanism” with the leader of the now disappearing “Old Catholics.” At the moment that period or phase seemed full of significance and augury for the future.

Something more must be said in conclusion as to Herr Lenbach's unique powers as a copyist. It was Count Schack who, astonished at the technical perfection and intuitive sympathy evidenced by the then very youthful painter in a copy made after the “Helena Forman with her Child” in the Alte Pinacothek of Munich, specially employed Herr Lenbach to make for him, first in Rome and Florence, and afterwards in Madrid, a whole series of copies of representative masterpieces. Thus were executed reproductions of the exquisite “Concert” of the Pitti; of Titian's “Sacred and Profane Love” and the “Venus” of the Tribune; and, above all, the astounding copy of the same master's “Charles V. after the Battle of Mühlberg,” in the Madrid Gallery. Rarely, if ever, has a copyist so absolutely succeeded as in the last-named instance in imparting to his work the very flame of inspiration, the *élan*, of an original masterpiece of the very first rank; all the lurid splendour of the colour, all the intense pathos of the conception, are here, and exercise a spell scarcely inferior to that worked by the picture itself. In like manner, and with the same intuition, the melancholy charm and sober, profound harmonies of the Pitti “Concert” are given. Again, in the portraits after Rubens—notably in that of the master himself, the original of which is in the Pitti—the clear brilliancy of the carnations, the self-reliant ease and firmness of the handling, are imitated to perfection. Less supremely successful—though only, perhaps, by comparison—is the “Philip IV. in Hunting Costume” by Velasquez, at Madrid.

It is not hyperbolic praise to say that Herr Lenbach's success as a copyist is without parallel in modern times; and, in expressing such an opinion, we bear in mind the magnificent reproductions executed by Paul Baudry after portions of Michelangelo's frescoes in the Sistine Chapel and of Raphael's Stanze and Cartoons (École des Beaux-Arts, Paris). The secret of this unique success is, first, his remarkable intuition and sympathy with the aim and inner meaning of the masters whose works it has been a labour of love for him to reproduce, and next, his successful endeavour in each case to adopt the very school and *technique* of the painter to whom he is for the time being devoting himself. This *tour de force* could be accomplished only by a born painter and a true colourist; so that we are

left to guess at the reasons which impel Herr Lenbach to be so chary in imparting to his own works the charms of colour and brilliant execution which he knows how to render again with such unrivalled success. This same power of absolutely truthful, yet bold and free, reproduction, combined with the retention of so much of the subtle essence of the work copied, cannot be paralleled with the exuberant power and individuality of a Rubens, which, whether he sought to render even the "Prophets" of a Michelangelo, the "Battle of Anghiari" of a Leonardo, or the "Triumphs" of a Mantegna, could not be repressed, but burst forth and unmistakably revealed itself. Neither can it be more fitly compared with the peculiar powers of another Northern artist, David Teniers, who has been, perhaps, somewhat overpraised as a mere copyist; for in his quaint miniature reproductions, especially of the works of Italian painters, his own grotesque Flemish types slyly peep forth amid their strange surroundings, and not seldom lend to the works so reproduced a certain amusing air of travesty. One work of the best period of the Renaissance shows pre-eminently the peculiar power of which Herr Lenbach possesses so large a measure, and that is the famous copy which was executed by Andrea del Sarto after the "Leo X. with Two Cardinals" of Raphael (in the Pitti Palace), and which finally came, with the Farnese Collection, into the Museo of Naples—a copy so marvellous that it deceived Giulio Romano himself, when it was shown to him at Mantua.

Herr Lenbach was born on the 13th December, 1836, at Schrobenuhausen, in Upper Bavaria, and is the son of a master-mason. In the conditions of a rather remote village life, the art with which his father's calling and his own first journeys in the neighbourhood suggested to his earliest ambition was that of architecture. The sight of the noble Gothic churches of more than one of the thoroughly Teutonic towns of his own country filled him with his first enthusiasm. At an early age he began his studies, which brought him into new surroundings. Here the portrait-painting instinct declared itself unmistakably. His work was remarked for its promise; and he made a short sojourn in Rome, where he studied the Italian schools, and painted a scene in the Forum of his own. It is a sign of Herr Lenbach's vigour of national character and temperament that far less vestige of his study of Roman and Florentine art is to be found in his own work than of his discipleship of other schools. He took almost all the precedent and instruction that he needed among the masters of the Low Countries: Rembrandt, and Jordaens, and Frank Holl, were pre-eminently his inspirers. Later, when he went into the galleries of Madrid, he found in the Spanish school matter that his own art could well assimilate—dignity and nobility beyond the reach of all of another race, except Rembrandt. Indeed, Lenbach would never have been the Lenbach the world knows but for the various but harmonious and great influences of Spain and of the Netherlands. These he claimed and obeyed; those of Umbria, Tuscany, Rome, and Venice—if we may believe the speaking testimony of his art at its maturity—he but partially accepted. None the less did study in Rome bear an important

part in the education of his genius. We believe that he made a second stay in Madrid in later years, and in Rome he has made his second home. At Munich he began his whole student-career, and how rapid was his progress, and how ready the recognition given to this power by Piloty and the other masters of the Bavarian capital, may be judged from the fact that, at the age of twenty-two, when few painters have begun to feel their feet, he occupied an important position at the new art-school of Weimar. But perhaps no capital in the world has done Herr Lenbach more honour than Berlin, which treasures his masterly portraits of the late Emperor William, the present Emperor, Bismarck, Moltke, and the Empress, as the most serious artistic record she possesses of the present history of the Prussian State and the German race. Of late years he has divided his time between Munich—where he possesses a studio rich in works of the Italian and German Renaissance—and Rome, where he occupies a noble suite of apartments in the Palazzo Borghese, above the gallery where in former years he laboured so assiduously and with such supreme success.



